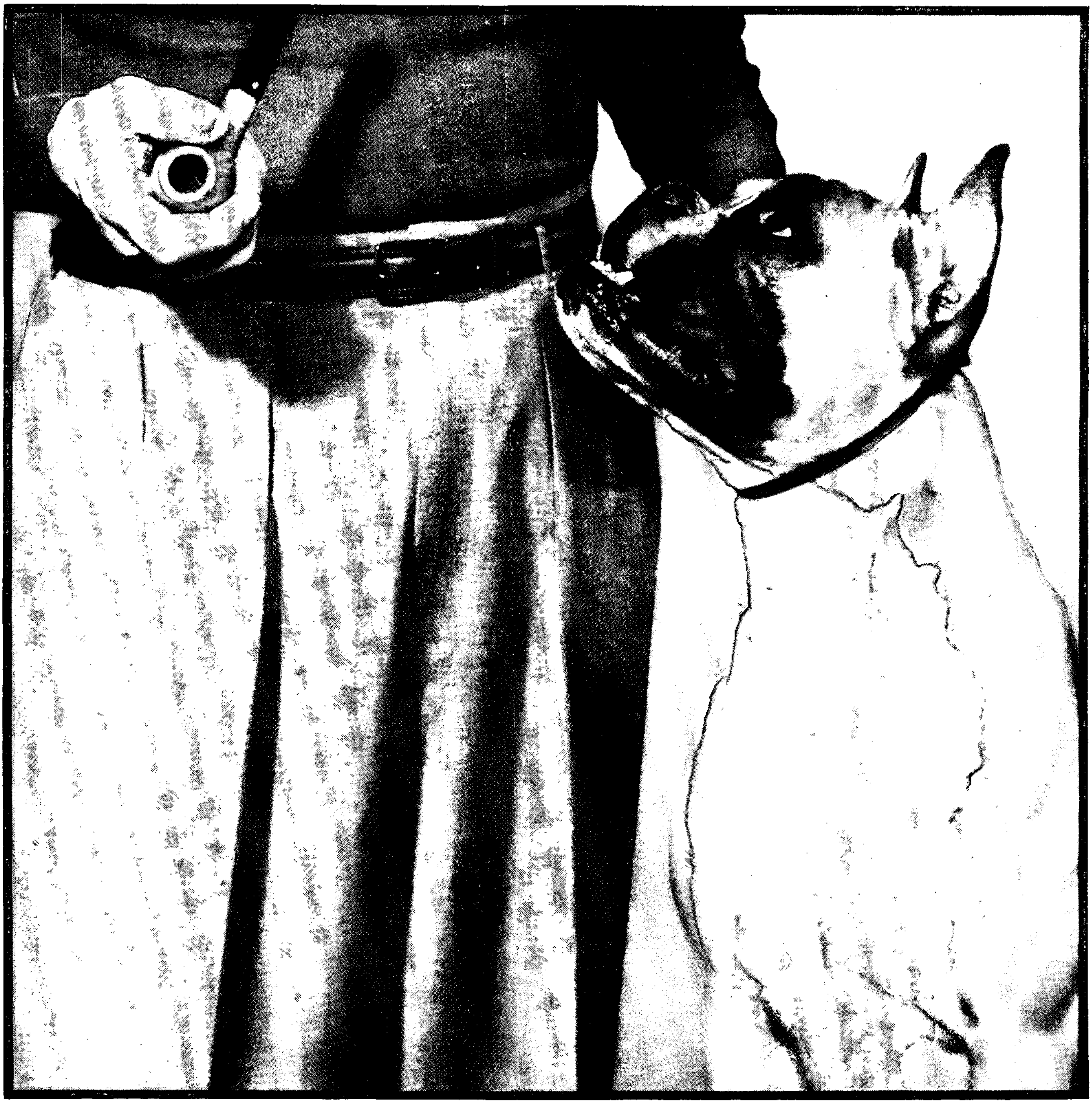
Aug. 28, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SIOUX CITY IOWA

Garrett Price



Apologies from Carter's to man's *former* best friend

Be it never said that the clever designing of Carter's Trigs is a diabolical plot to win man's heart away from his dog. Or even from his wife.

It just happens that Carter's has unique skill in fashioning knitted underwear with its superior comforts. Resilience, for freedom of movement. No wrinkles. Healthfully porous and absorbent.

To these advantages add smart styling. In Nylon and Chromspun . . . Orlon tricot . . . soft, combed cotton. In a choice of prudent colors and stripes.

What pets men make of these garments! Is it because "Trigs Boxers" suggests a gallant canine breed? Or because Trigs Briefs make you think of whippet streamlining?

More likely it's all-round thoroughbred performance and appearance. Trigs (including Trigs Shirts) have *best-of-show* class. Trigs . . . man's best friend. Doggone comfortable. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.

Carter's
TRIGS
Fashion under Fashion

At these and other fine stores: Boston, Jordan Marsh Co. • Chicago, The Fair Store • Dallas, James K. Wilson • Dayton, Walker's, Inc. • Denver, Daniels and Fisher
Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co. • Minneapolis, Powers • Newark, Bamberger's • New York, Wallach's; B. Altman & Co.; Franklin Simon • Philadelphia, Jacob Reed's Sons

20TH CENTURY
LIMITED
5·00 P.M.
CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES
PULLMAN
CAR
NUMBERS
250
251
252
253
254
255
DINER
256
257
258
2501

The Travel-Wise Lady Macintosh

Lady Macintosh will soon be available in all-wool gabardine. Under $70

Whether heading across the continent or back to the campus, the imported Lady Macintosh is more than a raincoat. The classically simple London tailoring and luxurious poplin sheen give you a striking fair-weather coat. And, when the sun disappears, the rain-repellent, wind-resisting qualities of the famous Macintosh fabric make you snug for any kind of weather. $29.95, including separate belt, at stores listed. Or write to Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

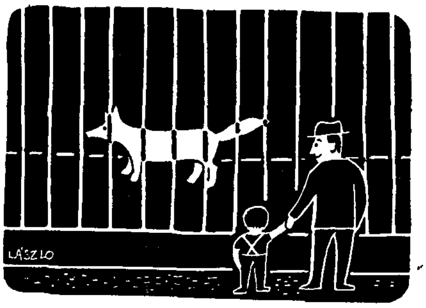
Where to buy Lady Macintosh

NEW YORK	Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Andover, Mass.	The Andover Shop
Ann Arbor	Wagner & Company
Atlanta	John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's
Birmingham, Ala.	Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo, New York	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Burlington, Vermont	Miles & Riley
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Carmel, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Charleston, W. Va.	Peck's Inc.
Chatham, Mass.	The Sail Loft
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
Denver	The Gano-Downs Company
Detroit	Capper & Capper
Evanston, Ill.	Williams
Elmira, N. Y.	Richards
Gaylord, Mich.	Hidden Valley Shops
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Proper's
Hartford, Conn.	Florence Travis
Hyannis, Mass.	Abercrombie & Fitch
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Browning, King & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Kingston, Mass.	Frances Wilmarth
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Nicolas, Inc.
Montclair, N. J.	The Babs Shop
Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Goldstein's
Nashua, N. H.	Dod's
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.	Marty Sullivan
New Haven	Gentree Ltd.
Newport, R. I.	Thompson-Forbes, Inc.
New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
Omaha	Charles J. Assmann
Pebble Beach, Calif.	Littler
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger
Portland, Oregon	M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J.	The Clothes Line
Providence, R. I.	Leopold Feldstein, Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	Projansky, Inc.
St. Louis	Boyd's
Salem, Oregon	Price's
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Marino, Calif.	Bill Winn
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Roy E. Gammill
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Haynes & Co.
Syracuse	Flah & Co. Inc.
Toledo	Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Vineyard Haven, Mass.	David's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Maine	Dunham's of Maine
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.	The Church-Reed Co.
Wilmington, Del.	Bird-Speakman, Inc.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all ® other weathercoats are judged

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at* 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Maybe this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, *but it has enough real comedy to* compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Lloyd Bridges has taken over Franchot Tone's role as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Will reopen Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5, with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Elliott Nugent at the moment has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A satire, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull, the star, is back in action, aided and abetted by Loring Smith and others. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island setting. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—*Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure* as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory, and easily the best musical visible in town. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Cherry Lane Theatre—Punch Opera's presentation of "Aunt Caroline's Will," a comic opera by Albert Roussel, with an English libretto by Milton Feist. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 4.)

	Page
BOOKS	78
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	68
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	56
ON THE COURTS	66
THE RACE TRACK	76

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Cretan Woman," a play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 26—Tuesday evening, Aug. 31: "The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 1: "Filling Station," "Swan Lake," "A la Français," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 2: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 3: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 4: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 4: "Interplay," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's "Arabian Nights," a musical rodeo with Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, Mia Slavenska, and a few hundred others, including Lottie Mayer's Disappearing Water Ballet girls. (Nightly at 8:30; through Labor Day. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Wish You Were Here." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: John Carradine in "Tobacco Road." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Murder Mistaken." Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-4 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Geraldine Page in "The Time of the Cuckoo." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The First Year." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Great Waltz." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Paint Your Wagon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Little Hut." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Gloria Vanderbilt in "The Swan." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Corning—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Stalag 17." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4: "Private Lives." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Cape Playhouse, Den-

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 28, August 28, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

You can tell she's an American
...dressed for all the world by **Peck** *and* **Peck**

In our newest Wardrober— she's so obviously a chic and seasoned traveler! For this is Fall fashion with the most flexible plans— based on a gem of a dress in SECURITY MILLS' wool jersey. Color-keyed to the trim tweed suit so it turns dress-and-jacket costume for little afternoons. In black, gray or brown. 10 to 18. *Completely* wonderful at just 39.95.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE
DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • BUFFALO • WASHINGTON, D. C. • KANSAS CITY
CINCINNATI • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • ATLANTA • PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

nis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Martha Scott and Tom Helmore in "This Happy Breed." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Arthur Treacher in "On Approval." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Personal Appearance." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Strictly French," a revue. (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Affairs of State." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Naughty Marietta." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "High Button Shoes." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "The Countess Maritza." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5: "Wish You Were Here." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Outward Bound." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5. "The Fourposter." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: June Lockhart in "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof in "Michael and Lavinia," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, Aug. 29 (final performances of the season): "The Vagabond King." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Darling, Darling," a new adaptation, by Anita Loos, of the French play, "Ami-Ami." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "The Other Devil," a new comedy. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Late Love." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Fourposter." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Moylan—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Unfinished Portrait," a new play. Tuesday, Aug. 31: "Queer People." Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2: "Unfinished Portrait." Friday, Sept. 3: "Ring Round the Moon." Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Emperor-Jones." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Champagne Complex," a new three-character comedy, by Leslie Stevens. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Dennis King in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The Boys from Syracuse." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Oklahoma!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Victor Jory and Barbara Britton in "Born Yesterday." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Boys from Syracuse." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 28 (final performances of the season): "Temple Is a Town," a new musical. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Long Voyage Home," "'Ile," and "Where the Cross Is Made." Monday, Aug. 30, through Labor Day (final performances of the season): "When We Are Married." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 29, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Gigi." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Estelle Winwood in "Pygmalion." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Sabrina Fair." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: ZaSu Pitts in "Miss Private Eye," a new comedy by George Batson. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Fay Bainter and William Prince in "Put Them All Together," a new comedy. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Monday and Wednesday at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Betty Field in "Ethan Frome." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Three's a Family." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wallingford—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Call Me Madam." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5: "Where's Charley?" (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "My Aunt Daisy," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Peggy Ann Garner and Glenda Farrell in "Home Is the Hero," a new play by Walter Macken, who also will appear in the production. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "The Country Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Last Tycoon," a new dramatization of the Fitzgerald novel. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: Yurek Lazowski, Pearl Lang and her company, and Lotte Goslar. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4 (final performances of the season): The American Mime Theatre, Harriette Ann Gray and her company, and Ram Gopal. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

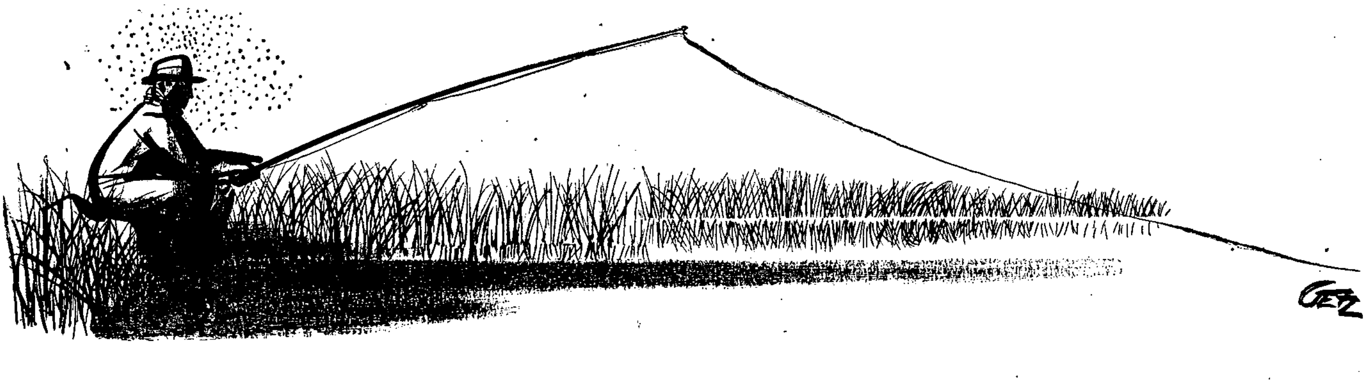
(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Large enough for a polo field, this place is generally full of youngsters having an evening on the town to the sound of Les Elgart's big band. Closed Sundays.

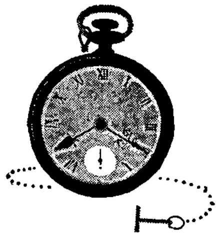
Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Diosa Costello is a-whooping and a-hollering in this ancient hollow oak, where Georgie Kaye, a fast and facile talker, is in charge of

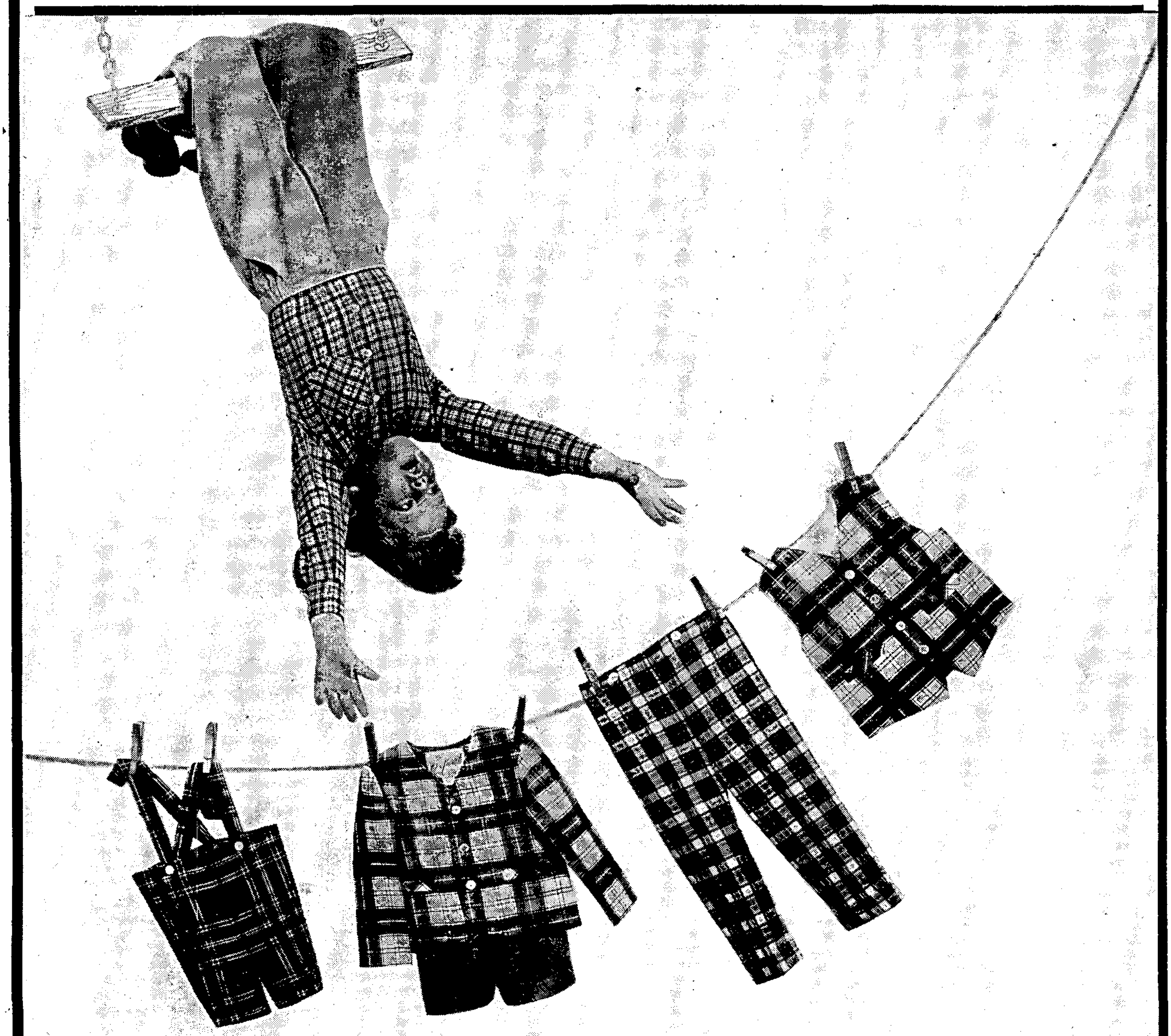


Cotton from Egypt

Wool from Australia



Swiss Craftsmanship



The fabric that Switzerland made and America made its own

A young man's fancy turns to Lanella tartans. They feel good—and he goes for color. And, though *he* may not care, Lanella is washable, Sanforized* and Mitin Durably Mothproofed—a blend of 50% fine Australian wool and 50% Egyptian cotton. Oxford Boyswear tailors Lanella to make a boy look a young gentleman. Shirt, shorts, Eton suit, slacks, vest, in Toddler sizes 2-4; Regular 3-6x

**Shrinkage not over 1%*

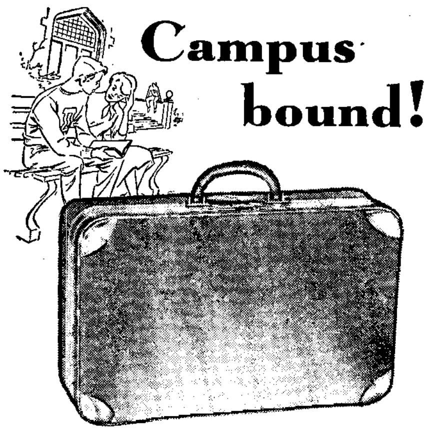
Oxford

Boyswear In

Lanella®

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, White Plains, Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills; Hochschild Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Hahne & Company, Newark; Young Ages, Dallas; Junior Bazaar, Clayton, Missouri

Campus bound!



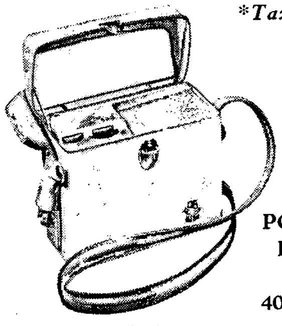
When you go back to school or college, the luggage and accessories you take with you must be right for your needs. Here, at A&F, you may make your selection from many sets and individual pieces . . . strong, utilitarian and always in appropriate good taste.

"SOLIGHT" FOR
BACK TO SCHOOL TRAVELLING

Modern and super-light, it's the ideal luggage for young hopefuls. Strong, resilient aluminum frames are covered with good-looking, enduring duck . . . brown with tan trim for the boys—blue with cherry red trim for the girls. Zipper closed with padlock.

18″ Case	$24.75*
21″ Case	$27.50*
24″ Case (Ill.), wt. 4¼ lbs. .	$32.45*
29″ Case	$42.35*

**Tax included.*



A NEW
CAMPUS
PORTABLE
REVERE'S
GREAT
400 RADIO

Smartly styled, compact, extremely sensitive, this custom radio comes in a luxurious leather case . . . plays when cover is lifted. Operates economically on batteries . . . converts to AC-DC with the dual purpose strap containing power cord. Jack connection for ear phones or tape recorder. 6½″ x 5¾″ x 3″, weight with battery 4¾ lbs. Complete with batteries . . $48.25

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE:

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the jokes. A garland of hothouse flowers, mostly ballerinas taking their first, faltering footsteps, considerably brightens the décor.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing of the haste-makes-waste type, to the music of two bands. Closed on the Sabbath.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life can be beautiful indeed under the arching dome of the handsome old pink Joseph Urban heaven provided by the management. The mood is enhanced by the practically continuous dance music of Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You've seen the set—dance hall, country store, and saloon—many times before, but this is a Western with a brand-new kind of small talk and plot motivation. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band dish up the music.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A carefully selected cross-section of outdoors (no poison ivy, for one thing) is just beyond the rim of the open-air terrace, where there is dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays. The music is merely adequate, but the scenery could hardly be improved upon.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, the most involuted semanticist since James Joyce, has a sounding board in the incumbent pint-size George White musical comedy, which is immeasurably funnier because of him. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are noticeably humorous, too, which is a lot more than can be said for the libretto. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The stars above the Roof are constant, being by Consolidated Edison. The podium is occupied by Betty Clooney, a singer of some renown, and the bands of the veterans Henry King and Mischa Borr. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—An eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi is all over the place with his swoon violin. Bud Gregg makes quiet, comfortable piano music at supper on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and at the same time full of joy. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during dinner and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Home is the wanderer, Eddie Davis, dean of supper-club *chefs d'orchestre*, to resume his duties in this newly reopened nesting place of the Westchester set. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for people who consider this soon-to-vanish old brownstone their midtown *pied-à-terre.* Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski gently strokes a piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the bar of an establishment that is a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

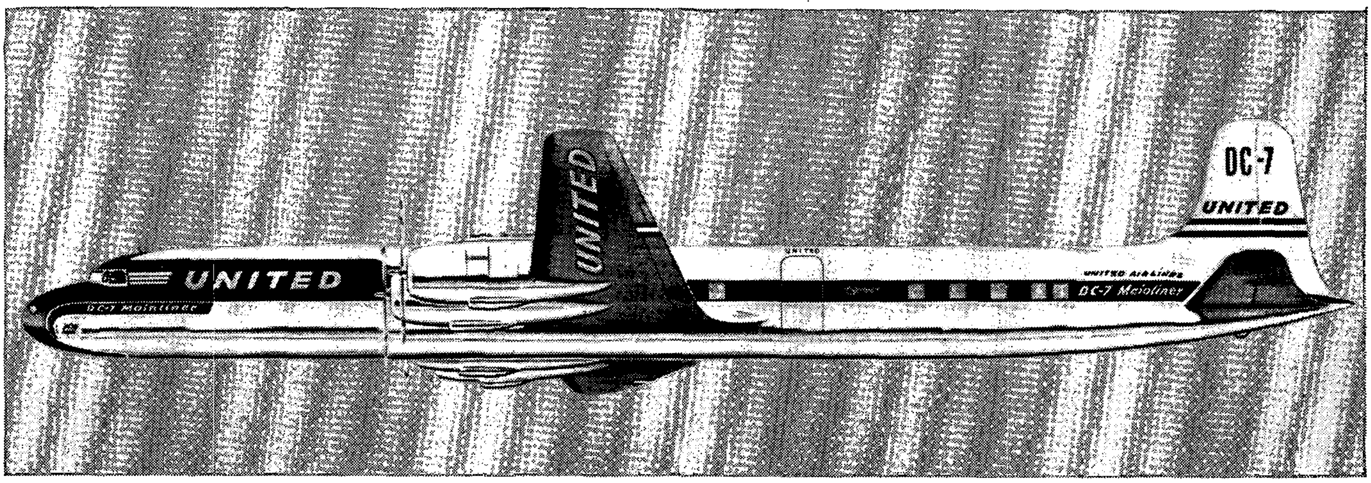
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two complete reports on humor as a fine art—Orson Bean's, which combines an academic (Harvard '47) reserve with a sublime sense of the ridiculous, and Martha Davis's, whose parodies of lyrics long in the public domain are (with the astute aid of Calvin Ponder, her husband and accompanist) eyeopeners and eyebrow-raisers. The bright background music is the work of Bart Howard and the Jimmy Lyons trio. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28; reopens after Labor Day. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minuscule Robert Clary, practically the champion of the bantamweights, flashes some dazzling footwork as he boxes a few popular ballads silly. Ada Moore, a fine, rangy jazz singer, is only a beginner, but a promising one. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Vigorous piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville every night, and full-blown clowning by Clara Cedrone except Sundays, when bygone movies are added. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers, the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, is trotting forth agreeable piano every night but Sunday. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Practically all the problems womanhood is heir to are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Happiness is a thing called noise, at least when Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is taking the solos. He gets noble Sunny South backing from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton is at the piano dur-

United's new DC-7s offer you top speed, luxury... fastest to San Francisco, nonstop to Los Angeles!


UNITED
DC-7 Mainliner
UNITED
UNITED AIR LINES
DC-7 Mainliner
DC-7
UNITED

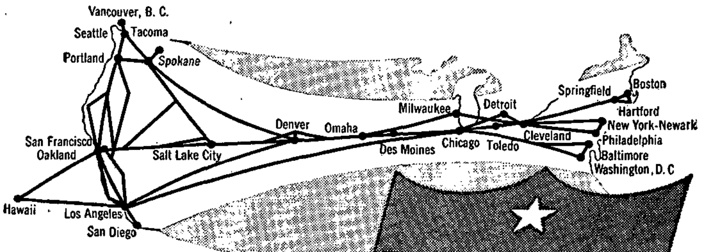
IT'S SPEED THAT SEEMS LIKE MAGIC—even to veteran air travelers! Imagine leaving New York at noon and being in Los Angeles before five o'clock! Or crossing the whole continent eastbound in just 7¼ hours! This superb travel is yours at its finest on United's DC-7s. They offer the fastest service between Manhattan and San Francisco. And from Washington to San Francisco, United's DC-7s are fastest *by almost two hours.* New DC-7 Mainliners® also fly east and west from Chicago.

PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL A LOT tell us it's the finest service being offered today. Boarding "the Continental" and other famous United DC-7s, a red carpet is literally rolled out to greet you. Aloft you enjoy choice beverages, superb meals, many service "extras." On arrival, thanks to a cabin-level baggage compartment exclusive with United's DC-7s, luggage is delivered with extra speed. All this at regular first-class fare. For reservations, call or write United or an Authorized Travel Agent.

Typical speeds of the DC-7 Mainliner:

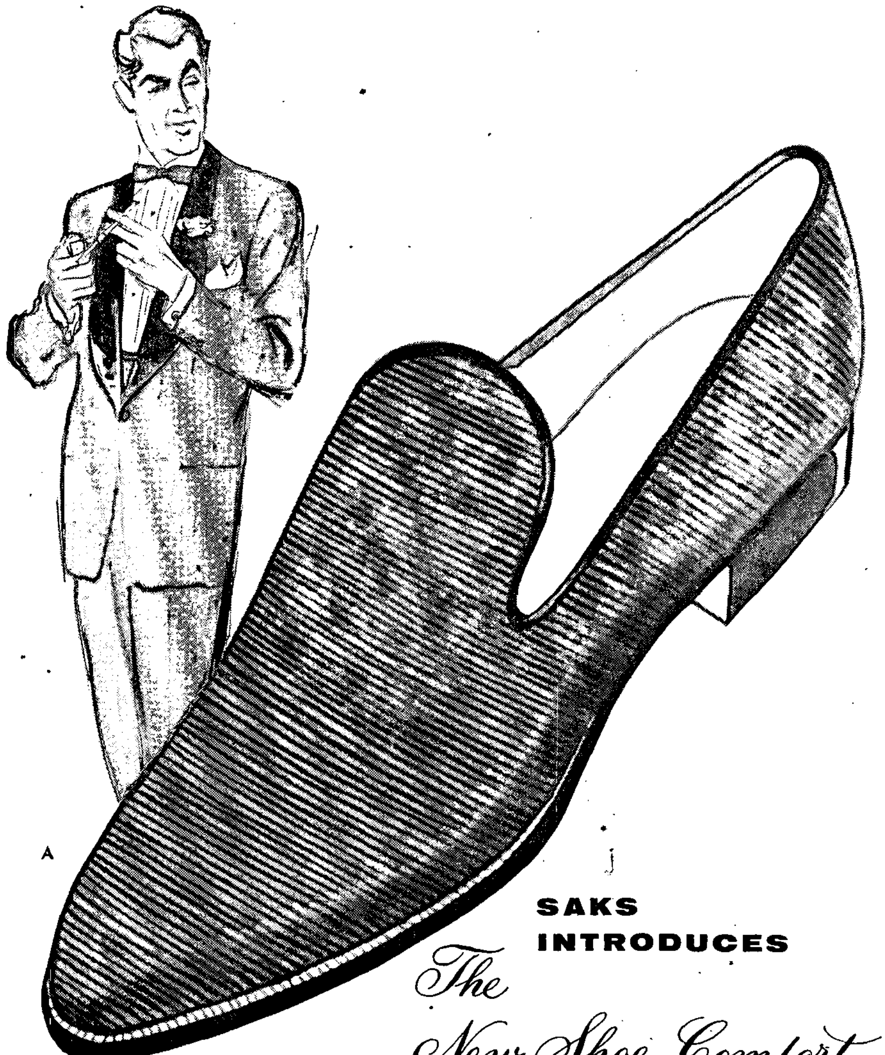
Leave **New York** at 4 p.m., arrive **San Francisco** at 10:30 p.m.
Leave **San Francisco** at 9 a.m., arrive **New York** in just 7½ hours nonstop
Leave **New York** at noon, arrive **Los Angeles** at 4:55 p.m.
Leave **Los Angeles** at 9 p.m., arrive **New York** in just 7¼ hours nonstop
Leave **Chicago** at 6:20 p.m., arrive **San Francisco** at 10:35 p.m.
Leave **Chicago** at 11:15 a.m., arrive **Los Angeles** at 3:15 p.m.
Leave **Washington, D. C.**, at 4:30 p.m., arrive **San Francisco** at 10:35 p.m.
Leave **San Francisco** at 11:45 a.m., arrive **Washington, D. C.**, in just 8¼ hours

(All examples are local times)


Vancouver, B. C.
Seattle
Tacoma
Portland
Spokane
San Francisco
Oakland
Salt Lake City
Denver
Omaha
Des Moines
Milwaukee
Chicago
Detroit
Toledo
Cleveland
Springfield
Boston
Hartford
New York-Newark
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington, D. C.
Hawaii
Los Angeles
San Diego

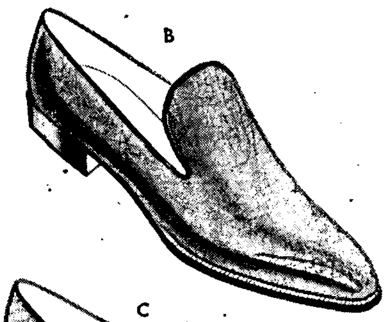
UNITED AIR LINES

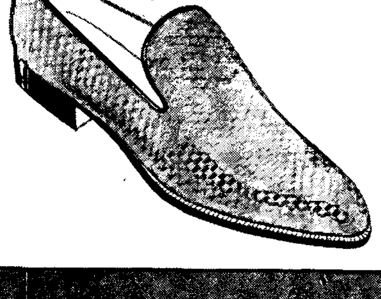
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S SHOPS



SAKS INTRODUCES

The New Shoe Comfort for Men





Our casual styling adapted for all the events of the day, and any place in the world.

A. **EVENING** black—handsome news in fine silk faille... 29.50

B. **CITY** smoothness—a gleaming calfskin in black or brown... 29.50

C. **SPORTING** combination of suede hand-interlaced with kidskin. Black or brown... 34.50

All with kidskin linings.

Sizes AA: 9 to 12; A: 8½ to 12; B: 7 to 12; C, D & E: 6 to 12.

Saks Fifth Avenue

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jazz, muted and modern, in the best of all possible circumstances and in vast variety. George Shearing's piano, which sometimes operates solo and sometimes is supported by two or more acolytes (Al McKibbon and John Thielmans among them), is imagination run riot; Don Shirley's piano, working in conjunction with a bassist, blends classic form with an interesting progressive technique. They tee off about nine-thirty; up till then, there's the expert dinner piano of Ronnie Selby. Closed Sundays.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. Hell hath no fury like Louis Armstrong's trumpet, Billy Kyle's piano, and Arvell Shaw's bass, and there are less stentorian contributions to their teamwork by Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Barrett Deems, and Velma Middleton. Between times, the young, earnest, and appealing Lee Konitz leads three fledgling disciples down the devious byways of bop. The Konitz group may leave Saturday, Aug. 28. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Dixiecrats are at work in a famous old homestead that is often chockablock with the grandchildren. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Sometimes the music gets progressive to the point of being all form and no function. Dinah Washington, a majestic nightingale, is for real, all right, but Dizzy Gillespie's and Charlie Parker's boys are occasionally just cliff-hangers in the wild blue yonder. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, a little girl named Edna Corbett is playing piano that's not too avant-garde, along with a two-man rhythm section. Now and then, Randy Hall and his jazz whistle sit in for a session. No action on Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Back at the old stand, now with pre-cooled air for the old-line hot musicians. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, they should include Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, Sammy Price, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing...: **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, a welkin-ringing contest between (so says the grapevine) the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Benny Morton, Eddie Barefield, Willie the Lion Smith, and Freddie Moore.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012).... **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717).... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday.... ¶ Riviera

(POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in town are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Michel Cadoret—A first one-man show in New York of colored monotypes, all done within the past few months; through Saturday, Aug. 28. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and Nat Werner, shown for the first time; through Friday, Aug. 27. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Fletcher Martin, George Grosz, and Joe Jones are among the artists whose drawings can be seen in the current display, called "Line and Form;" through Friday, Aug. 27. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Friday, Sept. 3. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils by Edward Betts and Stephen Czoka, and sculptures by Boris Kagan and Nancy Dryfoos are some of the items in a mixed-mediums show by thirty-seven contemporaries; through Sept. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . CRESPI, 205 E. 58th St.: Almost every type of work, from oils and sculptures to artists' portfolios, in styles varying from the classic to the non-objective; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 8.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Gifford Beal, John Koch, and Tom Hardy are three of the artists represented by early and recent oils, gouaches, and sculptures; through Sept. 10. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Mostly oils and a few water colors done during the past year by twenty artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and William Thon; through Tuesday, Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Sept. 30. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," consisting of paintings and sculptures by the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Green, Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Sept. 10.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Malcolm Case, René Demianoff, and many other artists; through Sept. 5. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10.)

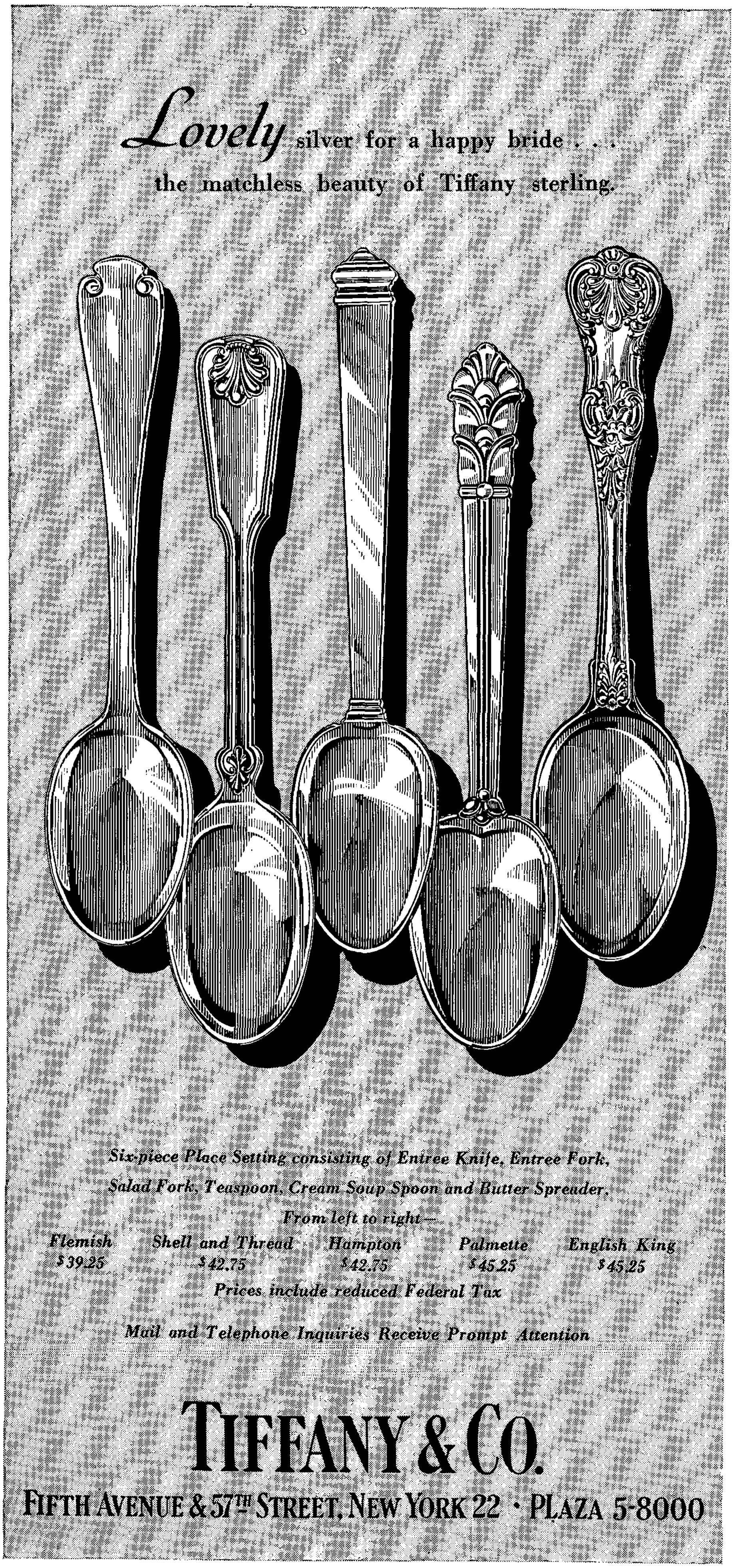
French; Group Show—The first show in an old gallery's new home comprises oils by such modern French painters as Picasso, Braque, and Rouault; through Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings on exhibit for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Colored



Lovely silver for a happy bride . . .
the matchless beauty of Tiffany sterling.

Six-piece Place Setting consisting of Entree Knife, Entree Fork, Salad Fork, Teaspoon, Cream Soup Spoon and Butter Spreader.

From left to right—

Flemish $39.25
Shell and Thread $42.75
Hampton $42.75
Palmette $45.25
English King $45.25

Prices include reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000

ROGERS PEET...FOR SCHOOL & COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY SHOP SUITS and Sport Jackets at Rogers Peet are cut with Natural Shoulders and High Gorge Narrow Lapels or with slightly Broader Shoulders, as you prefer. Suits in fine Flannels, Tweeds and Worsteds. $44.50 to $69.50. Tweed Jackets $30 to $49.50.

Sizes 34-42
Including Longs & Extra Longs

SOCKS at Rogers Peet include Wide-Ribbed English Wools in Plain Colors $2.50...Wool Argylls from England $4.50 . . . and White Cotton Crew Slack Socks priced at 69¢.

SHETLAND PULLOVERS from Scotland are $9.95 (sizes 28-34) and $11.95 (sizes 38-46). Crew neck.

SIX FOOT WOOL MUFFLERS in University Stripes from Scotland are $7.50.

Write for a copy of the new 1954-1955 Edition of our illustrated Blue Book on School & College Outfitting.

Rogers Peet
UNIVERSITY SHOP

In New York: 600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," nationwide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: An exhibition of contemporary religious art that includes paintings, sculptures, mosaics, and stained glass, by Salvador Dali, Abraham Rattner, Georges Rouault, and others; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: The second section of a thirty-year retrospective of works by such member artists as Kenneth Bates, Robert Brackman, and Garrett Price; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Forty drawings by Winslow Homer; through Saturday, Aug. 28. Also oils and water colors by Homer, and sculptures and paintings in a display called "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and William Zorach are among the large number of artists represented in a show of works in almost every medium; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **PITTSFIELD, MASS.** Berkshire Museum: A retrospective show of paintings by Ellen Emmet Rand, including portraits of, among many others, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, and Richard Harding Davis; through Tuesday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Kootz Gallery: Paintings by Hans Hofmann; through Labor Day. (Daily, 11 to 3; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: The second annual Fine Arts Festival, with artists from New York City, Long Island, and Connecticut contributing works in all mediums; through Sept. 11. (Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesday evenings, 7 to 8:30.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: A group of new paintings by Edward Chavez, William Pachner, and others; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

Chamber Music on the Mall—Davis Shuman, trombone; Leonard Posner, violin; David Schwartz, viola; Mosa Havivi, cello; and Leonard Arner, oboe. The last in a series of four free concerts. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Park Concerts—The last in a series of four free chamber-music programs performed by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider. (Monday, Aug. 30, at 9:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be held the following evening.)

Interval Concerts—A Bach-Beethoven program played by Paul Matthen, bass-baritone; the Kohon String Quartet; Harry Smyles, oboe; and others. The fourth in a series of ten concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

IN THE COUNTRY

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A group of singers and instrumentalists in the last two in a series of six programs of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. (Lenox Town Hall, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet presenting the last two in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays, at 4; through Sept. 5.)

Connecticut Pops—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Mimi Benzell, soprano. The last in a series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 26, at 2; Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2, at 2.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 1:30.

BOXING—Cesar Brion vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Men's Amateur Championship. (Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Point Farms, Mich. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.) ... ¶ Curtis Cup Matches. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3.)

HORSE SHOWS—Keswick Hunt Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29.) ... ¶ Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 1.) ... ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.)

LIFEBOAT RACES—Around twelve teams of seamen from ships of the five Nordic countries, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 87th and 100th Streets, Brooklyn. (Tuesday, Aug 31. First heat at 4.)

POLO—At the MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 4:30.

RACING—at AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Aug. 30, through Tuesday, Sept. 21. The Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 1; and the Vagrancy Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... SARATOGA SPRINGS: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Saratoga Cup, Friday, Aug. 27, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10:15; starting Monday, Aug. 30, a train will leave at 10:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.

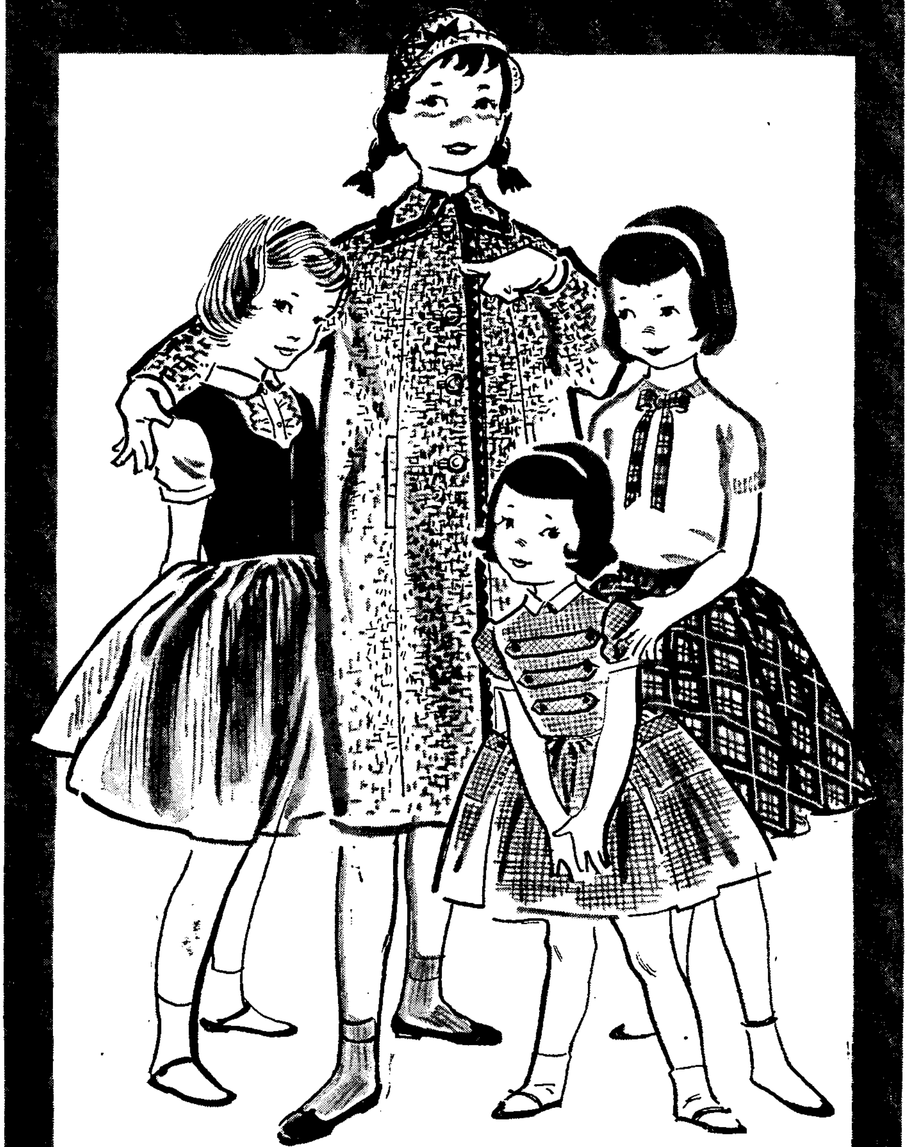
TENNIS—Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.) ... ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, Aug. 28, through Monday, Sept. 6. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities are expected to be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the current show, "Sky Fantasia;" through Sept. 19. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30; and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

De Pinna



Because De Pinna is famous for quality, value, good taste and exclusive fashions . . . wisely priced.

Left: CORDUROY JUMPER. Navy top, red skirt, or brown with tan. Sizes 3 to 6x, 5.95. 7 to 14, 7.95. White cotton blouse with red or brown piping, 2.95.

Center: ALL WOOL TWEED COAT. Exclusive weave, braid trim, wool interlining. Sizes 3 to 6x with leggings, 7 to 14, 29.95. Brown only. Hats to match, 5.95.

Right: PLAID SKIRT. Assorted wool tartans with elasticized waist. Sizes 3 to 6x, 3.95. 7 to 14, 4.95. ORLON SWEATERS with coordinated plaid bows. Maize or white. 3 to 6, 3.95. 7 to 14, 4.95.

Below: WOVEN COTTON CHECK DRESS. Red and white, brown and white. White pique collar and cuffs. Sizes 3 to 6x, 5.95. 7 to 14, 7.95.

Mail and Telephone Orders Invited: MU 8-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Caine Mutiny—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general hilarity. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 1.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye in a splendid romp about an emotionally upset ventriloquist or something (it doesn't really matter), which launches him into a lot of his celebrated old comic routines. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Aug. 31.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—In this French film, the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

New Faces—A CinemaScope scamper that features some lively skits and songs. Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary are in charge of the melody and merriment. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Aug. 29-31. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Paris Incident—A Gallic trifle, and a delightful one. A Parisian telegraph boy falls off his bike, loses his telegrams, and arouses most of Montmartre in his search to recover them. With Gérard Gervais and Pierrette Simonet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Some high-toned Indians battling U. S. Army troops in the Custer period. Henry Fonda is the colonel. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 30-31.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 29.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Madeleine (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 28.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

A Night at the Movies (1937)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.'s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 29: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 30: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), with Burgess Meredith, Betty Field, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "The Weak and the Wicked," Glynis Johns, John Gregson.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "The St. Louis Kid," revival, James Cagney; and "Bullets or Ballots," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug. 31: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters.
From Sept. 1: "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, George Sanders.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Magnificent Obsession," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 31: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 1: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

ESSEX HOUSE
GENERAL

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

LOEW'S STATE
GAY TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
MICKEY ROONEY GLORIA
"MUMMED NOBLES"

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 28: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
Aug. 29-31: **NEW FACES.**
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 31: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 1: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon; and "Desperate Moment," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 29: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths, Ronald Squire.
From Aug. 30: "High and Dry," Paul Douglas.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PARIS INCIDENT (in French).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FALLEN IDOL, revival; and "The Stratford Adventure," a group of Shakespearean excerpts performed by Alec Guinness.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Aug. 31: "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan, Barry Sullivan.
From Sept. 1: "The Little Kidnappers," Duncan Macrae.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Aug. 26: "Valentino," revival, Anthony Dexter, Eleanor Parker; and "Force of Evil," revival, John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson.
Aug. 27-28: "River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe; and "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget.
Aug. 29-30: "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru; and "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: **NEW FACES**; and "Fort Algiers," Yvonne De Carlo, Carlos Thompson.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 31: **KNOCK ON WOOD.**
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews; and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; **A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES**, revival; and "Mad Wednesday," revival, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Conlin.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
Aug. 29-31: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Sept. 1: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 28: **GENEVIEVE.**
From Aug. 29: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews; and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Aug. 29: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 26: "Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay; and "Les Visiteurs de Soir" (in French; also known as "The Devil's Envoys"), revival.
Aug. 27-31: "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend; and "The Berliner" (in German), revival, Gert Frobe.
From Sept. 1: "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon; and "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "Woman's Angle," Edward Underdown, Cathy O'Donnell, Lois Maxwell.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 28: **MADELEINE**, revival; and "The World in His Arms," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth.
Aug. 29-31: "Dirty Hands" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Pierre Brasseur, Claude Nollier; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring.
From Sept. 1: **GENEVIEVE**; and "Always a Bride," Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
Aug. 29: "The Golden Idol," Johnny Sheffield, Anne Kimbell; and "Down to the Sea in Ships," revival, Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore.
Aug. 30-31: **FORT APACHE**, revival; and "The Undercover Man," revival, Glenn Ford, Nina Foch.
From Sept. 1: "Cat Women of the Moon," Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory; and "The Neanderthal Man," Richard Crane.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
VOLPONE and **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (both in French and both revivals).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," Dan O'Herlihy, James Fernandez.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De..." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 26: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival; and **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (in French), revival.
Aug. 27: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.
Aug. 28: **TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "L'Orage" (in French; also known as "Confessions of a Bride"), revival, Michèle Morgan, Charles Boyer.
Aug. 29: "Heart of Paris" (in French), revival, Raimu; and "Monelle" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Aug. 30: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 31: A program of four short George K. Arthur films, and nine U.P.A. cartoons—"Gerald McBoing Boing Symphony," "Mr. Magoo Goes Skiing," and others.
Sept. 1: "Fear and Desire," revival, Frank Silvera; and "Secrets of a Soul" (in German), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews; and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

The new ultra-brilliant indelible-type lipstick,
creamy and non-drying.

In the same beautiful range of colors that has made the Monteil lipstick famous.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

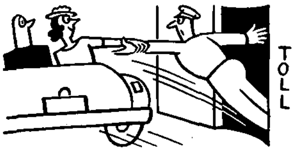
Notes and Comment

STOPPING overnight at a large white clapboard inn on the New England seacoast this summer, we looked over the register and came upon an inscription that has been prickling our fancy ever since. A lady had written her name in a firm, round hand—"Mrs. So and So"—and after it "and married daughter." Just that and nothing more. Now what, dear lady, did you have in mind when you put that down? Were you complacently calling the attention of other mothers to your daughter's solid status, or were you warning the sun-tanned young men thereabouts to lay off? In either case, does your daughter, in all her glory, relish being nameless in a book of names? Our companion on this outing (married daughter of our mother-in-law) rendered a harsh judgment on the matter when it was referred to her. "I can tell you one thing," she said. "That girl won't be getting away from that mother until Doomsday." Hoping for some cheerful rebuttal, we asked the clerks and waitresses about Mrs. So and So and married daughter, but nothing was remembered. They'd come and gone, leaving only that one trace.

Mrs So and So and married daughter

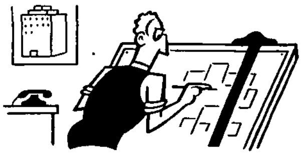
DOOMSDAY, incidentally, is just around the corner, according to the sea gulls we lent ear to in coves and inlets as we journeyed northward. Baby sea gulls, we found out, start off their lives cheeping and chirping in the gayest of tones. Only after prolonged study and practice are they able to achieve the traditionally dreadful and melancholy cry of their species. We happened to see and hear a grown sea gull (whether mother or father we couldn't tell) drumming the hard lesson into the heads of a couple of beginners on the edge of a fishing village near Yarmouth. The little ones were flying around singing "Cool! Good!," and the teacher kept zooming away from them, then zooming back to them again, crying "Not cool! Not good! Just doom! Doom!" The schooling went on for hours while we loafed around the wharf, and before sunset the little ones had the thing down pat. "Doom!" they were moaning happily. "Doom!"

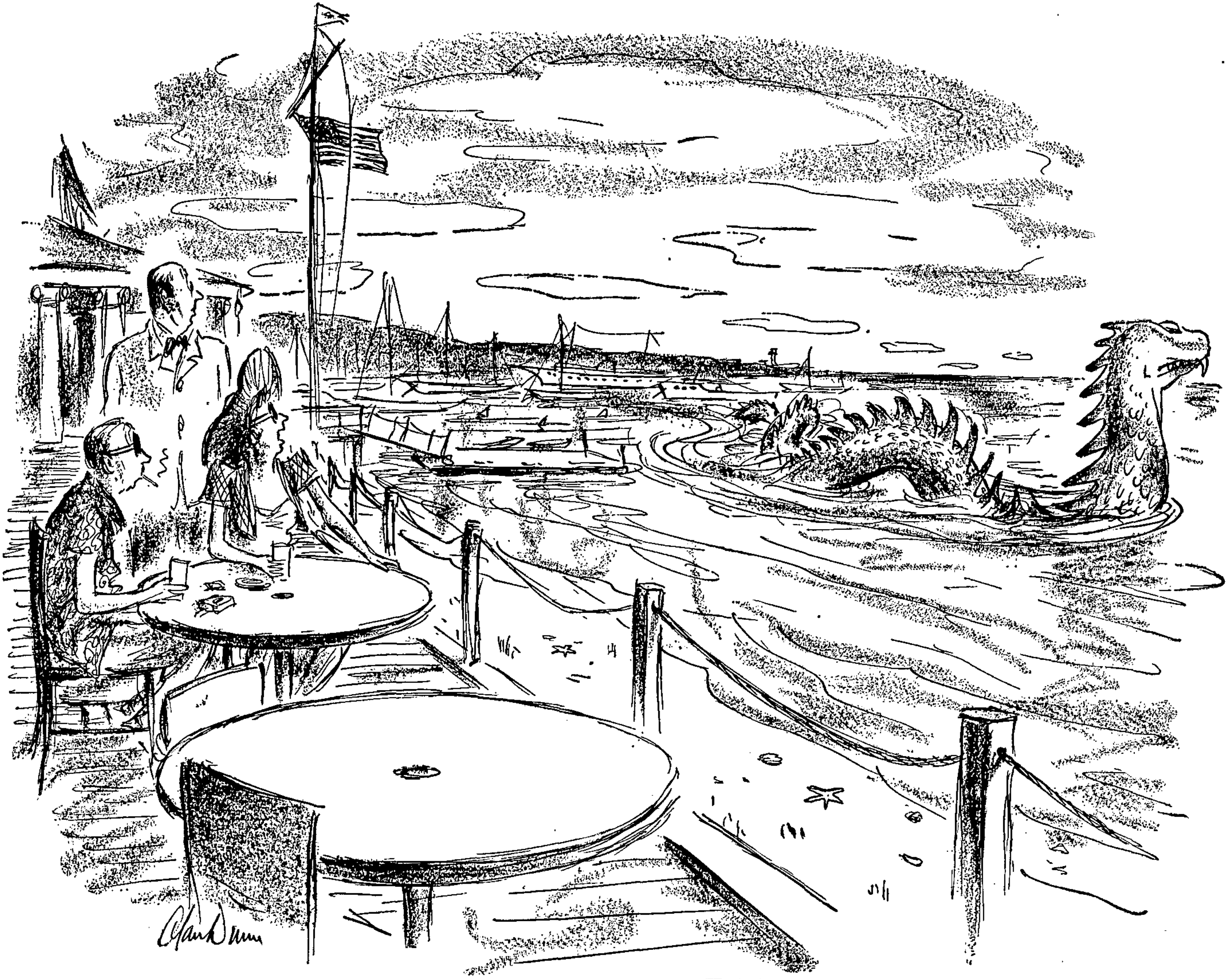
OUR aforementioned travelling companion is of the opinion that the supposedly free and independent states of this union are acting entirely too much like mendicants these days, holding out their hands to every motoring passerby for dimes and quarters. As we spun across toll bridges and along toll highways, she kept thinking of ways to express her disapproval. One way was to bore a hole in the coin, tie a fishing line to it, and jerk it back after handing it over. Another way, bordering on the extreme, was to yank the beggar out of his stall with a strong hand and turn *him* over at the next tollgate in place of the requested coin. Then our companion came up with a constructive idea. "They shouldn't panhandle all this money from people who come to visit them," she said, speaking of the free and independent states. "They should welcome visitors by *giving* them something when they cross the border. A dime would do." We agreed with the spirit of the idea, but couldn't help wondering how, under such a system, the states would pay for their bridges and highways. "Oh," she said, "we'd all be glad to give them a lot of money—make it a whole dollar—when we *leave*. It's this continual dunning of us when we *enter* that is so ugly." We didn't point out a single one of the many practical objections that might be made to this constructive idea, and we don't think we will.



Repeat Performance

CHARLES ("Call me Chuck") LUCKMAN, the eminent soap, detergent, and toothpaste man who, in a dramatic resignation, gave up the presidency of Lever Brothers in 1950 and went back to his original career, architecture, is now busy, as an architect, with plans for the new Seagram building on Park Avenue, just a block south of Lever House, which he erected as the client of an architect. The headquarters of his firm, Pereira & Luckman, are in Los Angeles, where he lives. It has a Manhattan office, though, and he visits it every couple of weeks, so we were recently able to enjoy an East Coast dinner with him. "Gibson on the rocks with Seagram's gin," he loyally commanded, and, at our instance, rehearsed some of his outfit's jobs: the master planning, for the United States government, of five airfields and a naval base in Spain; a jet air base; the Union Oil Company's headquarters building; a Veterans Administration hospital; C.B.S. and A.B.C. television buildings in California; a guided-missile base in Florida; a Bureau of Standards electronic-research station in Boulder, Colorado; a shopping center in Phoenix; a Firestone office building and factory in Los





"Steward, what is that creature doing in club waters?"

• •

Angeles; the Flamingo Hotel and an air base in Las Vegas. "We operate in seventeen states," he said. "We're one of four firms selected to do the Spanish job, for which Congress appropriated three hundred million dollars last fall. It's a very exciting assignment, and a new experiment in using local talent. We have four hundred and twenty-five Spanish engineers, trained by the University of Madrid, working for us under our own specialized personnel. They're anxious to learn our know-how. They're glad to learn how we operate on large-scale work. It generally takes seven years to put up a building in Spain, because you run out of steel and cement there after a while and have to wait a couple of years. When you come from this land of plenty, a thing like that takes you aback. This doesn't apply to our job in Spain, though; we bring over our own materials."

We asked Mr. Luckman about the Seagram building, and he said, "Mr. Samuel Bronfman, president of the parent company in Canada, wanted us to do something memorable to celebrate the company's hundredth anniversary, in 1957. I feel he has one of the finest minds I have ever met, and coming from me, that's a compliment, because I have met some fine minds. He wants a building that will reflect character and integrity, and I think for a pretty good reason, because that's what Seagram's represents in the industry. No deals, no price cutting. I don't often buy stock in our clients' companies, but Seagram is so well managed that I *have* bought stock in it. I believe we can reflect this integrity through the utmost simplicity. We're still in the consultation stage. I'm sorry that the apartment house we have to tear down to make way for the Seagram building contains Voisin. It's one of my favorite restaurants, but I'm scared to death to go into it now."

We urged Mr. Luckman to discuss architecture in general and his role in it in particular. "I am firm in my belief that architecture is a business, and not an art," he said. "I handle office buildings and Air Force work mostly. I handle the programming of a job. I organize it. What is the problem? What is the client trying to achieve? If we do a project that is mostly engineering, I staff it with engineers. If it is mostly architectural, I staff it with architects. We have three hundred and fourteen architects and engineers working for us—not counting the Spanish ones, of course. During the fifteen years that I was a client of architects—putting up buildings for Lever Brothers—I never bought a building for what the architect said it would cost. I said to Bill Pereira, 'Let me solve this problem.' I set up a cost-control department of fourteen engineers. They never draw a line. Their sole function is to see that nothing goes on the drawing board that will put the project over the budget. I caught hell from our designers at first. They said, 'Chuck is tying our hands. He's putting a dollar sign on the designing board. He's keeping us from being creative.' Finally, they said, 'Maybe Chuck has something.' They found that in order to design within a budget they had to be *really* creative. The cost-control department reports to me every Friday. If a project is running four per cent over the budget, we catch it then and there. We may make a mistake, but never for more than a week. So far as I know, no one else in the country does this, but then no other architectural firm has a partner who used to be a client. Every time a client adds something to the original project, we write and tell him precisely how much he is raising the budget. Architecture is very much like an advertising agency; it's a personal-service business. But it's creative, too. In the soap business, the more creative you were, the more it went down the drain. Here it flowers."

Luckman and Pereira were classmates, and friends, at the University of Illinois architectural school twenty-five years ago. Luckman worked in an architect's office in 1930 and 1931, and was driven into soap by the depression. When he left soap, Pereira offered him a partnership. "I honest to God thought he was kidding," Luckman told us, "but then he sent me a design project I'd done at school in 1931—a Swiss monastery—which he'd kept for nineteen years, so I knew he meant it. Well, I had a number of business offers—and boy, *were* they offers!—so I went to Mexico all by myself to decide what to do. I came to the conclusion that I didn't have to stay in business in order to prove anything to my friends, and I didn't care about my enemies. I went back to my first love. I knew I had to pick up technically again. I studied five and a half months, including Saturdays and Sundays, and took the two-day state exam in California. There was a ten-day interval before the results came in. I have three sons I'd been beating over the head, saying 'Pass your exams,' and for ten days they asked 'Dad, did you pass?' Well, I passed. I've since taken the architectural examination, and passed it, in the sixteen other states where we do business. I didn't have to do this, but I did. Overcompensation, I guess. Our firm doesn't have a style, because every problem has an individual solution. We don't draw a building the way we think it should be theoretically. For example, we're the supervising architects for the California Institute of Technology and the University of California at Santa Barbara, responsible for the planning and development of their campuses. We might recommend a building with three medium-sized wings, instead of one big one, so that three people could give the wings and have them named after them. I think we're adjusting our art to the realities of life. I've never had a better time. I am personally very happy to come back to Park Avenue for a repeat performance."

•

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE: On the lawns of Westminster Abbey are a number of signs, all reading the same; to wit:

PLEASE DO NOT
WALK ON THE GRASS
UNNECESSARILY

Ranking Celebrity

THE camp season is drawing to a close, and let us celebrate it by relaying this account of a letter from a twelve-year-old vacationer, away for his first summer, to his father. Among his new friends, he wrote, were a Ford, a Rockefeller, Army Secretary Robert Stevens' son, and (heavily underlined) the son of Frederick August Otto Schwarz. His father replied that they all sounded fine, but who the dickens was the last-named gentleman? In reply, he received a cool "If you don't know who Frederick August Otto Schwarz is, you are really not up with the times." The mystery nagged him for days. Then his hard-working psyche dredged it up from the depths of his unconscious in a crystal-clear dream studded with parentheses. He was standing in front of a store labelled "F(rederick) A(ugust) O(tto) Schwarz."

ST

Goa

GOA, the Portuguese enclave on the west coast of India, which the Indians are determined to get back after four hundred and forty-four years of Portuguese rule and which the Portuguese say they can't have, is slightly larger than Rhode Island and a good deal hotter. Thanks to the heat and to a local contempt for the executive way of life, offices are open only from eleven to three. The working day usually begins with a couple of slugs of brandy—that is, if you're one of the coming Goans, who can afford brandy. Otherwise, it begins with *cachu*, a beverage distilled from cashew nuts. Cashew nuts are one of the things Goa has most of. The colony makes money exporting cashew nuts, manganese, iron, coconuts, fish, spices, and salt. *Cachu* stays home, where it belongs. Goa has a population of just over half a million people and an average of one licensed still to every hundred and fifty Goans, including women and children.

For a thousand years before the Portuguese arrived, Goa was a center of Hindu learning and art. According to legend, the region was created by a Hindu demigod named Parasu Rama, who found fourteen dead men floating in the sea off the Malabar coast and restored them to life as Brahmans. To give them a place to live, he shoved part of a mountain range called the Western Ghats back from the sea, and the land between the Ghats and the sea became Goa. Some Hindus claim that to this day they can detect a corpse-like expression on the faces of native Goans. At the time of the Portuguese conquest, the Moslems who then ruled the area had abandoned the ancient Hindu city of Goa for a new city, also called Goa. This Goa is now called Old Goa, having been abandoned in the eighteenth century for still another city, called New Goa, or Pangim. The sequence is as plain as *cachu* to Goans, so why let it trouble us?

In 1510, Old Goa fell to Alfonso de Albuquerque, a Portuguese admiral who had been ranging up and down the coast and teaching Moslems respect for Christian culture by sacking their cities and shooting the inhabitants out of cannons like so much puffed wheat. As soon as he entered Goa, he put six thousand Moslems to the sword. Despite having made what must have been a rather poor first impression, Albuquerque proved a great and just administrator, and the Goans mourned his death. He permitted the natives to keep all their customs except suttee, and he encouraged his men to marry native women. The Portuguese have always treated the Goans as equals, and in the nineteenth century a Goan served as president of the Supreme Court of Portugal.

For a hundred years after Albuquerque, Goa boomed. It was a sort of gigantic clearing house for trade between the Orient and the Western world; silks, spices, and diamonds moved west out of Goa, and Arabian horses, blunderbusses, soldiers, missionaries, and *escudos* moved east into it. Mormugãs, the port of Goa, was the point of embarkation for Moslem pilgrims on their way from India to Mecca. Goa first became known as the Venice of the East; later, it was promoted to the Rome of the East. At its most prosperous, toward the end of the sixteenth century, it was a bigger, more cultivated, and more luxurious city than either Paris or London. Goan merchants built themselves palaces and fitted them out with utensils of silver and gold instead of iron, and their wives wore shoes with such thick soles that they were unable to walk in them and had to be carried to church in palanquins. As for vice! Well, Saint Francis Xavier found he had so much to contend with when he reached Goa, in 1542, that he could only sleep a scant three hours a night. Through his efforts, Goa was proclaimed an archdiocese, with jurisdiction over Malacca, Cochin, Macao, Japan, Peking, Nanking, and the entire east coast of Africa. Today, about half the population of Goa is Catholic and most of the rest is Hindu. The body of Saint Francis lies in a silver casket in a church in Old Goa—all except his right arm, which is in Rome.

Goa underwent an abrupt decline in the seventeenth century. Military and business harassment by the Dutch was partly to blame. The region also suffered a series of severe plagues. New Goa, which has a population of about fifteen thousand people, has changed little since it was founded. It looks like any small Mediterranean city, with whitewashed churches, and houses painted every color of a faded rainbow. Old Goa is now almost completely lost in tropical vegetation. Many of its splendid Renaissance buildings stand windowless and untenanted among palm and banyan trees, but services are still held in the cathedral, founded by Albuquerque in 1511. The priests go over daily by bus from New Goa to say Mass.

Trial Spin

YOU hear a lot of good talk on Fifth Avenue in the summer if you keep your ears open. Here's a sample:

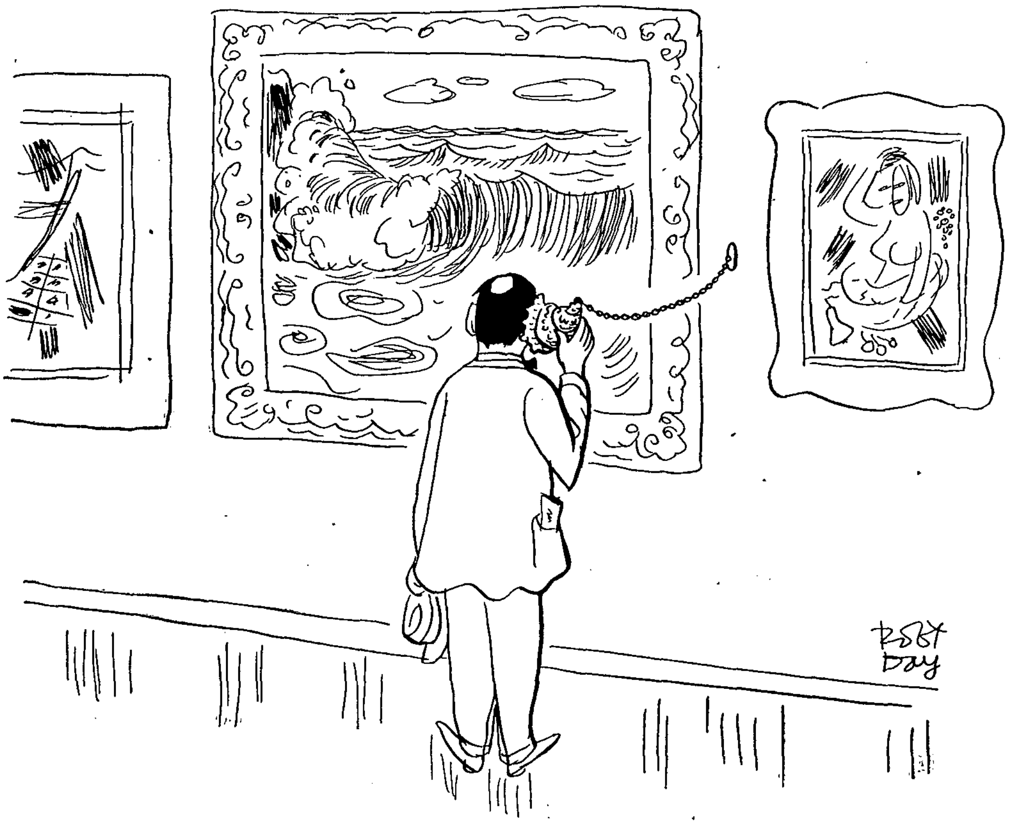
"Is your office air-conditioned?"

"No, but we have a large fan in the middle of the room, which keeps it pretty cool. The only trouble is that all my air-mail stationery keeps flying around."

The Hedges

HENRI SOULÉ, proprietor of Le Pavillon, which many connoisseurs of food consider the best restaurant in the Western Hemisphere, has opened a place at East Hampton, and we have been to see him and it. He has set up summer quarters in an old inn called the Hedges, situated just across the way from the village pond and cemetery. The Hedges, which Soulé is operating not only as a Pavillon d'Eté but as a full-fledged inn, has sixteen bedrooms, a dining room that seats sixty people, and terraces and gardens that provide space for ninety patrons, *en plein air*. Until last year, the Hedges was owned by Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, who has spent more than fifty of her summers at East Hampton, and who, when she decided that the time had come to sell the inn, looked about for a purchaser worthy of her beloved village and inn. She chose M. Soulé, and wrote him in no uncertain terms about his good fortune. Soulé, who has a house at Montauk, stopped off at the Hedges one spring day, looked it over, and agreed to buy. How could he not, since he was Mrs. Hamlin's choice? According to custom, he closed Le Pavillon for the summer on the first of July; the Hedges was opened on July 29th. In the kitchen were Pavillon chefs, in the dining room were Pavillon waiters, in the cellar were Pavillon wines. The opening was an immense success, and business has been *florissant* ever since.

When we arrived at the Hedges the other evening, shortly before dinnertime, we found Soulé standing beside a newly built white picket fence, which he appeared to be admiring picket by picket. He had on a dinner jacket and a braided waistcoat, and his face was as round and pink as a rising moon. He shook hands, then broke into a merry laugh. "How many people told me not to come to East Hampton!" he said. "They told me, 'Nobody in East Hampton spends any money. They never go out.' But I tell you we will be here forever! We will be here this summer for forty days and forty nights, and then we will go back to New York like this!" The great man placed a forefinger under his chin and thrust his head back, in a gesture of triumph. "Already I have had calls from real-estate people asking me to sell them the Hedges," he said. "For nothing



in the world would I sell the Hedges. For nothing in the world would I change the name. Mr. William Hedges lived here three hundred years ago, and it will always be the Hedges. I am in love with the Hedges. When you walk from the Hedges to the sea, you are in Heaven. When you walk from the sea to the Hedges, you feel happy and at peace."

Between New York and Montauk, Soulé said, there had been no restaurant of the highest quality. "I wished to bring such a restaurant to Long Island," he told us. "I have in my heart many beautiful things, and my friends of Le Pavillon have helped make them come true. Three captains, ten waiters, three busboys, ten in kitchen help, six chefs, the bartender—how they have worked! The day after we closed Le Pavillon, we packed up half our dishes, half our silverware, and half our casseroles, and brought them out here in trucks, along with three hundred and seventeen cases of wines and liquor and fifty-two pounds of caviar. Not a glass was broken!" He glanced at the sky. "The ceiling is high," he said. "The clouds are not bad. We called the Coast Guard at Montauk tonight and they reported that it would be clear. We called the Weather Bureau in New York and they reported that it would rain. Predictions! Let us go inside."

Soulé led the way into a sitting room furnished with handsome eighteenth-century pieces. "People say to me the Hedges will be like the restaurant of Monsieur Point, La Pyramide, in Vienne," Soulé said. "I say never again will there be another Monsieur Point. It took him fifty years to be the way he is. In our own way, we will be perhaps like Armenonville, in Paris. There it is much like here, with a little lake and trees and a garden." Suddenly he sighed and pointed to a low, pink sofa. "This sofa, *c'est très important*," he said. "Mrs. Hamlin wanted everything in the inn left just so, down to the smallest article of furniture. I am supposed to be temperamental, and how surprised my friends were when Mrs. Hamlin said to me 'Young man! Do this! Do that!' and I obeyed. That sofa I gave away. A few days ago, Mrs. Hamlin came here and said, 'Young man! Where is my sofa?' I said I had given it away. She said, 'I want to see that sofa back in this room in half an hour.' And it was."

A captain came up and reported to Soulé that a squirrel was dropping shells onto tables from a walnut tree on the terrace.

"Ah!" Soulé said. "*Mon petit ami est encore là!*"

"Slingshots?" the captain inquired in a guarded voice.

"*Oui, les* slingshots," Soulé said, and the captain hurried away.

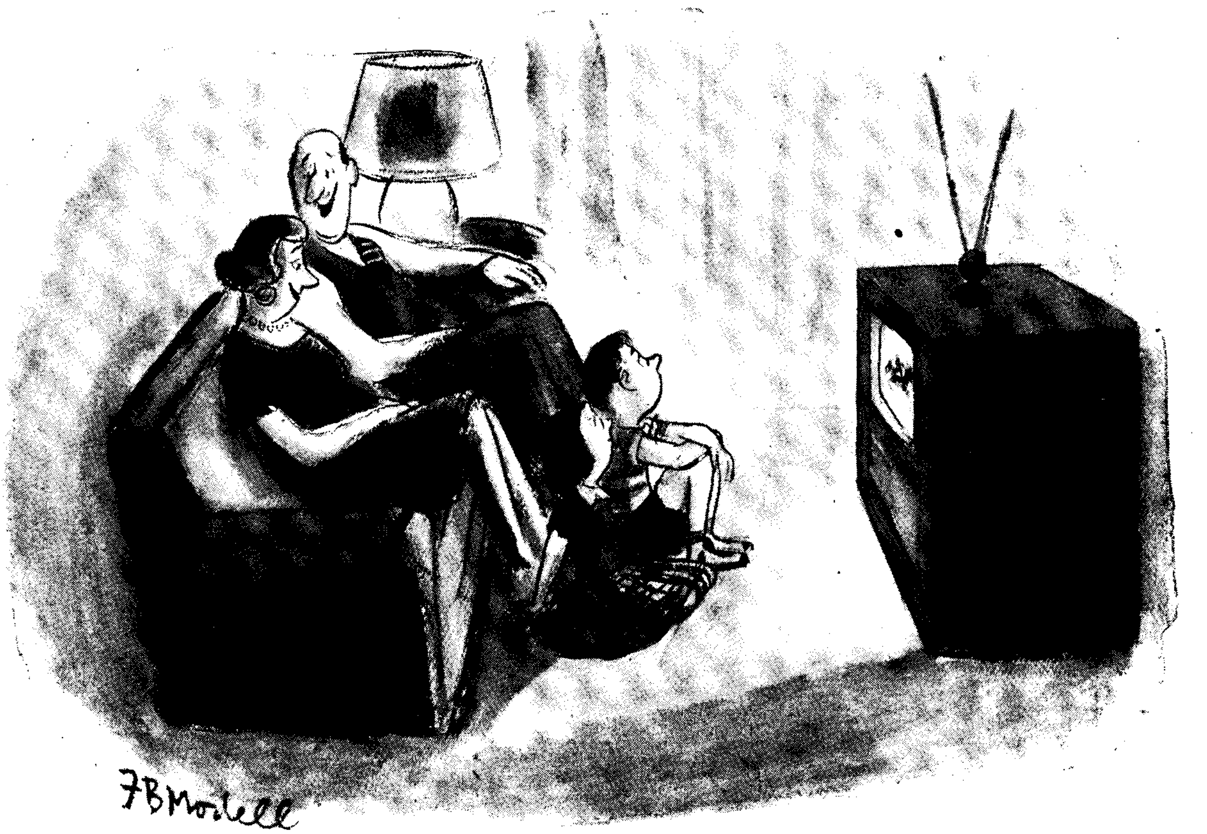
"A difference from the city," Soulé told us. "At first, my men felt very strange in the country. Now they are beginning to say that it is exactly like France. I buy most of my supplies in New York, but my vegetables, milk, and cream I buy here. I never tasted better cream in my life. We use thirty quarts of it a day."

At that moment, a vigorous-looking lady in a purple chiffon dress and a purple picture hat swept into the room and, without a word, crossed to the sofa and lightly smoothed its back.

"Mrs. Hamlin," Soulé whispered.

Mrs. Hamlin turned to Soulé. "It's in the right place now, young man!" she said. "You won't move it again?"

"*Jamais!*" said Soulé, with passion.

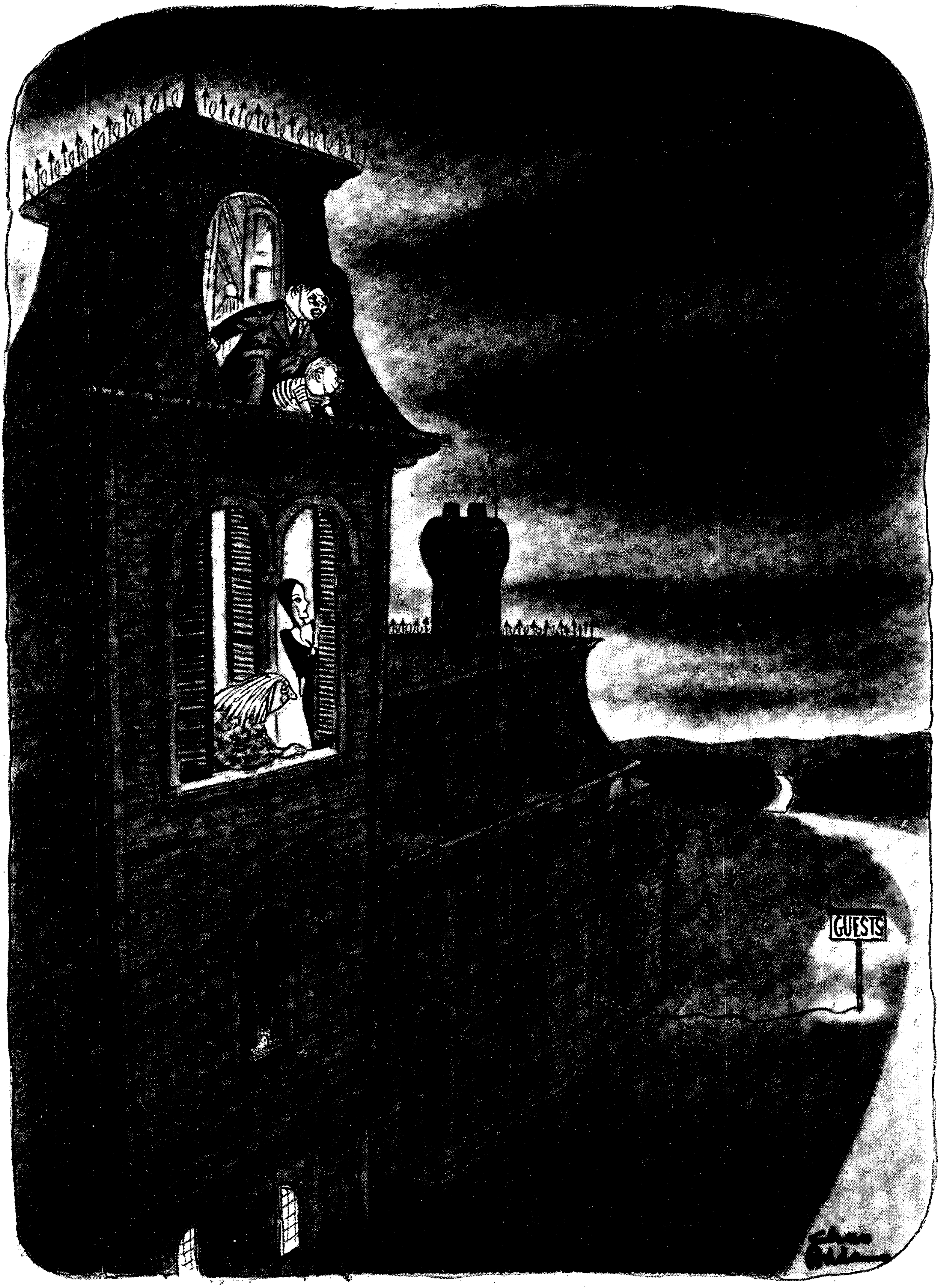


"What a wonderful day and age! Could we have watched a fifty-thousand-dollar handicap when we were kids?"

• •

Extra Man

"MY Massachusetts uncle loves making plans more than life," a lady writes us. "The more elaborate the plan, the better—the dovetail work is so satisfying. Well, last weekend, to his delight, he had a house guest arriving on the Friday-afternoon train whom he could instruct, and did instruct, to get off the train at Great Barrington rather than Stockbridge, where my uncle lives, because (a) they had all been asked out to dinner near Great Barrington, and (b) my aunt wanted to do some marketing there on the way to dinner. The train pulled into the Great Barrington station, but the friend did not get off. So my uncle ran up and down the platform peering in windows, looking for the gentleman, and then triumphantly proceeded to bang on the glass and gesticulate. The fellow finally caught on, grabbed his suitcase, and disembarked just as the train pulled out. It was not the house guest."


GUESTS

DR. PERELMAN, I PRESUME, OR SMALL-BORE IN AFRICA

JET-PROPELLED TURBAN

IF travel has taught me nothing more, and it certainly has, it's this: you never know when some trifling incident, utterly without significance, may pitchfork you into adventure or, by the same token, may not. A look across a smoky room, a chance word or gesture, and all of a sudden you're standing breathless before a bead curtain in Cairo or clinging to an outrigger in the Nicobars or pawning your cuff links at Simpson's. I for one never dreamed as I stooped to retrieve a hairbrush from under the washbowl of a Paris hotel room last December that I was taking the first step in a grotesque excursion across the Indian Ocean with that venerable mainspring, His Highness Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, the Sultan of Zanzibar. Could I have foreseen the complications in the offing, I probably would have brushed my hair with a toothbrush and let it go hang. But then, the toothbrush was under the basin, too. I'd had a couple of pousse-cafés the night before.

What happened was simple to the point of banality. After ineffectually groping around under the sink, I miscalculated the amount of headroom over me and laid open my sconce as though it had been cleft by a yataghan. A pharmacist in the Rue de Vaugirard, absorbed in bottling leeches and obviously a figment of René Clair's imagination, paused long enough to patch me up grudgingly, and I went into a *brasserie* hard by for a restorative. There, staring meditatively across the zinc into the *patronne's* blouse, was an English sculptor named Noel Desuetude, who recognized me at once as an old companion of his Montparnasse days. Under other circumstances, I could have given the man an argument, but it was folly to be knocked down in my weakened condition, and I humored him. When he started reaching for the menu, however, I played my ace.

"Kenya?" he said, crestfallen. "You mean you're flying there this very noon? Damn it, I'd rather counted on your buying me lunch. Ah, well, another time. See here, though, you really must look up my godfather in Nairobi. He's the head of East African Airways—hellishly influential cove."

"Gladly," I said. "Jot down his name, will you?"

"I don't know it, to be candid," he said. "The fact is he's not my godfather at all, but we English are a clannish lot. I mean we're slow to make friends, but once we warm up, we can't do enough for you. Like, for instance, the way I'm sending you on to my godfather in Nairobi."

"Yes, and I'm deeply obliged—" I began.

"Now, don't start slobbering over me like a confounded sheepdog," he said testily. "If you must show your gratitude, pay for these." He shoved a pile of saucers toward me. "Sorry to bolt, but I'm meeting a popsy the other side of Paris. *A bientôt.*"

WELL, around a month later, at a supper party in Muthaiga, a residential quarter of Nairobi, I met a well-set-up chap named Sorsbie, keen as mustard—there was some on the tablecloth, so one could judge—who proved to be the head of East African Airways. Seizing an opportune moment when the conversation had turned on bogus godsons, I told him about my encounter. Though he pretended to be deaf, as your Englishman frequently will out of shyness, I could see he was engrossed.

"And you paid his score, did you?" he asked. "You know, you ought to have your head examined."

"I did, but they couldn't find anything," I said. "If there was porcelain in the brain, wouldn't I feel it?"

"Only time will tell," he said darkly. "These things take a while to show. I say," he went on, with a thoughtful frown, "in a way I feel morally responsible for what this sponge in Paris did to you, and I'd like to make amends. Ever hear of the island of Pemba?"

"Gee, I can't use any more real estate," I protested. "I've got a farm in Pennsylvania—"

"It's about thirty miles northeast of Zanzibar," said Sorsbie, rolling over me like a Juggernaut, "and part of the Sultan's domain. We're opening an airfield there day after tomorrow, and we're flying over the Sultan and some other bigwigs in a special plane to dedicate it. Why don't you come along, too? Fascinating old duffer, His Highness. You two should have lots in common."

Offhand, I couldn't guess what it might be, outside inordinate wealth, but Sorsbie's heart was set on our meeting and I acceded. Late the next afternoon, I flew to Zanzibar, where the junket was to originate, and, boarding an ancient tumbril at the airport, set off through the labyrinthine alleys of the town for the hotel. In the car was another bird of passage off the same flight, a corpulent, dynamic gentleman in white sharkskin, whose artificial choppers sparkled with veritable ingots of gold. His languishing sidelong glances told me he was perishing to make friends. The opportunity came when he saw me extract a packet of Bisodol tablets.

"An American!" he said delightedly. "From your aristocratic nose, I thought you were a Portuguese hidalgo. Permit me, sir," he went on, deftly plucking a tablet from my hand. "I never miss a chance to eat these when they are offered. You know, we Greeks are authorities on heartburn—heartburn and women, ha ha ha. If you please—my card."

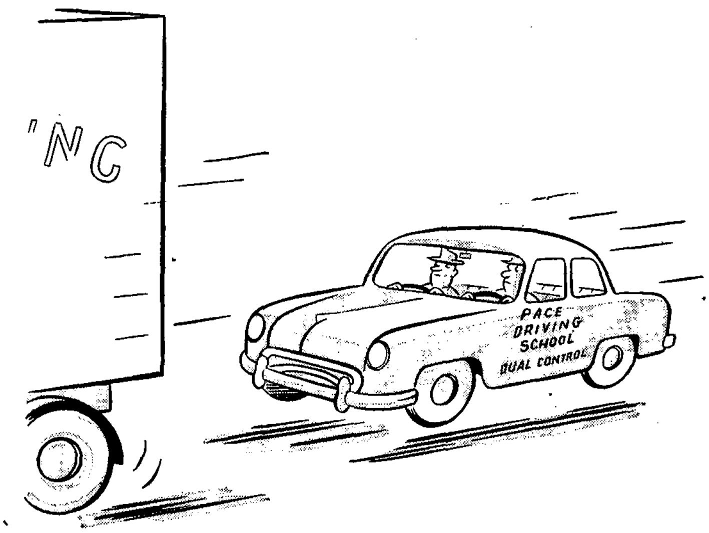
I took it and learned that fate had thrown me with Constantine Hubris, domiciled at Arusha, Tanganyika, and styling himself an industrialist. He seemed so hurt at my inability to produce a card that I brought out my passport, which he studied with deep interest, nodding repeatedly, and then thrust into his breast pocket.

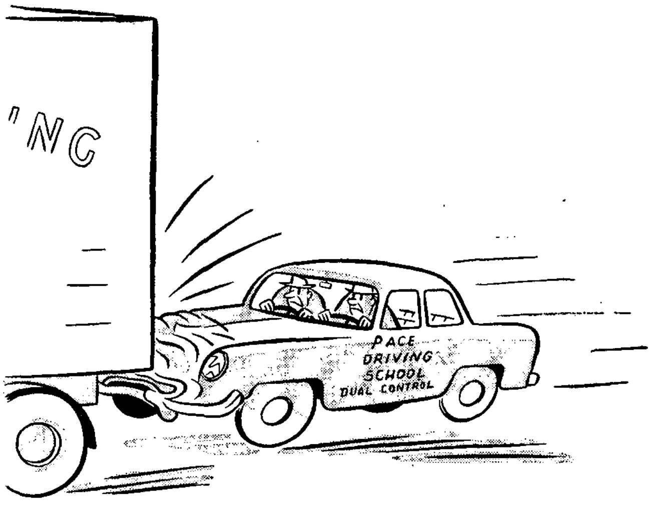
"Would you mind awfully returning that?" I asked hesitantly. "It isn't the intrinsic cost, but it's got sentimental associations—"

"Oh—oh! Forgive me, my dear fellow," he said, overcome with chagrin. "Imagine being so absent-minded. There you are. By the way, if you want to sell this at any time, I pay cash and no questions asked."

I promised not to dispose of it without giving him priority, and, secreting it under my toupee, withdrew into a marmoreal silence. As we were both registering at the hotel, though, the clerk gave me a verbal message that Bikinized Mr. Hubris. It appeared that a seneschal wearing a dolman and a gold hearing aid had left word requesting me to join the Sultan's party at eight the next morning at the airport. Mr. Hubris's jaw dropped, and he watched me ascend the stairs as if I were clothed in white samite. Throughout dinner, he kept observing me furtively from his table, and afterward pursued me into the lobby and insisted on standing me to a brandy.

"Why didn't you say you were a diplomat?" he re-


'NC
PACE DRIVING SCHOOL DUAL CONTROL


'NC
PACE DRIVING SCHOOL DUAL CONTROL

proached me. "I had no idea you were a friend of the Sultan—"

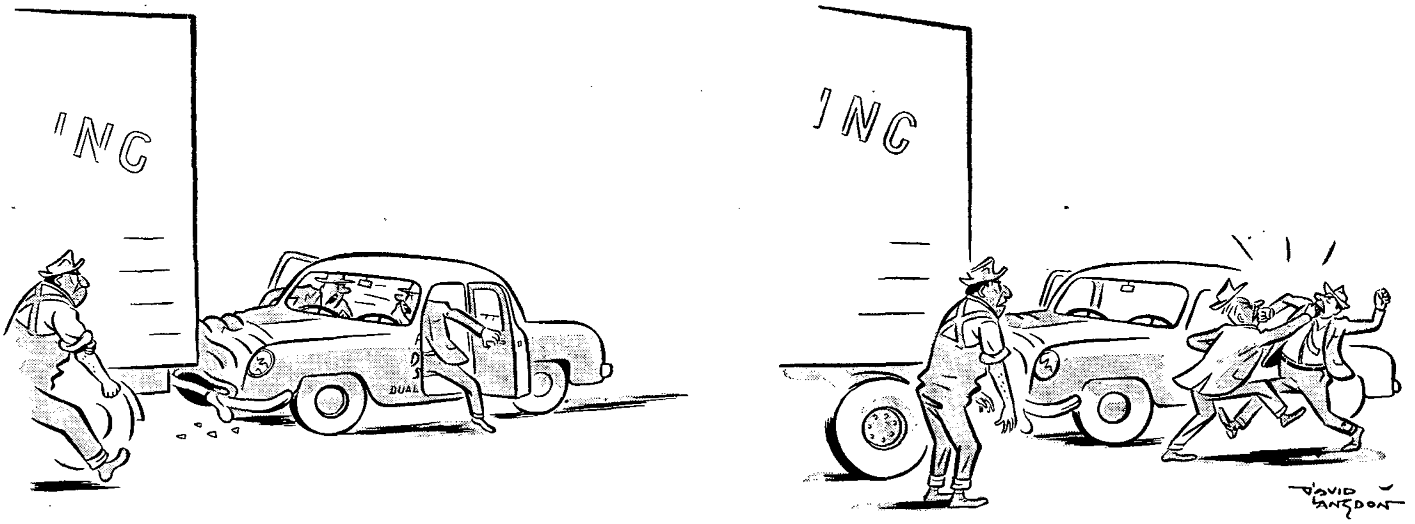
I cut him short and, without demeaning myself unnecessarily, explained I had no official status at the forthcoming exercises on Pemba. An indulgent smile clearly revealed his disbelief. Typical American modesty, chuckled Mr. Hubris, signalling the waiter to replenish my glass; he was certain I was the emissary of persons of the highest consequence in Washington, that grave decisions would stem from my visit. Then, with mastodonlike subtlety, he maneuvered around to the gimmick. A little group of philanthropists he knew was interested in establishing a casino in Zanzibar—a place where the natives could eat ices and enjoy classical music and, if they felt disposed, dally with a harmless game of chance. If I could drop a word *en passant* into the Sultan's ear, the syndicate would be overjoyed to set aside a few shares of stock for both of us. . . .

There being no exact local equivalent for the word "shill," it took ten minutes and considerable vehemence to disabuse Mr. Hubris. He was pained at my obduracy but not daunted. Waylaying me at breakfast in the morning, he offered to appoint me an honorary director of the project and implied that, between us, we could flimflam the Sultan out of his stock. I literally had to peel him off me to embark for the airport; in his final frenzy he made a grab for my wristwatch, figuring, I suppose, that it was better than nothing. The agony on his face, as I last saw it through the bus window, was almost Promethean, though perhaps it was only the brandy pecking at his liver.

IN the waiting room at the field was a racial fricassee comparable to the Tower of Babel; Indians, Africans, Arabs, Malagasy, Seychellois, and half a dozen other nationalities milled about, costumed as if for a Shubert musical and behaving with much the same incoherence. The majority, it was evident, had no connection with the tour beyond a desire to catch a glimpse of the ruler, who arrived with suitable pomp in a Rolls-Royce flaunting his dynastic red flag. He was a benevolent, patriarchal gentleman of seventy-odd attired in Arab dress, with a white beard and horn-rimmed spectacles, and I felt a wave of resentment at Mr. Hubris for assuming that I would ever whipsaw such a kindly old codger. When his entourage, and various British dignitaries, aviation officials, and similar consequential guests were finally stowed aboard the Seyyid Said bin Sultan, a DC-3 christened for the occasion after Zanzibar's earliest sovereign, we numbered eighteen souls. The flight to Pemba was idyllic save for a continuous grinding noise, which turned out to be the voice of my seatmate, an Indian businessman attached to the chamber of commerce. While his statistics on the decline of clove production were stimulating enough, the warm pressure of his lips on my ear ultimately gave me gooseflesh, and I sought out another chair. The passenger next to me there, a well-set-up Briton and keen as horseradish, had an oddly familiar look. Putting two and two together, I decided it was Sorsbie, the chap who had invited me on the trip and who, obviously out of shyness, had given no indication he was going along himself. Just as I was framing an oblique reference to a mutual acquaintance of ours up in Paris, however, he excused himself abruptly and departed. It was one of those curious coincidences that occur nowhere but in East Africa.

Except that the speeches were in Arabic and Swahili and the audience more exotic, the ensuing ceremony at Pemba, held in a marquee pitched beside the runway, could have served equally to consecrate a supermarket in Los Angeles. An assemblage of several hundred sheiks, African elders, and Khoja Ismailis, liegemen of the Aga Khan, applauded vociferously as one after another of their spokesmen rose to hail the new era of prosperity and universal brotherhood that would attend regular air service. The rest of Pemba's male population—Mohammedan custom bars the presence of women at important functions—stood or crouched in the blazing sun, wilting under the interminable rhetoric but doggedly awaiting the refreshments scheduled to follow. At last, when everyone had run out of bromides, the Sultan's speech of acknowledgment in three languages was read into the microphone by his aide-de-camp, taking three times as long as a speech of acknowledgment in one language, and the tension abated. To the strains of that perennial Islamic favorite, "Easter Parade," rendered by a military band, a platoon of waiters distributed highly appropriate sweetmeats of molten Turkish paste, and steaming coffee. The visitors were now worshipfully directed to resume their places in the aircraft, so that it could proceed onward to Nairobi. As we did, the four or five ladies in the contingent, who had been concealed behind a stockade during the exercises, rejoined us, among them the Sultana and her lady in waiting. The two promptly immured themselves in the washroom to change their costumes, and thereby created a horrid dilemma for crew and passengers alike. The pilot, afraid it would be lèse-majesté to bang on the door, had to delay the takeoff until they reappeared, and we were all nicely parboiled by the time the plane was aloft.

My previous contact with royalty had been limited to two Asiatic playboys, in



the persons of the crown prince of Johore and the ex-emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, neither of them monarchs to overshadow Charlemagne, and when my turn came to meet Their Highnesses, I was inclined to hang back. However, I reflected that they could hardly bite my head off, since their bridgework, like mine, must be immobilized by Turkish paste, and, assuming the expression of servility one uses on credit managers, I sidled up to them. The audience began a bit chaotically, for just as I made my curtsy, the plane hit an air pocket and threatened to catapult me into the Sultana's lap. Nevertheless, by flailing around briskly, I caught hold of a gentlewoman's chignon across the aisle and recovered my equilibrium. Kaleidoscopic though it was, my first impression of the Sultana was glamorous. A gazelle-eyed matron clad in a filmy blue sari, she wore a necklace of emblematic gold coins and matching bangles, and a square-cut emerald approximately the size of a Congress playing card.

"Well, this is a red-letter day for yours truly, sir," I assured the Sultan, deciding to adopt a straightforward, democratic line. "Little did I think a month ago that I would be shooting the breeze with a real Arab potentate two thousand feet up in the air. Actually," I commented, with a smile, "it's kind of a switch, isn't it? Shouldn't we all be seated on a flying carpet?"

"What did the young man say?" inquired His Highness, regarding me in perplexity.

"Something about a carpet," his wife said uncertainly. "I think he's trying to sell us one."

"We don't need any," the Sultan replied, with unnecessary force. "The house is full of them. Tell him to go away."

Amused that they had mistaken me for a salesman, I went back to the very beginning in Paris and described how I chanced to be present, not omitting a friendly injunction to beware of Hubris and his dubious casino. To fix the details firmly in his mind, and at the same time demonstrate that I had his undivided attention, the Sultan closed his eyes. He was very much *au courant*, though, because the moment I concluded, they flew wide-open again.

"What happened? Who are you?" he demanded. "Why are you looking at my wife's ring like that?"

"I was only admiring it," I stammered. "I've never seen such a headlight before."

"We-ell, all right," he said suspiciously, "but don't get any crazy ideas, Jack."

The ease with which he had slipped into the vernacular startled me. "Your Highness is at home in the American idiom?" I queried.

"Oh, I dig it a little," he admitted, visibly flattered. "You may think we're squares down here, but we see *Variety* and *Down Beat* and all those publications. One of my sultanic whims is to keep up with the box-office grosses and the different pop tunes. You know," he went on reflectively, "to me there's nothing worse than a suzerain who becomes insular. Of course, if he's an insular suzerain like I to begin with, that's different, but I believe that a man which he is the spiritual and political leader of a heterogeneous flock had ought to keep his finger on the pulse of the common man."

"It figures," I concurred. "If memory serves, the fabled Haroun-al-Rashid ofttimes used to dress up in rags and mingle with his subjects in the bazaar. Does Your Highness ever do that?"

"I don't have to dress up, the way things are going in Zanzibar," he observed gloomily. "Would you like some lugubrious statistics on the decline of clove production there?"

I WOULD have loved it, but the plane was already over the outskirts of Nairobi, and whispers of a reception at the airdrome were circulating through the cabin. Within a few minutes, we were standing on terra firma, our heads bared to a salute from a guard of honor. The group photograph in next day's newspaper identified only the Sultan and a couple of his Ministers, charitably ignoring the man behind them struggling to detach a passport from a toupee. I got a letter from Sorsbie shortly afterward with a bill enclosed from Hubris for six brandies. He asked what the devil it meant and begged me not to explain. Curious race, the English. Once they warm up, there's no telling what they'll do for you.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

THE CARDINAL FLOWER

Cold and amber
the shallow water,
shadowed by hemlocks;
there the cardinal
flower in August,
rooted in pebbles,
smolders dark red.
There, I remember,
we two swam,
and clambered on wet rocks,
part of primordial
earth in the awe-struck
hush of late summer.
There we are still,
no doubt, to the hearkening
shadow, our laughter
braided through brawling
waters audibly.
That is the country
I never escaped from.

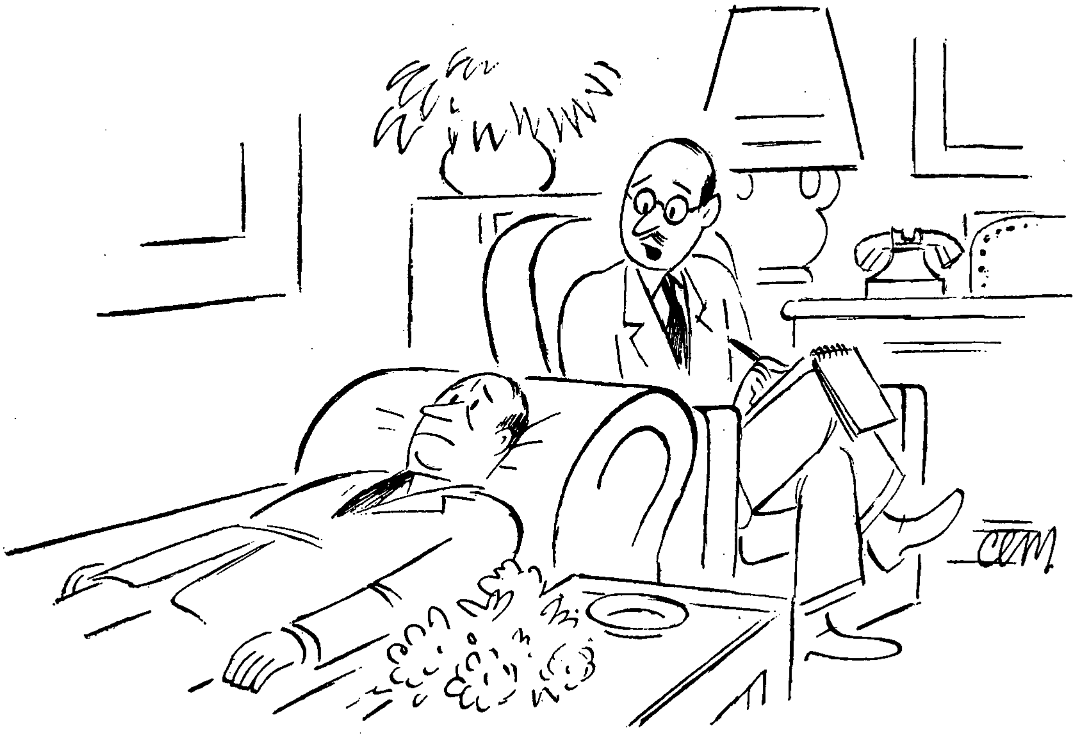
—ROBERT HILLYER

A WILD GREEN PLACE

"TELL me about Wales. Tell me what it was like," I used to beg my mother when I was a child. I never tired of hearing her descriptions of the wild green place, hearing those bits and pieces of a story that I did not come to know in its entirety until several years after her death. Then I found what "it was like"—what it was really like, the whole story written down in her own hand and left among her papers for someone (or no one) to find, not a tale told to a little daughter but the pinning down once and for all of a complex experience that had haunted her. It has been like putting one of those tightly curled-up Japanese flowers into a glass of water and watching it open, for this early memory of my mother's seems to reveal in essence the flowering of a lifetime.

My mother belonged to the Elwes family, of Suffolk, England. Gervase Elwes, her father, was a civil engineer and responsible for laying out railways in India, Spain, and Canada, and therefore he was often away from home for long periods of time. I have gathered that my grandmother loved him almost to the exclusion of her two children, Hugh and Mabel. It apparently never occurred to her, when she and her husband set out for Canada for two long years, that it might seem strange to abandon these two—nine and seven, respectively. Hugh was sent to boarding school, of course, and Mabel was shipped off to a small farm in Wales. Possibly the idea of the farm came from Gervase Elwes, a sensitive and understanding man, who had been troubled by his little girl's constant painful war with society as represented by a nanny, by any rule or regulation, by any "planned activity." Perhaps wild Wales may have seemed to this imaginative creature an entirely suitable landscape for his wild little daughter to roam in, happily set free from all that had bruised and harassed her in the genteel atmosphere of home. She was to be given the gift of solitude at this very early age, and though it would seem to us now a rather daring gift, how right he was! I know what a radiance of remembered happiness crossed my mother's face when she spoke of Wales, as of some lost Paradise, and what this long period of solitary communion with nature did for one who was always a discerning observer of flowers, trees, and animals—one who would later have to remake her home many times among strangers, and twice even change her nationality. She married a Belgian, George Sarton, the historian of science, and after becoming a Belgian she was again uprooted, by the German invasion of 1914, and fled across the sea with her family to become an American citizen and settle, finally, in this country. But the English in her accompanied every change, translating itself into gardens wherever she went, into the creation always of beautiful surroundings, and, too, into a kind of impassioned solitariness. So what happened to her at seven in Wales was a preparation for much that was to happen later on.

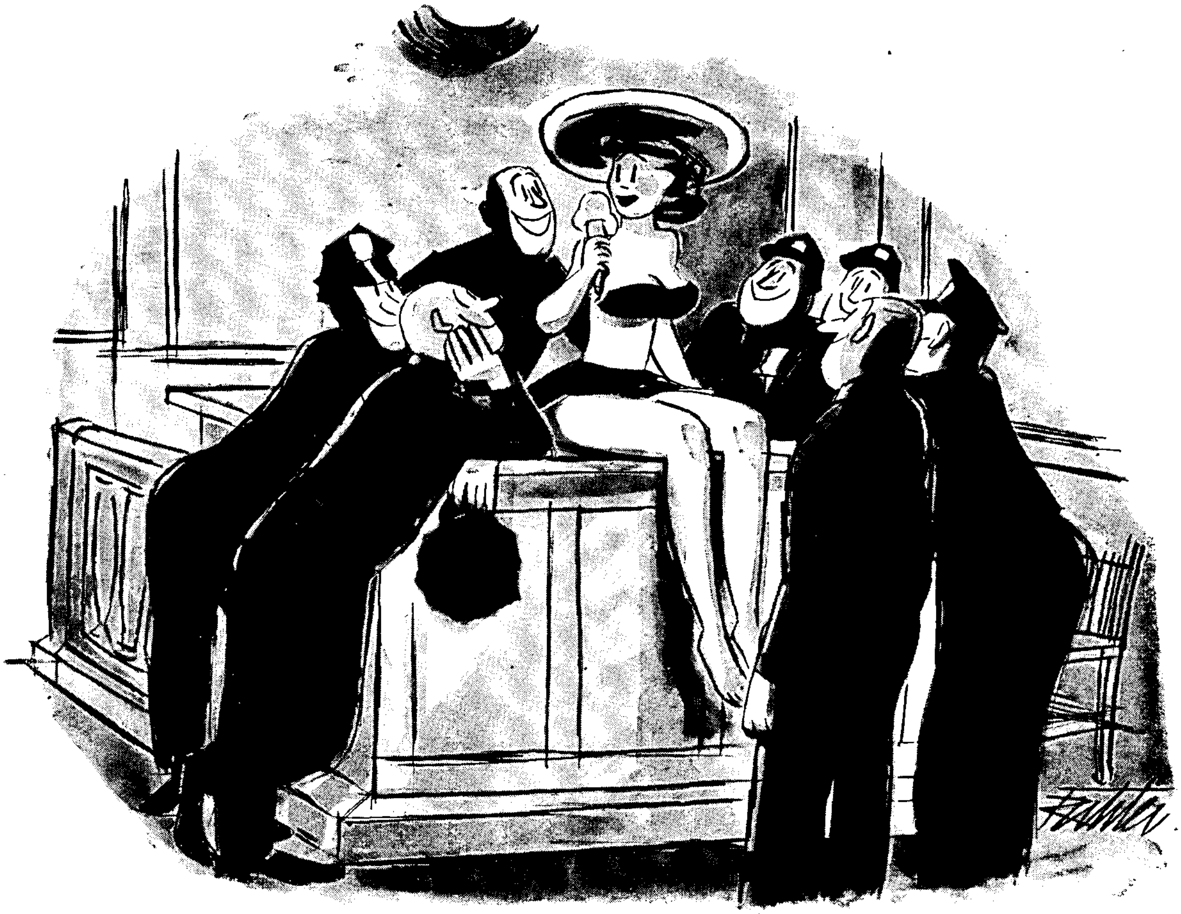
I cannot believe that Gervase Elwes and his wife were wholly aware of the particular environment into which they put their daughter so casually when they went off to Canada. Actually, at the last minute the family with whom arrangements had been made for Mabel's board was unable to take the child after all; the Elweses, on the brink of departure, had to accept the word of these people that they had found ideal substitutes. The original family was, as a matter of fact, simply doing some poor relatives a good turn by providing them with a little extra income. Mabel's foster parents turned out to be two women—"Grannie," of the kind, wrinkled face and kind hands, and "Aunt Mollie," her daughter, a tall, high-strung woman with eyes as blue as a jay's feathers, who, it appears, took a dislike to the "rich little girl." Even Grannie, of whom she grew so fond, showed her no real affection until later. They were hard, primitive people, who perhaps regarded the little girl as primitive peoples regard the "foreigner" (she was English, they were Welsh)—as someone primarily to be exploited. Even so, it is hard to comprehend why one of the first things the two women did was to take away all Mabel's best clothes and give them to a nearby relative. There is, curiously enough, no reference to this astonishingly cruel behavior in my mother's written document. But though my mother did not choose to remember it when she came to write the story, it made an indelible impression on me when she told it to me as a child—so much so that I feel forced to place it in the record here. I remember very well my impotent rage at not being able to go back in time and tell those two women what I thought of them. I remember begging my mother to assure me that when her parents finally came back and rescued her, they did some-



"No one is hounding you, Mr. Gordon. It's merely routine for my secretary to send bills out the first of every month."

thing violent and drastic, but she could not recollect that they did. Perhaps Eleanor and Gervase Elwes ended by feeling pity rather than anger. At any rate, the whole story left in my mind a sense of incompleteness, of justice not done, until I read my mother's mature judgment of it and began to understand that in comparison with all that followed of so much deeper human significance, this initial harshness may have seemed irrelevant.

Besides, memory distills the essence, and the essence of this whole experience for my mother was being alone in the country and all that that meant to the person she was.



"Just make yourself comfortable and don't worry about a thing, Mrs. Castle. We'll find your little boy."

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mabel Elwes at this time show a pretty child with large, wide-apart gray eyes, at the same time mischievous and dreamy, and light-chestnut curls piled up on her head. There is plenty of stubborn will in the mouth and chin. For her, Wales meant first and always escape—escape into lush meadows and an orchard in deep grass, and, above all, escape to the lovely shallow river, which ran bronzing over flat stones. At one place, she found a grassy bank quite close to the water, where she could lie for hours on her stomach and let the current flow through her hands like a constantly renewed spell; it was a forbidden game, and all the more delightful for that reason. In the orchard, a step up the hillside from the vegetable garden just back of the farm, lived Daisy, a greige-colored Jersey cow. Daisy allowed the little girl certain privileges; for instance, she could lie against the cow's warm flank when she rested in the shade at noon, chewing her cud, sometimes turning to gaze out of liquid brown eyes, without astonishment, at the small human being at her side. Mabel spent hours at a time whisking flies off the cow with a green branch. She spent hours, too—more arduous ones—pumping and carrying pails of water to fill Daisy's trough. It was quite a trick to make the water come—first by using short, quick strokes in rapid succession, then by pulling the long pump handle slowly up and down. She could not carry a full pail, of course, and this meant that she had to make a great many trips before the trough was full. It was sad that after this effort Daisy always refused to come and drink right away, and would only do it in her own good time. But she had her moments of affection, when she followed Mabel wherever she went, even to the point of getting stuck between two hedges on a narrow path and standing there for ages, placidly chewing her cud, refusing to back up. They were both contrary characters, the little girl and the cow, but they respected each other.

In my mind's eye I see my mother running through those two years (how fleet her step even when she was in her seventies!)—across dappled light and shadow, always green leaves over her head and sunlight splashing down, alone with the cries of birds and the swift, shallow river. She wrote, "It was as if my mind and heart had been tied up with hundreds of careful strings and these were suddenly loosened and fell away. O marvel, O inexhaustible dream, O happiness!"

But solitude is one thing and loneliness is another. She was at times cruelly lonely. The two women used, for instance, to go out at night to play cards with the neighbors, leaving the little girl to suffer such agonies of fear as only those who have experienced them can imagine, while she sat shivering in the dark at the top of the stairs, quaking at the hoot of an owl or the creak of a branch, until at last—sometimes as late as midnight—the footsteps on the path meant that she was saved. Grannie, it is true, "grew fond" of her "in the end" and could be "trusted." How fearful to remember that Aunt Mollie could not—this presence fearsome in its reserve and strangeness, like some goddess who could not be placated. It was Aunt Mollie who looked coldly at the child one day and said, "You have a mean little mouth." Aunt Mollie was the creature of moods, sometimes humming and singing all day, then suddenly sullen, with a sullenness that might break out at any moment into violence when she moved about the house like a wind, banging the doors. At such times, sensible people kept out of her way. As a matter of fact, those angry fits interested Mabel very much, for she had had tantrums herself, and knew how difficult it was to control them. She remembered how her father had taken her on his knees during her outbursts and tried to help her. He had taught her to go off by herself at such times and hammer out her rage against a piece of wood, or break sticks, letting the seizure play itself out against inanimate objects. So now on the dangerous days at the farm Mabel watched warily, and kept silent, or conferred with Daisy, or took long aerial rides in the orchard, where a swing had been set up for her and she could imagine she was flying.

No doubt Gervase Elwes's vision of the farm in Wales had included good country meals, fresh eggs, and milk. The reality was rather different. Eggs were a rarity—most of them went to market—and those custards dear to English hearts were fabricated with something called Canary custard powder. On Sunday evenings, the three at the farm had a small glass of fresh milk each, as a special treat, for the milk, too, had to be sold for cash. But there were compensations. My mother always remembered and spoke of the breakfast bacon, which was broiled in long strips that hung from a tin contraption set upon the live coals of the grate. It tasted delicious. Sometimes there were also mushrooms, collected before breakfast in the dewy grass. The child's one unsatisfied craving was for sweet things. Sugar was kept locked up in a glass-doored cupboard, so she got into the habit of sneaking into the kitchen, getting up on a chair, and dipping a finger into a can of sweet condensed milk that was kept on the top of the stove, then greedily sucking off the sweetness.

One day, Aunt Mollie came in as she was at this stolen pleasure. Aunt Mollie was in one of her fits. She yanked the child down by the hair and shook her violently. Then, as the paroxysm rose to its climax, she banged the can on the table and forced the child's face down into it, again and again, till her mouth and cheeks were badly cut and scratched by the sharp tin edges. "I'll teach you, you thieving little brat!" It took Grannie's sharp command—the one word "Moll!"—to break the terrifying atmosphere of uncontrolled rage. The possessed woman pushed the child away, laid her head on the table, and gave way to long, retching sobs. Mabel, too frightened to cry yet, just stood there, licking the scratches around her mouth, while the old woman went over to her daughter, laid a hand on her shoulder, and said, "Moll, my poor Moll, what have you done now?"

Mabel had been too shocked to feel pain, but now the scratches began to hurt rather badly and she cried out her distress. At last, Grannie led her away, washed her face gently in warm water, and then sat for a long time in the parlor with the little girl in her lap, rocking the grief away and leaning her head now and then on the curly one, as if to rest a burden there. At this point, Mabel began to enjoy the drama of the situation and to long to talk about it. She felt that she had some experience of such matters, and wanted to explain about the hammer and sticks. The old woman smiled down into the earnest face rather sadly but said nothing, and just rolled the child up in a blanket and left her on the sofa to have a nap—left her feeling a little jealous, for it was clear that Grannie's thoughts were elsewhere.

Somehow or other, this scene cleared away some of the resentment that had no doubt been building up in Aunt Mollie since the intruder arrived. For quite some time afterward, she was gentle, once even touching Mabel's face with a tentative finger, as if to ask whether the scratches still hurt. There was a change in Grannie, too. She found little ways of showing the child affection—a piece of sugar hidden in Mabel's apron pocket, or a glass of real milk by her bed at night. It seemed almost as if all would be well.

AT this time, Mabel was entirely absorbed in a new companion, a bedraggled, starving kitten that she had

---

THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS

In days of old when knights caught cold,
They were not quickly cured;
No aspirin pill would check the ill,
Which had to be endured.
You sat it out if toothache hurt you;
Patience was esteemed a virtue.

The dentist's way in Hogarth's day
Was pretty rough and ready;
His foot he'd rest on patient's breast
To keep his pincers steady,
And if the dentist's patient screamed,
The dentist was the more esteemed.

De Quincey's age could well assuage
Some kinds of pain and grief;
To bard in bed with aching head
Laudanum gave relief,
And sometimes in the process brought
A quickening of poetic thought.

When chloroform became the norm
For those who faced the surgeon,
A man or wife would meet the knife
Without excessive urgin',
And dentists learned to stop the pain
With useful things like novocain.

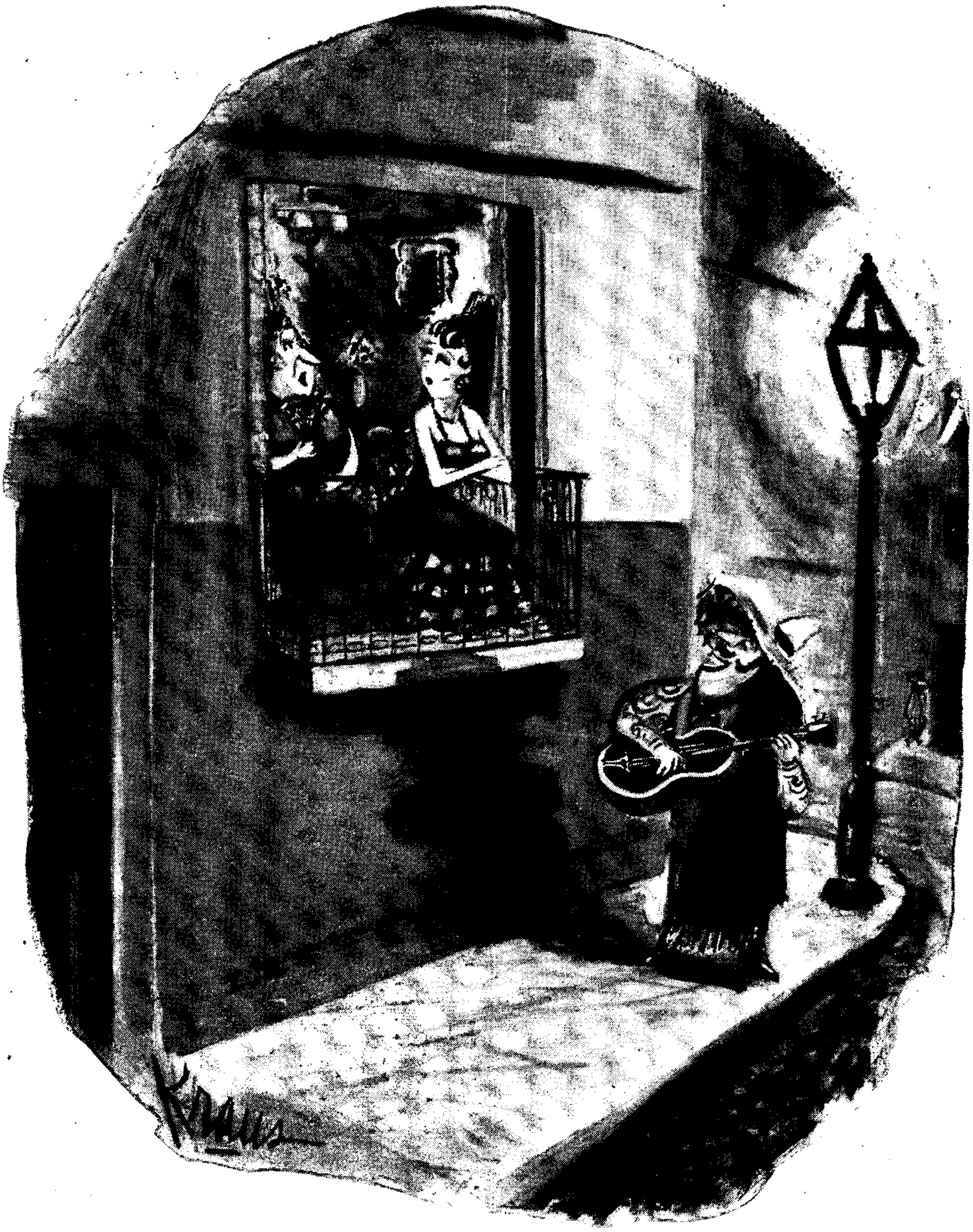
The anesthetic's with us yet,
And so's the analgesic,
And dramamine relieves the keen
Afflictions of the seasick.
And we've new blessings for the ill in
Sulfa drugs and penicillin.

When modern wight retires at night
With streptomycin handy,
He finds repose at once; he knows
That everything is dandy.
No fear of sudden plague will keep
The trustful modern from his sleep.

Yet pharmacists have got long lists
Of pills that hasten slumber,
And they report that of that sort
They sell a shocking number,
For somehow still we cannot find,
It seems, a settled peace of mind.

Try, try again, you medicine men!
The riddle's tough and bitter;
We've got the drugs that kill the bugs
But still we tense and jitter.
Ancestral terrors haunt us still—
Anxiety, where is thy pill?

—DAVID DAICHES



"Sure he's cute, but he's off key."

found one day on her rambles and brought home to care for and feed. It was a miserable sight at first, so dirty that one could not tell what color it might be, but it soon licked itself clean and emerged a tiny tabby with every stripe in place. Aunt Mollie disapproved strongly of the whole affair. But Grannie said the child could keep the cat, provided she trained it herself and cleaned up after it meanwhile. At last, the little girl had something on which to lavish affection, something that responded completely.

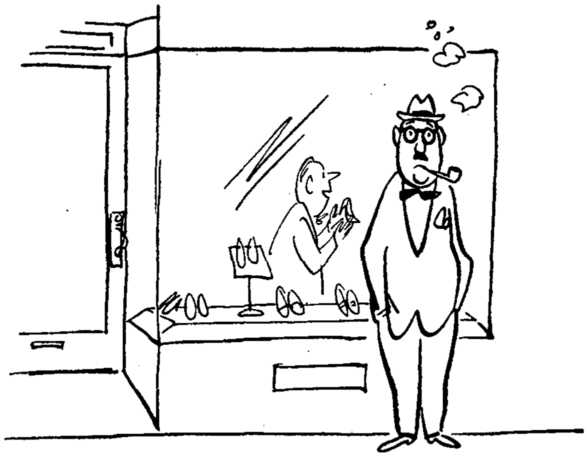
Then, one unlucky day when they were all away for some time and the kitten was left alone too long in the house, it chose Aunt Mollie's room to be dirty in. When they came back, Mabel's first thought was for her kitten, but while she was still looking around for it downstairs, she heard a scream from upstairs, a sound of running feet, and then a high, mounting cry of distress from the kitten as it flew through the air and fell at the bottom of the stairs with a soft thud. Aunt Mollie got there before the child could, caught the kitten up as it tried to crawl away, and, holding it by the nape of the neck, made as if to beat it against the wall. Mabel, suddenly beside herself with rage, flung herself at Aunt Mollie like a wild animal, biting and kicking, and screaming, "I'll kill you!"

They did not see Grannie, but, clasped together in fury as they were now, they felt her there, standing silent at the door, as the kitten crawled off and hid under the cupboard. Locked in that strange embrace, they turned, frozen by the presence of the quiet old woman. She still said nothing, only leaned her head against one hand on the frame of the door. Then she gave each of them in turn a long, piercing look that, my mother wrote, "made me feel older and Aunt Mollie seem childish." There was no scolding. Mabel was sent upstairs to clean up in Aunt Mollie's room. The old woman turned to her daughter gravely: "Moll, I have to talk to you . . ."

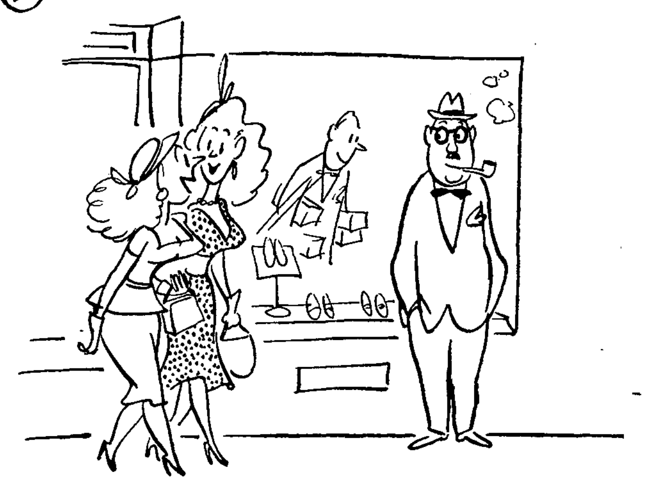
How dreadfully quiet a house in which violence has taken place seems after it is over. Upstairs in her attic room, the child waited. Finally, Grannie came, bearing a glass of milk and a piece of cake on a tray; there was another glass on the tray, for by this time Aunt Mollie had also been sent to bed. "The kitten is all right. One leg bruised, that's all. No bones broken."

Hours later, Mabel woke, feeling certain that she had heard a door open and the stairs creak. She sat bolt upright, listening, then crept out to discover that in fact Aunt Mollie's door was open. Panic seized her. Had Aunt Mollie gone after the kitten again? The child stole down the stairs on bare feet, guided by a faint light from the kitchen. There was no sound. She crept along the hall until she could see through the crack of the half-open door. What she saw was the woman kneeling beside the kitten's basket, holding a small saucepan of milk to warm over a candle on the floor beside her, her empty glass nearby. Her face was blotched from crying and looked inexpressibly forlorn and wretched. After a very long time of this tense silence, the milk seemed warm enough to be poured out into a saucer. The kitten meanwhile was sitting up in the basket, watching all this as intently as Mabel did. But it did not move when Aunt Mollie held the saucer out, whispering, "Come, kitten, come." The kitten was sleepy, and Aunt Mollie was not good at cajoling. (Would she get impatient, Mabel thought with terror.) At last, it made up its mind, stretched stiffly as it came out of the basket, shaking the bruised leg as if to unkink it, and settled down peacefully to lap the warm milk. Aunt Mollie reached out one finger to stroke its back, very gently. At this point, it was all Mabel could do not to cry out, "They don't like to be touched while they are eating!" In-

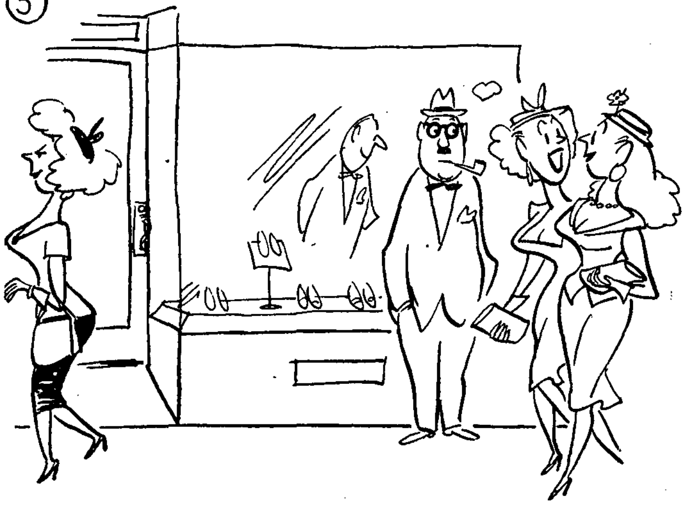
①



②



⑤



⑥

deed, the kitten stopped lapping, withdrew a little, twitched its fur where the finger had touched it, and then—oh, relief!—went back to the saucer again. Mabel crept back to bed full of bewilderment and a painful wonder.

A FEW days later, Grannie told the child that a doctor was coming to see Aunt Mollie, and that Mabel was to play out-of-doors and keep out of the way while he was there. The little girl went down to the swing in the orchard and swayed slowly back and forth, chanting songs she had made up. She was called out of this dreamy state of contentment by Grannie's voice, shrill and anxious, asking her to come right away; the doctor wished to talk to her. "What does he want?" Mabel asked fearfully, as she walked toward the house. "I'm not ill."

"Tell the truth, child," the old woman said sternly. "That's what he wants."

It was all rather solemn, taking place in the parlor, a room always dim because the geraniums in the window shut out most of the light. The doctor was sitting there, a large, fat man dressed in black, his knees spread wide and, between them, a small table with papers laid out upon it. He looked out at the three with a hard, suspicious look, and Mabel took an instant dislike to him, comparing him in her written account to a piece of cold fat on the edge of her plate, which it made her quite sick just to imagine. "Stand here," he commanded, pointing to a place just in front of him, as if she were a criminal. He asked her name and age, and wrote them down. He asked her how long she had lived there—but how could she answer this? There had been no time in Wales; it was forever and a day. Grannie, after some calculating, answered for her, "Seven months." This voice from the other side of the room caught the child's attention, and she turned to look at the two women, sitting there, at either end of the black horsehair sofa. Aunt Mollie was gazing steadily over the man's bald head at the geraniums in the window. She was behaving as if he did not exist.

In the story as my mother wrote it, it is not clear whether this doctor was an official personage, sent for, perhaps, at the request of a neighbor, or whether the old woman herself had sent for him, torn between responsibility for her small charge and for her troubling, troubled daughter, and hoping to have a terrible decision taken out of her hands. Whatever Grannie had had in mind, it is clear that by the time the doctor arrived, he was not welcome. That grave command "Tell the truth" laid a heavy burden on a seven-year-old; in fact, Grannie was putting the decision up to the child.

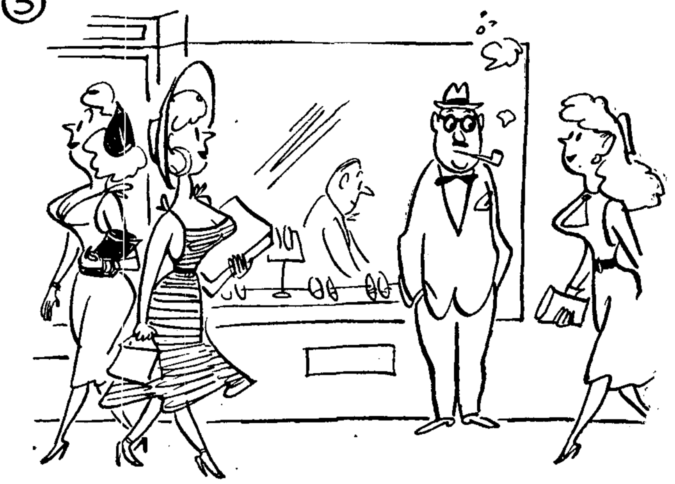
The doctor rapped out the next question with a knock of his glasses on the table: "Are you happy here?"

"Of course I am," Mabel answered crossly. She felt a very contrary mood coming on.

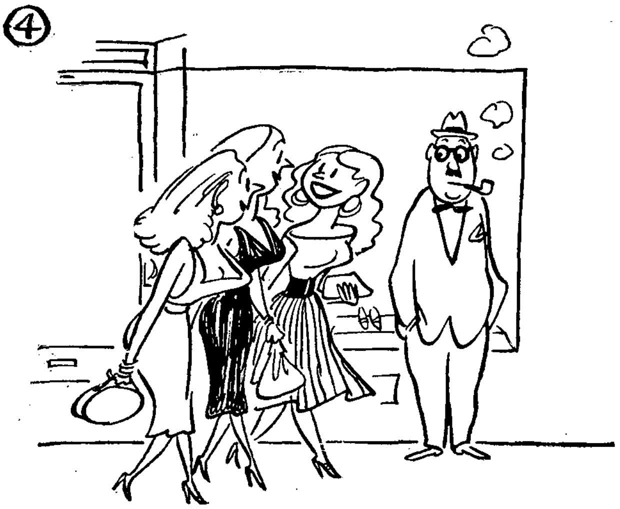
"And are you never afraid of your Aunt Mollie?"

"No, never," Mabel said, without a

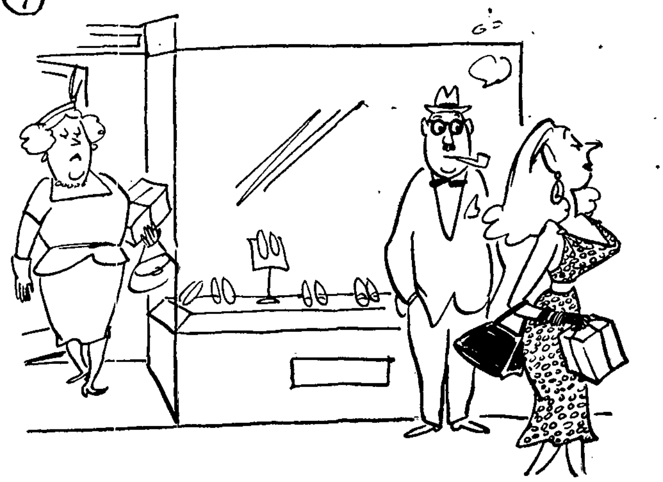
③



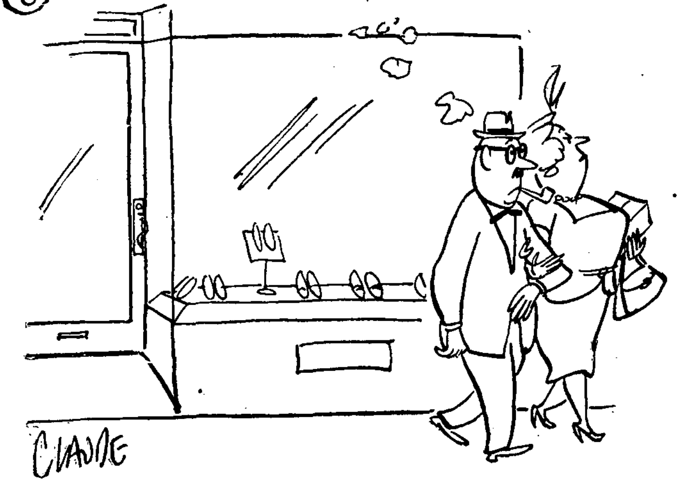
④



⑦



⑧



second's hesitation. She did more; she went over to the sofa, sat down beside Aunt Mollie, and slipped a hand under the woman's arm and down into her hands, folded in her lap—a gesture so extraordinary that it could only have been called out by extraordinary circumstances. But the child sensed that he was trying to get her to take sides against Grannie and Aunt Mollie, and that, whatever happened, she was on their side. So there they sat, the three of them lined up on the sofa, and he, the enemy, watching them. The three were a united front. Deprived of whatever dreadful secret he had come to ferret out, the doctor snapped his spectacles into their hard, shiny case and got up to go. Grannie escorted him stiffly and politely to the door, and in the second when their backs were turned, Aunt Mollie glanced at Mabel, and the child saw something like a twinkle come and go in Aunt Mollie's blue eyes, in an instant's humorous exchange of triumph. Was it a recognition of loyalty, perhaps? Or perhaps, at long last, love? Never again did the woman hurt the child, although she still had stormy door-banging days.

HOW often we talked, my mother and I, of going back to Wales someday and finding the little valley, the lonely farm, the orchard, the swift, shallow river—even, perhaps, the hazel hedge where Mabel and Hugh, when he was there for the holidays, had once cut out a secret hiding place. We never did. But perhaps such vivid memories need no renewal in time. They are there, like curled-up Japanese flowers; one has only to dip them into the waters of consciousness for them to open and fill the heart. So it was for me when the story of what really happened in Wales was superimposed upon the glimpses I had had of that time as a child. Some of the sheen went as I read through those pages in my mother's hand, which tell in detail all that I have written here, and something harder and deeper took its place. Now, thinking of my mother as she was when I knew her—of her compassion and of the fire that blazed up in her whenever injustice was done, of the startling and wholly unsentimental truth of her perceptions—I think of the little girl in Wales who learned so much through such unconventional means. It was not dreadful or wrong at all, what happened to her there, but a time full of secret riches, which she understood because she was already the person she was to become, able to face reality, and to face it with complete courage, on her own terms.

—MAY SARTON

•

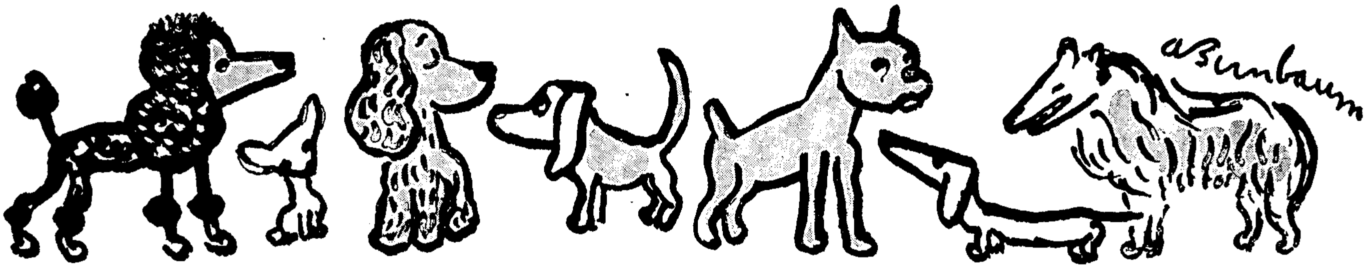
RETIREMENT of senior member of old established firm, in the City Hall area, has made large 12x21 walnut paneled room and possibly additional small room, together with space for secretary and files, available to established practitioner with substantial financial background and practice, the rental of the space being secondary to securing an associate capable of complimenting the members of the firm.

—Adv. in the New York Law Journal.

What? Every morning?

PROFILES

DOGGY—II



IN the nineteen-twenties, there flourished on Long Island an institution called the Eugenics Record Office, which, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, invited people to submit to it whatever information they might have on hand about their ancestry. It was noted at that time by a contributor to the *American Kennel Gazette*, the monthly magazine of the American Kennel Club, which is the ruling body of the dog world, that dog breeders were responding to this invitation more readily than any other group. In the light of this, he suggested, the Eugenics Record Office might aptly be called the Human Kennel Club. Dog fanciers derive great satisfaction from reflecting that the animals they dote on have, thanks to the American Kennel Club, infinitely better-documented bloodlines than most two-footed creatures. Some of the fanciers think dogs have purer blood, too. One outspoken dogman has claimed that while perhaps thirty per cent of all the dogs in this country are purebred, ninety per cent of all the men and women, if they were to be judged by the exacting criteria commonly applied to dogs, would turn out to be, eugenically speaking, mongrels. The author of the *Gazette's* piece on the Human Kennel Club even went so far as to point out—he was merely stating the facts, he said, and meant no disrespect—that there appeared to have been more inbreeding in the family of Jesus Christ than it would be wise to advocate for dogs.

In the genealogy rooms of public libraries there can usually be found a substantial number of men and women whose interest in ancestors is intense. But the family trees beneath whose boughs these patient scholars toil are scrawny growths compared to those lovingly tended by dog people, because dogs reproduce so much faster than their masters. In the comfortable library the American Kennel Club maintains in its headquarters, at 221 Fourth Avenue, where dog genealogists can pore cozily over studbooks from twenty-eight nations and where seventy-six current magazines dealing with purebred dogs are on display (including one, put out by an Irish-setter club, entitled *Tails to Be Red*), there is exhibited, *sous cloche*, the skeleton of a famous fox terrier named Belgrave Joe, who died as recently as 1888 but already has as many generations of descendants—at least seventy—as a human being might have who died around the year 188 A.D.

Compiling meticulous records of the breeding and competitive showing of dogs is the primary concern of the Kennel Club, which spends half a million dollars a year keeping its data up to date and shipshape. The more than two hundred employees who buzz about the A.K.C.'s files, which are comparable in their way to the National Archives, are deeply imbued with a sense of responsibility to posterity. A couple of years ago, when a newly hired and not yet thoroughly indoctrinated young woman showed such a lack of consecration to her work as to doodle absently on a batch of file cards, her superiors were aghast. "We went into a panic, thinking what some real saboteur might be able to do to us," one of the club's administrators said recently. "We feel that our records will go into eternity, and you can't trifle with eternity."

Several months ago, the A.K.C. demonstrated both how exhaustive and how beautifully organized its records are when it received a letter from a man in Connecticut saying that a bulldozer digging up his back yard had unearthed a medal inscribed "New Haven Kennel Club, Class 39, Second Prize, Awarded to Sport, March, 1884." The man wondered if the A.K.C. could throw any further light on this buried treasure. It certainly could. In no time at all, it had ascertained, among other things, that the prize had been won at the first annual bench show of the New Haven K.C., which had been held at the Second Regiment Armory, on Meadow Street, from March 12th through March 14th; that there had been thirty breeds represented at the show; that Sport, the property of E. and G. Sheffield, was a thirty-month-old liver-colored, white-breasted dog that had been entered as a cocker spaniel but was more likely what would today be called a Sussex spaniel; that the judge who placed Sport second was James Watson, a crackerjack in his field, who once represented the American Spaniel Club in the councils of the A.K.C.; and that the dog that beat out Sport for first prize was Champion Obo II, the renowned ancestor of nearly all topflight cockers in America today and, in its way, a peer of Belgrave Joe.

The names Sport and Obo were typical, in their brevity, of the nomenclature of purebreds in the nineteenth century. Most of the names in the earliest American studbook on the A.K.C.'s shelves, dated 1878, are plain ones, like Dick and Jim and May and Grace. Indeed, in the eighteen-seventies fanciers cared so little about elegant nomenclature that a certain Pat M. Barnes austerely named his dog Barnes, and there were so many identically named dogs that if anyone had cried "Here, Dash!" or "Come, Spot!" at the first show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which was held in New York in 1877, a riot might well have ensued. (Nowadays, of course, it is routine for a dog as frail as a Pekingese to shoulder a name like St. Aubrey Kimono of Tzumiao and Roh Kai.) Between 1887, when the A.K.C. started publishing a studbook, and 1952, every one of the three and a half million dogs the club registered was nudged toward eternity by being listed in it; two years ago, however, the A.K.C.'s directors, after uneasily meditating on the fact that the studbook, which is expensive to publish and has only a limited audience, was losing almost thirty thousand dollars a year, resolved to admit to its columns thereafter only registered dogs that have sired or whelped other purebreds. "No dog can figure in the pedigree of another dog until it has progeny," the A.K.C. announced in justification of the change. "The new Stud Book Register now truly becomes the Blue Book of American dogs, because it will contain the names of those selected dogs which will influence the production of the better dogs of tomorrow." Of the three hundred thousand dogs that were registered with the A.K.C. last year, only a hundred and fifty thousand or so, the club calculates, will ever be enrolled in its Blue Book. Not all fanciers are pleased with this selectivity, however economical it may be. Some of them like to keep tabs on the full roster of their competitors' kennels, and used to find the unabridged studbook a handy source of such information. The new studbook has also proved an inconvenience to a special group of people, who make a hobby of simply tracing pedigrees. There is a lady in New Jersey, for instance, who for many years occupied herself by getting up a three-generation pedigree for every last Bedlington terrier registered with the A.K.C.; four hundred and thirty of them were registered last year, but because most of the lot were still puppies, a mere twenty-nine appeared in the 1953 studbook. She feels frustrated, to say the least.

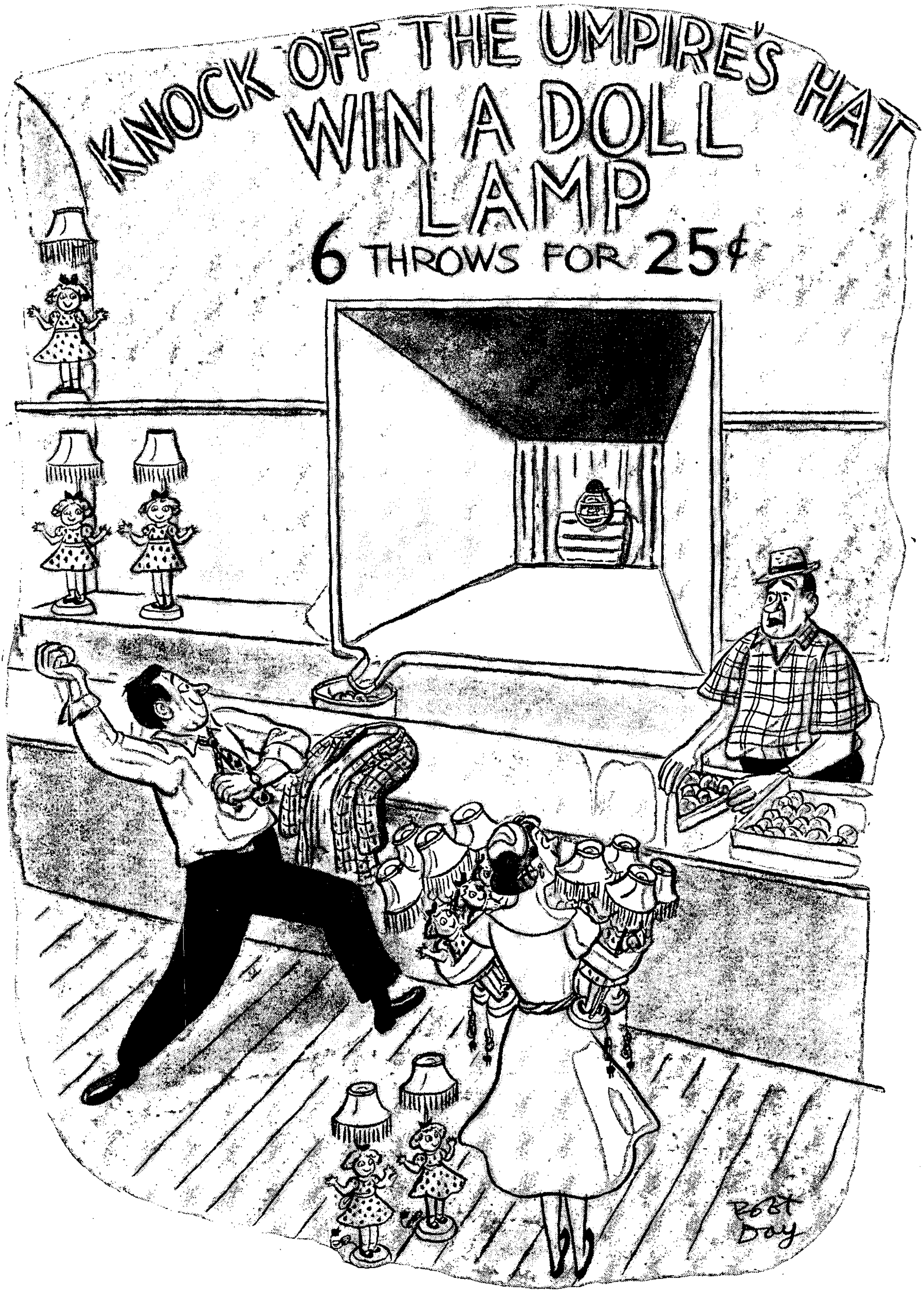
THE American Kennel Club is only one of a large number of organizations in the United States that prepare studbooks on animals. (When one of the others, the American Jersey Cattle Club, moved its offices from New York to Ohio several years ago, the A.K.C. instantly hired twenty-eight of its employees who had chosen not to emigrate, and congratulated itself on having acquired at one swoop so large a labor force already accustomed to regard studbooks with suitable gravity.) Early this year, the *Breeder's Gazette*, a farm magazine, listed eighty-four registry outfits operating in the livestock field, ranging in the scope of their activities from the American Hereford Association (560,794 registrations in 1953) down to the American Shire Horse Association (one registration in 1953), and including the American Belted Galloway Cattle Breeders' Association, the American Milking Shorthorn Society, the Kentucky Red Berkshire Swine Record Association, the National Pure-Bred Karakul Fur Sheep Breeders' Association, the American Angora Goat Breeders' Association, and the Jockey Club. The list, long though it was, did not, of course, include such studbooks as those of the A.K.C. and the Cat Fanciers' Association, which registered eight thousand cats last year, most of them Siamese.

The A.K.C. is not even the only organization that registers purebred dogs, although it is by far the largest and, covering, as it does, a hundred and eleven different breeds, the most inclusive. Racing greyhounds are usually immortalized in the Greyhound Stud Book, a publication of the National Coursing Association, and foxhunters tend to patronize either the International Foxhunters' Stud Book or the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book of America. The proprietors of the *American Field*, a weekly sporting magazine published in Chicago, have been getting out a Field Dog Stud Book since 1901, when their following, consisting in the main of bird-dog fanciers, decided that the A.K.C. was not paying enough attention to pointers, setters, and retrievers. The A.K.C. enjoys amicable relations with the *American Field* and, as a rule, will acknowledge as acceptably purebred the dogs listed in its book; there were seventeen thousand of these last year. Any business relating to dogs registered by the *American Field*, however, is referred to the same A.K.C. department that deals with foreign registry organizations—a procedure interpreted by some dog people as a mild hint that in the eyes of the American Kennel Club all other registry organizations are slightly un-American.

Out in Kalamazoo, there has existed since 1898 the United Kennel Club, which registers some fifteen thousand dogs annually and with which, over the years, the A.K.C.'s relations have been less than cordial. The

"I'm not good enough for you, Helen."

U.K.C. approves some breeds that the A.K.C. disdains, including an assortment of coonhounds (the A.K.C. cares only for black-and-tan coonhounds), and it is also a haven for the breeders of fighting pit-bull terriers, which are still surreptitiously matched here and there by people who like that sort of thing. The A.K.C. pretty much ignores the U.K.C. today, but back in 1927 the two organizations tangled like a couple of snarling pit bulls. The U.K.C., a privately run concern, tried to get an injunction in a federal court to restrain the A.K.C. from taking disciplinary action against individuals who participated in U.K.C.-sponsored dog shows—events that the A.K.C., then, as now, given to viewing itself as the law-enforcement agency of dogdom, brusquely characterized as "outlaw." While this squabble was in progress, the A.K.C., which had long had reservations about the reliability of the pedigrees issued by the U.K.C., asked the National Better Business Bureau to look into the matter. The Bureau prankishly invented two terriers, a Boston and a Sealyham, and gave their ancestors the names of a random aggregation of celebrated A.K.C.-registered purebred dogs of various breeds. On the Sealyham's family tree perched ten noted but unrelated terriers—an Airedale, a cairn, a West Highland white, a bull, a Boston, a Scotty, a wire-haired fox, a smooth fox, a Yorkshire, and a Welsh. In the case of the spurious Boston, the Bureau was even more imaginative, claiming as its forebears a wire-haired fox terrier, a bulldog, a German shepherd, a pointer, a poodle, a Manchester terrier, and an English toy spaniel. The U.K.C. fell into the trap and certified both raffish pedigrees without question, whereupon the A.K.C. triumphantly made the deception public. This flanking attack apparently took the heart out of the opposition, for the U.K.C. dropped its suit soon afterward.



"Why don't you quit while you're ahead, Mac?"

THE affinity between mankind and dogs, whether of pure or impure breeding, is of long standing, dating back at least four or five thousand years before the birth of Christ. Bones of dogs have been found in caves along with the bones of human cave dwellers. The inhabitants of one obscure Pacific island believe that the first race of men ever created evolved into dogs, and that man as now constituted is therefore evolutionally the dog's inferior. Pythagoras thought that the souls of men were transferred at death to lower animals,

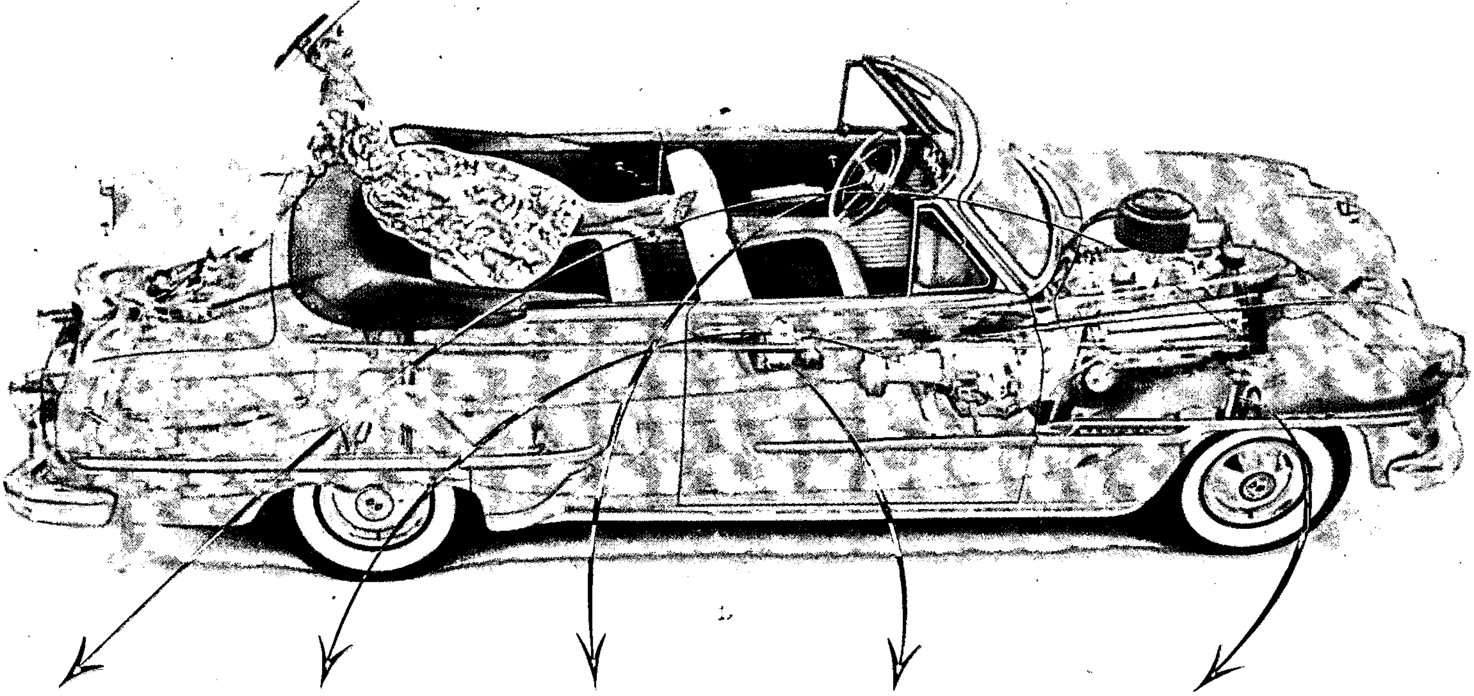
You're in France the minute you step aboard
France afloat
LIBERTÉ
ILE DE FRANCE
FLANDRE

Something about a great French Line ship attracts the travel-wise—whether you cruise the Caribbean or cross to Europe. You'll delight in the world-famed French cuisine, fine wines and gracious English-speaking service . . . the gay entertainment, deck sports or deck-dozing relaxation. Each hour is an utterly different holiday. **CONSULT YOUR AUTHORIZED FRENCH LINE TRAVEL AGENT OR**

French Line
610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

5 ideas that keynote the new car world today

and make these cars the smartest buys of all!



1 **GREAT** *new V-8 engines . . .* first *to bring "airplane" hemispherical combustion engines in motor cars!*

2 **POWERFLITE . . .** *not just "no-clutch," but "no-fuss," too! The swift smoothie of all automatic transmissions!*

3 **FULL-TIME** *power steering . . .* . not just part-time. *Always consistent road-feel, not changing ones!*

4 **SAFETY** *power brakes . . . a dual unit power braking system exclusive on Chrysler Corporation cars! A Chrysler first!*

5 **ORIFLOW** *. . . the true* all-road *ride . . . a new type shock absorber that "adjusts" itself to road conditions!*

Your next car can bring you *more progress, excitement, and new value for your money than any you have ever owned.* And whatever price you pay, you will get the *most* progress, the *most* satisfaction only if it is a car from Chrysler Corporation. This is a statement we hope you will check. *For it is the most important dollar fact* that *faces the 1954 car buyer.* No other cars are as *advanced* as these. No other cars offer anything like the same extent of actual built-in *extra values* at no extra cost. (Constant speed power electric wipers on every car, to name one example among dozens of big buy features!) Chrysler Corporation engineering and tasteful styling have made these the *best* cars you can own. For the value in them, these are the *lowest-priced* cars you can own. You can *discover this for yourself* in any Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial . . . the men who sell these cars are as eager to trade and to make your payments easy as anyone else in this competitive business . . . ***won't you come in soon and size up for yourself the smartest buys of all!***

Wonderful things keep coming your way from

Chrysler Corporation

Dodge Trucks, Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines, Oilite Metal Powder Products, MoPar Parts & Accessories, Airtemp Heating & Air Conditioning, and Cycleweld Cement Products

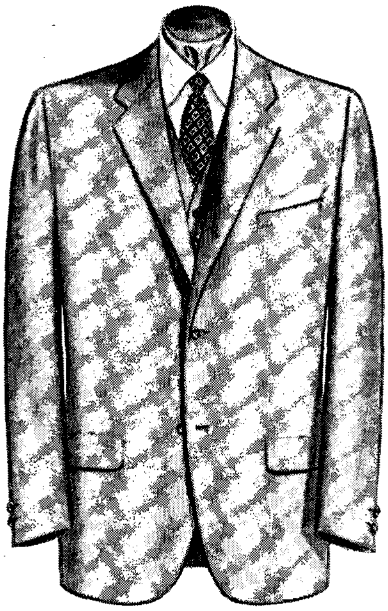
Drive Them! Price Them! The Smartest Buys of All!

Plymouth
Dodge
De Soto
Chrysler
Imperial

and, esteeming dogs the highest of the low, advocated that the mouth of a dog be pressed against the mouth of a human being *in extremis*. The ancient Egyptians held salukis sacred; saluki puppies were nursed by Egyptian women, and their bodies were mummified before being entombed. The Peruvians used to worship dogs, and the Ethiopians once crowned a dog king. In ancient Egypt, the citizens of Cynopolis went into mourning and beat themselves when their dogs died, and then buried the animals in a special cemetery; when the residents of nearby Oxyrhynchus were caught eating dog flesh, the Cynopolitans declared war on them. (In fairness to the Oxyrhynchans, it should be noted that the Cynopolitans had previously eaten some fish the Oxyrhynchans held sacred.) In British Columbia, a tribe of cannibals at one time regarded men and dogs as just about equally delicious.

Dogs have figured prominently in the age-old superstitions of man. Among the Potawatomi Indians, it was long believed that the world would come to an end when an old woman living on the moon finished a basket she was weaving; whenever she came perilously close to her goal, though, the world was saved by a dog that chewed up her handiwork, and the empirical proof of this was an eclipse. In North Borneo, it was presumed until recently that the gates of Paradise were guarded by a fiery dog that devoured all approaching virgins—a powerful argument against chastity in North Borneo. Years ago, some Dakota Indians were of the opinion that warriors could enhance their bravery by eating raw dog liver, so fresh it was still warm, without using their hands. In many parts of the world, the theory persists that to avoid being bitten by a dog one should carry the liver or heart of a dog in one's pocket, and to avoid being even barked at, the tongue of a dog inside one's shoe, under the big toe.

Collectors of canine lore have come up with two explanations for the coldness of a dog's nose, both related to Noah's ark. One version has it that dogs were the last animals aboard, that there was no room left for them below decks, and that their noses got cold from forty days and nights of exposure to the rain. The other version is that the ark sprang a leak, and that a resourceful dog plugged it with his nose, saving Noah and his passengers but freezing forever the tips of all dogs' noses. Curiously, there are only some forty references to dogs in the Bible, and almost all these are derogatory; most of the dogs men-



FOR TODAY'S UNDERGRADUATES
an unusually fine selection of
our good-looking "346" clothing

Styled in the distinctive Brooks Brothers manner—with natural shoulders and easy hanging lines—and featuring attractive flannels, gabardines, tweeds, Glenurquart plaids and unfinished worsteds . . . our "346" suits are favored by undergraduates everywhere. In addition our "346" sport jackets of imported tweeds are a must in college wardrobes.

Our "346" Suits, $80 to $90
Our "346" Sport Jackets, $55 to $65

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER A SUMMER VACATION
A New Season
begins for "The Fifth Season," with two GREAT new stars
RE-OPENING SUNDAY MAT. SEPT. 5
MAIL ORDERS NOW BEING FILLED
IN THE ORDER OF THEIR RECEIPT
Box Office Now Open
GEORGE KONDOLF presents
CHESTER MORRIS JOSEPH BULOFF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN
Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
The hit that kept audiences laughing helplessly for 75 weeks.
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.). $4.60, $4.05, $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75, $1.15.
CORT THEATRE
140 W. 48th St.

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.
JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
AIR CONDITIONED

"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
Max Gordon presents
JOSEPHINE HULL
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. Thru Oct. 9
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.60 to 1.73. Fri. and Sat. Eves.: $5.75 to 1.73. Wed. Mat.: $3.45 to 1.15. Sat. Mat.: $4.03 to 1.15. Tax incl.
air-cond. MUSIC BOX 45th St. West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

K ♥
"A LAFF RIOT." Walter Winchell
DONALD COOK • JACKIE COOPER
KING OF HEARTS
with CLORIS LEACHMAN
Air-Cond. REX THOMPSON
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. ♠ K

tioned in it are pariah dogs, the scavengers of the streets, who ate unclean meat, such as the body of Jezebel. The Biblical attitude toward dogs reflects an antipathy to them on the part of the ancient Hebrews, who could conceive of few worse ways in which to insult a man than to call him a dog. (This viewpoint has survived in the epithet "son of a bitch.") On the other hand, among bygone Arab tribes of Persia the most stinging rebuke a person could deliver to a dog was to call it a Jew.

Traditional examples of dogs' helpfulness to man are many. In medieval Germany, a popular cure for several illnesses was to have the patient share a bowl of sweet milk with a dog, each taking three sips, after which the invalid was supposed to chant, "Good luck, you hound! May you be sick and I be sound!" In the British Isles, a favorite remedy for a cough used to be to pluck a hair from the sufferer's head, place it between two slices of buttered bread, and feed this sandwich to a dog. Throughout Europe, victims of fever once staggered about clutching spaniels to their abdomens, in the selfish expectation that the dogs would absorb their aches and pains. It is no wonder that dogs have become a hardy race.

The status of dogs has improved so markedly over the centuries that not only are they scarcely ever used as poultices any more but there are in this country alone seventeen thousand veterinarians who, backed by the facilities of twenty-three hundred small-animal hospitals, minister to *their* aches and pains. During the relatively brief span of dog history in which the American Kennel Club has figured since its founding, in 1884, its status, too, has improved markedly. Its present headquarters, lavishly fitted out with air-conditioning, microfilming equipment, dictating machines, Muzak, and other incentives to efficiency, is a far cry from the one it originally occupied—a single room at 44 Broadway. Currently, John C. Neff, the club's executive vice-president and chief administrator, has three telephones on his desk, but for the first eighteen years of the club's existence, it had no telephones at all. This was not because of poverty—although the organization, which now takes in over a million dollars a year, was once so pressed for cash that it sublet desk space to the Westminster Kennel Club for forty dollars a year—but because of the conservative outlook of Neff's earliest predecessors; they felt that anyone who wished to consult the A.K.C. could do so by mail or in person, and that there was no need to take precipitate

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N.Y. TIMES
SHIRLEY BOOTH
"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS
Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
AIR-COND. MAJESTIC THEA. W. 44 St. N. Y. 36

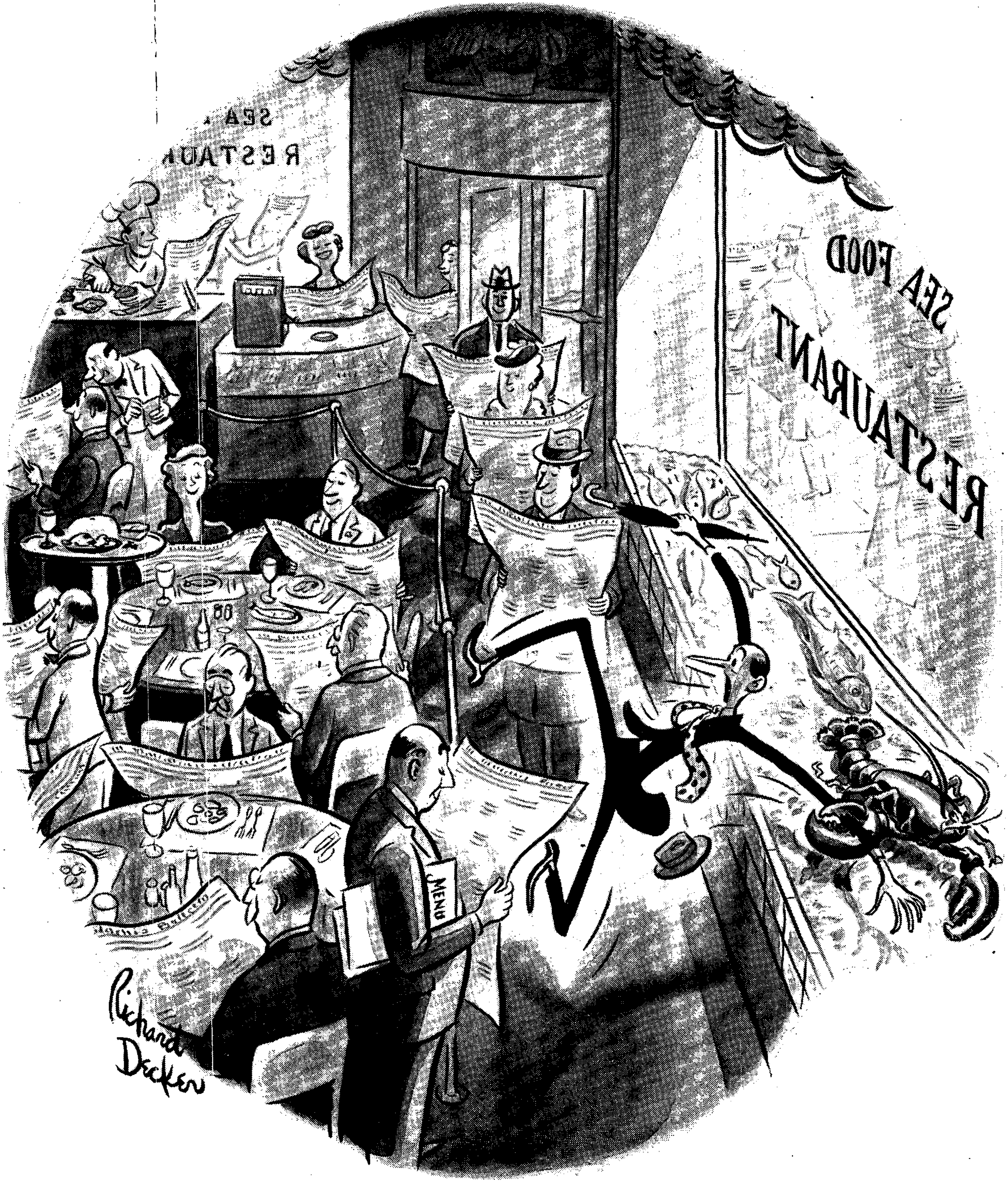
"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.). Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE
CHERYL CRAWFORD
In association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
BETSY VON FURSTENBERG—TONY RANDALL
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

PAUL GREGORY presents
LLOYD NOLAN JOHN HODIAK BARRY SULLIVAN
IN HERMAN WOUK'S
THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL
Directed by CHARLES LAUGHTON
PLYMOUTH Thea. 45 St. W. of B'y. CI 6-9156
Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
AIR-CONDITIONED

AT THE BEACH IN BERMUDA
Private beach front cabana cottages for two. Bed-living room, bath, veranda. Main Club for meals, entertainment, dancing under the stars.
Your Travel Agent or N. Y. Office
16 West 55th Street. JUdson 6-3070
the Reefs BEACH CLUB
Southampton Bermuda

Dale Carnegie Course
teaches poise and confidence. It's good fun too. Why not arrange to see a class in action? No obligation of course. Phone Mrs. Pridgen at—JU 2-4560 or write 22 W. 55th St.


SEA FOOD
RESTAURANT
MENU
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

action about anything. Some of this heritage of caution has trickled down to the contemporary hierarchy of the A.K.C. One of its present employees, after working for it for eighteen years, thought up a way in which the club's services might be improved—it had something to do with changing the format of the *Gazette*—but another ten years passed before he found a felicitous moment for passing along his inspiration to his superiors.

THE competitive showing of dogs began in this hemisphere in the eighteen-seventies, and although it was engaged in primarily by gentlemen-sportsmen, it was then notable for the skulduggery of the exhibitors and the ineptness and dishonesty of the judges. The dogs weren't much, either. One sportswriter, commenting on the calibre of the animals that were exhibited in a St. Bernard class at an 1883 show, wrote, "Nemo, shown in the champion class, is a curly-coated mongrel and should never have won first in any St. Bernard class." Not long after Nemo's unappreciated appearance, a handful of relatively high-minded dogmen decided that they needed some sort of national body to oversee their sport, and in September, 1884, a dozen fanciers convened in Philadelphia to create such a body. Under the leadership of Elliot Smith, a member of the board of governors of the Westminster Kennel Club, and Major James M. Taylor, a horse-and-hounds man from Kentucky who was a staff writer for the *American Field*, the group invited representatives of fourteen clubs to join them in establishing what was first called the National Bench Show Association and then renamed, at a second meeting the following month, the American Kennel Club. Some of the charter-member organizations were poultry associations that put on county fairs and relied on dog shows as one of their attractions. (The A.K.C. now frowns upon mixing dog shows with other diversions, and baby shows have taken their place on the county-fair circuit.) A few Canadian dog clubs were also members at the start, but these withdrew from the A.K.C. in 1886, after several across-the-border disputes, and ultimately set up on their own as the Canadian Kennel Club. In 1926, after years of snapping at each other, the A.K.C. and the C.K.C. signed a mutual non-aggression pact, and they have got on splendidly ever since.

One of the primary objectives of the fledgling A.K.C. was to get out an impeccably authoritative studbook, as a

Where to buy the

London Fog Coat

shown on opposite page

in **REEVES** *new*

Dacron-Cotton Poplin

Albany, N. Y.	McManus & Riley
Alliance, Ohio	John Cheek's Men's Wear
Ansonia, Conn.	B. & L. Men's Shop
Baltimore, Md.	The Hecht Company
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Bridgeport, Conn.	Jay Foster
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Strauss
Buffalo, N. Y.	Jacobi Brothers
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Kleinhans Company
Chapel Hill, N. C.	Maurice S. Julian's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Star Clothing Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Brothers Co.
Crawfordsville, Ind.	Steck's
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.	E. J. Hickey Company
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn.	M. Cook & Sons
Evansville, Ind.	Drucker's Inc.
Fall River, Mass.	Tom Ellison, Inc.
Falls Church, Va.	Lord Fairfax Men's Wear
Fort Madison, Iowa	Madison's Men's Wear
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Stekete & Sons Co.
Hartford, Conn.	Horsfalls
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Hibbings, Minn.	Hansen's Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co., Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sports Shop
Jersey City, N. J.	Riki of California
Knoxville, Tenn.	J. S. Halls Sons'
Kokomo, Ind.	Jack Maher & Son
Lafayette, Ind.	Loeb's Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Graves-Cox Company
Lexington, Ky.	Bomanzi, Inc.
Lowell, Mass.	Martin's
Lynchburg, Va.	Edwards Men's Shop
Madison, Wis.	The Hub (E. Schmitz & Son)
Manchester, N. H.	McQuade, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis.	C. & S. Palace Clothing Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.	T. A. Chapman Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Juster Brothers
Muncie, Ind.	The Ball Stores, Inc.
Newark, N. J.	Kresge Dept. Store
Newark, N. J.	The Larkey Co., Inc.
New Bedford, Mass.	Martin Falk
New Haven, Conn.	Long's
New Haven, Conn.	White, Inc.
Newport News, Va.	Young Men's Shop
New York, N. Y.	Ben Russell, Inc.
New York, N. Y.	Wallach's
New York, N. Y.	John Wanamaker
New York, N. Y.	Edward Reed Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	De Pinna
New York, N. Y.	Finchley
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Amberg & Company
Norfolk, Va.	Mansback Bros. (The Hub)
Norwich, Conn.	The Star
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker, University Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reeds' Sons
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Providence, R. I.	O'Donnell's
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	McFarlin Clothing Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	Roos Brothers
Seattle, Wash.	O'Conner's Men's Wear
Schenectady, N. Y.	Jos. Nusbaum, Inc.
Sioux City, Iowa	Mickelson's
Sioux City, Iowa	Larson Clothing Co.
Somerville, N. J.	Wendell's Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Yale Clothing Co.
Stamford, Conn.	Squire Shop
Stamford, Conn.	Charles Ross
Stevens Point, Wis.	Wally's Men's Shop
Trenton, N. J.	Croyden Men's Shop
Waltham, Mass.	Byron's
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.	Bruce Hunt
Washington, D. C.	The Mode, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thomas Saltz, Inc.
Waterbury, Conn.	Jones, Morgan & Co., Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Long's Inc.
Wilmington, Del.	Wright & Simon
Wilmington, Del.	John A. Carlson
Winchester, Mass.	Mulvey's

For stores in other cities write

Londontown Mfg. Co., 1101 E. 25 St., Baltimore 18

The lady, too, takes advantage of Dacron

Lady's version of the wonderful London Fog Weather Coat (see opposite page) ...with all the advantages of Dacron, all the impeccable protection of the gentleman's model...and a swagger style all its own. In natural, sizes 8 to 18 . . . . **$35.**

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

EDWARD REED LTD.

49 West 49 St. in Rockefeller Center, N.Y. 20

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN

Bachrach

a man's photographer

54 East 52nd Street, New York

PLaza 5-6233

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY, TOO

The Essence of Good Grooming

The Gentleman's The Knize Ten Eau de Cologne

Eau de Cologne
6 oz. $3.75
28 oz. $16.00
plus tax

THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILETRIES

At fine stores

MAUVEL, N. Y. C., Distr.

THE ADVANTAGE OF WEARING "DACRON"

Presenting the "**London Fog Weathercoat**" ... made with "Dacron" to keep a man impeccably neat on rainy days. Another example of the scientist's ingenuity in producing modern-living textile fibers; the clothier's skill in using them to your advantage!

"Dacron" is the most *resilient* of textile fibers under moist conditions. Result: "Dacron" added to cotton produces a poplin raincoat with superior wrinkle resistance, protects against that crumpled look.

"Dacron" is *hydrophobic*—inherently resistant to the effects of water. Result: a coat that keeps its press not only through a downpour but through a siege in a washing machine. Most men tell us they find this "wash 'n' wear" coat needs no ironing!

Exceptionally *strong*, "Dacron" makes possible lighter-weight fabrics. Result: this most convenient coat weighs only 28 ounces!

Scientists gave "Dacron" a remarkable set of chemical properties. To you these properties can mean added comfort, convenience and good looks.

The "London Fog" (50% "Dacron"* polyester fiber, 50% cotton, and treated with Du Pont "Zelan" durable water repellent) is crafted by The Londontown Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md. In better stores across the country.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR DU PONT'S POLYESTER FIBER

Penguins and People

We've been reading about the king penguins at the Bronx Zoo. It seems a New York summer would be too much for them, so the zoo people have air-conditioned their rookery to the temperature of South Georgia Island, their homeland, which is a mean average of 35 degrees Fahrenheit. Yet, for all of this, the penguins have not produced an egg in years, and this disturbs us. Apparently there is still a difference between the factual and the synthetic, and you can't fool a penguin any more than you can fool people.

The editors of Nation's Business know this only too well. They have to be really sure of their facts, because they're bound to hear from the experts. Take "Needed: 15 Billion Rewiring Job" in the July issue. Among many letters, sure enough, there was one from the president of the National Electrical Contractors Association. "I am wondering where the author got his figures. I have been collecting data in connection with rewiring job for this country for a number of months now and find my figures and his are very close together."

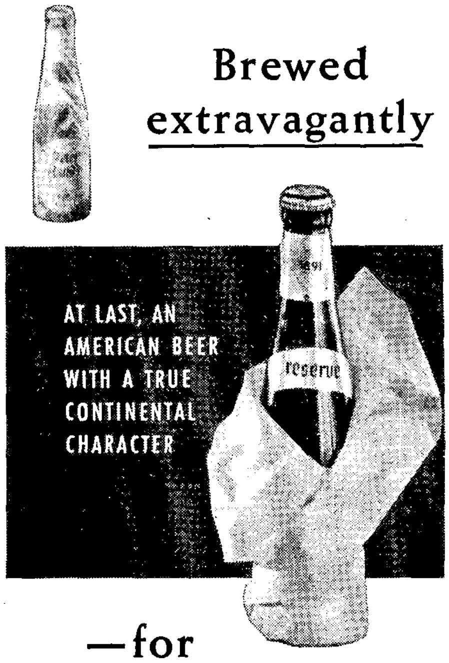
This has happened time and again on such diverse subjects as "Income Change Brings New Sales Pattern", "Paper: Third Fastest Growing Industry", "Waterway's Load: Biggest in History", "Frozen Foods: A Billion Dollar Industry"... just to cite a few from recent issues.

There's more to Nation's Business than solid fact, goodness knows . . . but even fact is presented with out-of-the-ordinary vitality in this magazine. This, however, is as far as the editors will go — their mission, they tell us, is to interest businessmen, not to amuse nor entertain them. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

means of making sure that dogs billed as purebred really were purely bred. Two studbooks were already being published—one by an organization called the National American Kennel Club, and the other by an outfit known as the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. By 1889, the A.K.C. had taken over both of them. Its self-appointed aim of becoming the supreme arbiter in its field was not easy to achieve. The club had barely got under way when rival groups sprang up, the two biggest of which were the National Dog Club of America and the National Dog Breeders' Association. But of them all, the A.K.C. ultimately came out on top. One advantage it had over the others was the financial backing of August Belmont, Jr., who was its president from 1888 to 1916 and was mainly responsible for its survival and growth. Belmont, the proprietor of the anagrammatically named Blemton Kennels, was for a time the principal American breeder and exhibitor of smooth fox terriers, and he was also a prominent dog-show judge, with a colorful manner of rendering his verdicts. "The champion bitches were old matrons whose quondam charms have mostly fled," he wrote in his official report on one class he judged. In 1889, feeling that the nation deserved a publication devoted entirely to purebred dogs (the *American Field* and the other journals of the day that dealt with dogs dealt with horse racing and fishing, too), he started the *Gazette,* which now holds the distinction not merely of being the nation's senior dog magazine but of having published what may well be the world's largest series of articles on one theme. This series, the work of a single, appallingly persevering author, described various kennels in the United States. It began appearing in 1925, and kept on coming out, at monthly intervals, without interruption, for seventeen years.

The Belmont regime was a turbulent one. The president and his chief salaried deputy, Alfred P. Vredenburgh, who administered the club's affairs for thirty-three years, were both stubborn, opinionated men, and they were almost constantly at odds with one fancier or another who failed to share their view of things. One of their most galling critics was a New Jersey breeder named Charles J. Peshall, whose persistently nagging attacks on the way they were running the club so exasperated them that they finally had him disqualified for life from participation in any A.K.C. activity. Unabashed, Peshall kept turning up at the meetings of the A.K.C.'s highest legislative body—consisting of


Brewed extravagantly

AT LAST, AN AMERICAN BEER WITH A TRUE CONTINENTAL CHARACTER

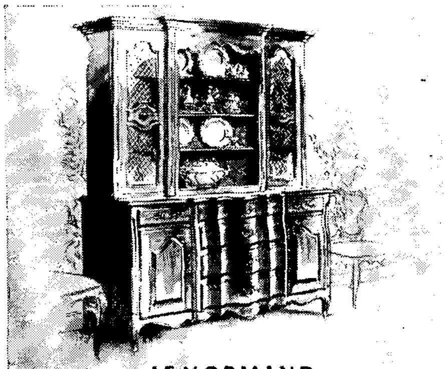
—for extravagant tastes

Peter Hand's Reserve ··· Beer ®

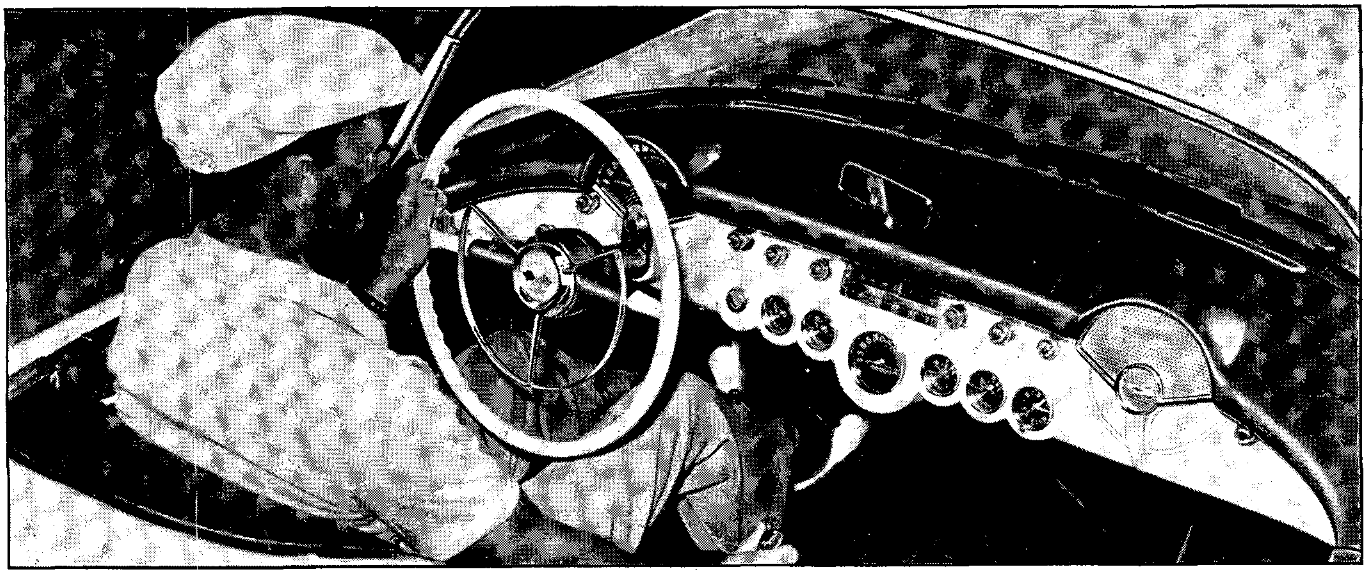
PETER HAND BREWERY CO., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS
BREWERS OF MEISTER BRAU AND PETER HAND'S RESERVE
©1954 P. H. B. CO

ARPEGE
LANVIN

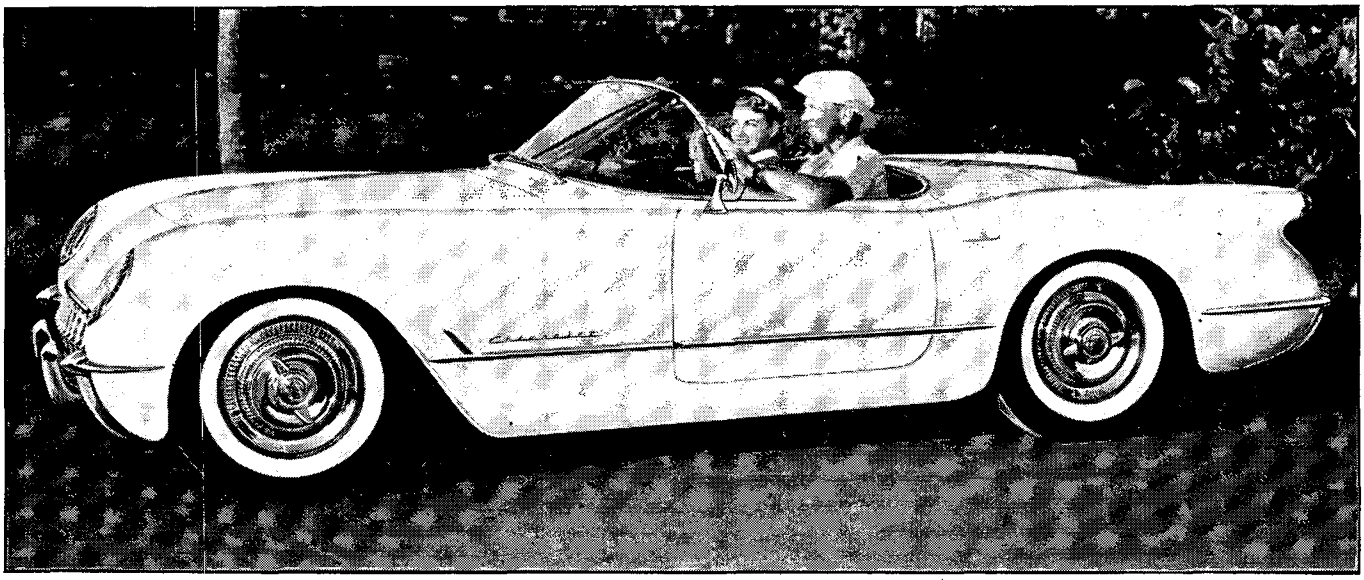
Extract and Toilet Water


LE NORMAND
Buffet-Dressoir in Fruitwood
At Selected Furniture and Department Stores
Send 25¢ to Dept. N for Illustrated Folio
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

Special seat reserved for you!



IN THE CHEVROLET CORVETTE



There's no seat like it in the sports-car world. No second and no third. You slip in behind that big, comfortable wheel, touch the switch, and a special version of Chevrolet's famous "Blue-Flame" engine, with three carburetors feeding it gas, snaps to life. . . . You press the accelerator. This car *moves!* A few seconds later you turn, and learn for the first time what tight cornering really means. *Special seat!* Yes, sir! We'll be glad to arrange it for you anytime you say if you'll just give us a call.

SEE
YOUR CHEVROLET
DEALER

First of the dream cars to come true

Lord & Taylor

Tartan stripes for every phase of a teen's autumn! They're Thomas cottons in green with blue, grey with red—teen sizes 8 to 16. Jumper, 16.95
Blouse, solid navy or black, 7.95
A skirt with unpressed pleats—in same stripes as jumper, 14.95
Striped walking shorts, 5.95
Striped pedal pushers, 7.95
Teen Shop on the Seventh Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York

delegates from the clubs that constitute its membership—at which he filled the air with angry charges that the leaders of the club were guilty of malfeasance, misfeasance, and not knowing the first thing about Gordon setters. Another of Belmont's headaches was caused by a bunch of California fanciers, who, under the impression that the A.K.C. was showing inadequate interest in the problems of dog people situated anywhere beyond Long Island and Westchester, threatened to secede from the parent organization and, when rebuked by it for entertaining such divisive notions, sued it for being unfairly repressive. The rebellion finally subsided, partly because of a court ruling against the dissidents and partly because of the San Francisco earthquake, which gave the East Coast faction an opportunity to soothe the Westerners by offering to take up a collection to help both them and their dogs. Belmont had barely weathered that storm when he found himself set upon by a forthright doctor, John E. deMund, who was a member of the A.K.C. board of directors. Taking over pretty much where Peshall had left off, deMund began to lambaste Belmont in open letters, which were gleefully published by a number of sporting journals whose editors were happy to have a chance to nip at the heels of the imperious A.K.C.

In 1923, seven years after Belmont stepped down from the presidency of the club, deMund, whom Belmont had characterized as "subversive" not long before, stepped up to it. He proceeded to get the A.K.C. involved in controversies that made the Belmont era seem tame. Perhaps the most celebrated of deMund's tiffs was with George H. Earle III, a Philadelphian who was active in politics and sports and who in 1927, while serving as president of the Manchester Terrier Club of America, was, at deMund's urging, suspended by the A.K.C. board of directors from the enjoyment of all club privileges. Earle, the A.K.C. ruled, had made public statements prejudicial to the club's best interests, among them a charge that one of its directors had smoked a cigarette at a dog show in open defiance of a no-smoking sign. Earle sued to get his privileges restored, but he lost his case. The courts decided that the A.K.C. was a private organization and therefore under no compulsion to grant anybody anything. (The verdict against Earle apparently had little impact upon non-dog circles; a few years later, he was elected governor of Pennsylvania.) DeMund immediately used the court decree as the basis for a ukase addressed to all

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE
DECIDEDLY CORRECT
SPORTSMAN
SHAVING LOTION
Sportsman
GROOMING ESSENTIALS

Visit scenic Princeton

. . . close to New York, but charmingly rural. See the beautiful Princeton University campus and stop at the near-by Inn for a delicious meal in a gracious setting. 100 attractive rooms. Cocktail lounge. Special function rooms. Recently refurbished.

WRITE OR CALL PRINCETON 1-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

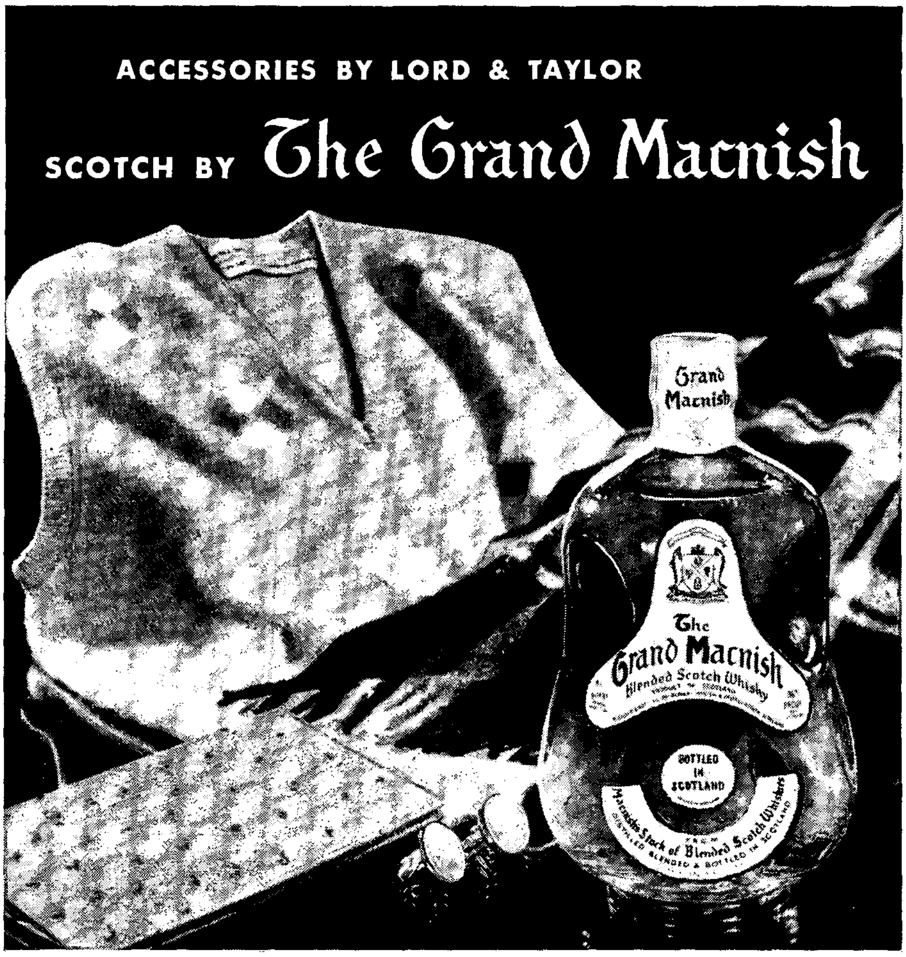
Charles Dickens Lives Again at
Maxwell DuBrow's
ELIZABETH NORMAN RESTAURANT
Old English Tavern
Famous for SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN and PLANK PLATTER STEAKS
1043 MADISON AVE. (79-80 St.) RE. 4-9622
Close to Metropolitan Museum of Art

Schwartz's
STEAKS & CURRIES OUR SPECIALITY
SERVING FINE FOOD FOR OVER 50 YEARS
54 BROAD ST. • 183 BROADWAY • N. Y.

fanciers and published in the *Gazette.* "You have no vested rights in the American Kennel Club," he informed them. "And, having no vested rights in the American Kennel Club, you can neither demand them nor can you rightfully object if the Club sees fits to withhold them for any reason whatsoever."

No other sport can boast a policing agency as conscientious and alert as the A.K.C. Solemnly dedicated to the advancement of dogdom and strict in demanding adherence to the rules it has legislated, the club is quick to punish infractions of them. Several months ago, a cocker spaniel of great contemporary fame—Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine, who was judged "best-in-show" at Westminster last winter and has won many other glittering victories—was entered in a show at Detroit. The local club that sponsored the event, hoping to swell the gate receipts by capitalizing on the dog's reputation, arranged to have the mayor of Detroit present the spaniel with the keys to the city, and ordered a special dais built for it at the show. Everything went off smoothly, but when this idolatry came to the attention of the A.K.C., through one of its field operatives, it was highly indignant. It objects strongly to any dog's being treated differently from any other dog at a show, and it made its position clear by levying stiff fines against the club and the individual it considered responsible for the offense.

While bribing judges, falsifying registration papers, switching dogs at shows, and other such improprieties used to be commonplace in the dog world, most present-day fanciers, largely because they don't want to risk running afoul of the A.K.C., are much more upright than were their prototypes of a few generations back. In the old days, exhibitors who were determined to win at a show were not above feeding poisoned pills to the dogs of their rivals; now, although the competitive spirit is still intense, it is rarely manifested by any act more drastic than, say, slyly tossing a morsel of liver in the path of an adversary's dog in the hope of throwing it off gait. Most of the chicanery of this sort is perpetrated by professional handlers, of whom there are about eight hundred in the country. (In much the same fashion that jockeys migrate from race track to race track, handlers travel the dog-show circuit, their pockets bulging with chunks of liver, sugar cubes, rubber squeakers, and other devices for making a sluggish dog prick up its ears and look alive, if it is theirs, or do the wrong thing at a crucial moment, if it is a rival's.) Some exhibi-


ACCESSORIES BY LORD & TAYLOR
SCOTCH BY The Grand Macnish
Grand Macnish
The Grand Macnish Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Macnish Stock of Blended Scotch Whiskies
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(Advertisement)

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, WHITE PLAINS,
CHICAGO, DETROIT, BEVERLY HILLS

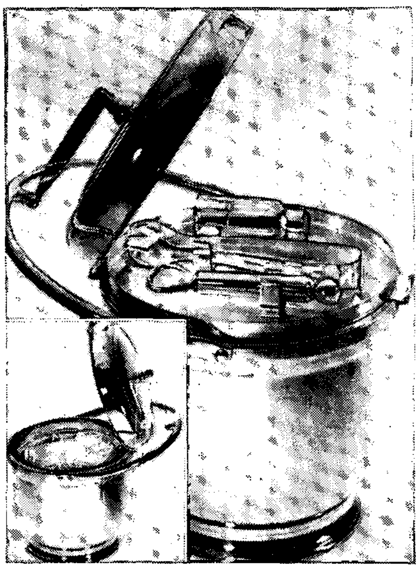
good company while you wait

our own Lanella® (wool and cotton) jacket that washes, and wool flannel kangaroo skirt. Jacket in red or blue checks with white; red and green plaid; solid white, **14.95.** Skirt—grey, navy, brown, black, **8.95.** Both 10 to 18. In the new Maternity Shop, Second Floor, New York.

P. S. write for our New Fall Maternity Booklet

tors have attempted to improve their dog's attractiveness with cosmetics—touching up a not-quite-dark-enough Scottish terrier with shoe blacking, perhaps, or dusting talcum powder on the coat of a not-quite-white-enough poodle. Sprucing up show dogs with cosmetics, if it is done at all these days, must be done furtively, for the A.K.C. pronounced it illegal in 1949. Up to then, it was practiced openly and widely. Exhibitors would arrive at shows with elaborate makeup kits, and some dog people were nationally acclaimed not so much for their dogs as for their artistry with a paintbrush.

THROUGHOUT history, purebred dogs have been associated with purebred—or, at any rate, socially superior—men. In Egypt and, later, in England, the masses hated greyhounds, because ownership of them was restricted by law to the aristocracy; in England, moreover, barons and viscounts joined the masses in hating deerhounds, because ownership of *them* was restricted to earls. It was the same the world over. The finest Pekingese in China were reserved for the Imperial family; in 1860, when it became apparent that the British were going to sack Peking, an order went out to destroy the palace Pekes rather than let them fall into the hands of the Caucasian savages. (An aunt of the Emperor's who committed suicide to keep herself out of their hands carelessly neglected to kill four of her pet Pekes, which the British found cowering behind an arras. One of them was subsequently given to Queen Victoria.) In the United States, too, purebreds were until quite recently almost exclusively the concern of the élite, like Belmont and his set. During the early years of this century, many wealthy men spent up to fifty thousand dollars a year to keep extensive kennels on their country estates, with as many as three hundred dogs in them and half a dozen or more full-time kennelmen on duty. (Willard Huntington Wright, a Scottish-terrier fancier, once claimed that his kennels cost him twenty thousand dollars a year, and, as S. S. Van Dine, he helped pay for them by writing "The Kennel Murder Case," in which Philo Vance visits the A.K.C. offices and learns how dogs are registered.) The owner of a large kennel in Illinois used to hire a freight car in which to ship thirty or forty dogs to a single show, sparing the animals the rigors of travel as much as he could by having the car hitched on to a passenger train. Individual dogs frequently commanded prices of five or ten thousand dollars. (Rich-



Plummer's Twin-Top Bucket

Keeps the caplifter, ice tongs, 1½-oz. jigger and corkscrew smartly at hand with the ice cubes. Bale handle swings the two-way cover; one way for utensils, opposite for ice. Graciously designed in fine quality silver plate with a 1½-qt. vacuum liner. $32.50 tax included.

Mail Orders Filled
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N. Y. C.

Luxury in New York
AIR-CONDITIONING

Beautiful accommodations in the heart of smart New York. Your own pantry with electric refrigerator. 21 inch TV set. Home of the famous Laurent Restaurant. Studio rooms from $15 single, $17 double. Suites from $24 daily.
Reservations, please.

The Lombardy HOTEL
111 E. 56 ST.
OFF PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22

An Old World Spot in N.Y.
Banquet Facilities
Cocktail Bar
Luncheon fr. 60¢
Dinner fr. $1.35
Cortile
RESTAURANT
OPEN FROM 11 A.M.
Closed Saturdays in August
Just off 5th Av. 37 W. 43rd • 36 W. 44th

brilliantly conceived!
the restaurant **Laurent**
111 East 56th St., off Park Ave.
Cool . . . Quiet . . . Spacious . . . Elegant
Superlative Cuisine . . Really Complete Bar • Luncheon
• Cocktails • Dinner • Special Rooms for Parties
Closed Sunday • PLaza 3-2729

FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY
Capitol

Lend us your ears...

Because you love fine music...because you seek incomparable high fidelity...lend us your ears for a story significant to you—the story of Full Dimensional Sound.

Years before the present hi-fi tumult began, we at Capitol determined to capture on records live music which would, when played at home, *re-live* in all its original clarity, tonal balance and fidelity.

We depended not on trick effects and special devices which give a temporary illusion of high fidelity. We sought instead to record the music exactly as performed by great artists of our time, collaborating with sensitive producers and demanding engineers, under the most advanced recording conditions. In those cases where the final product did not measure up to the high standards set by both musicians and engineers, the records were to be scrapped.

The result was Full Dimensional Sound. The worth of our efforts in producing FDS records may be judged from a typical critical review by Francis A. Klein, Music Editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "Capitol's FDS is as close to live performance as the engineers are likely to get..."

For your own discovery of this high fidelity and musical accomplishment, lend us your ears once more...listen to just one recording which bears the Full Dimensional Sound symbol.

Consult Your Record Dealer for Complete Repertoire of Capitol FDS Classics and Latest Releases

FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
FDS
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY

All Full Dimensional Sound records come to you in Inner Protective Envelope.

FDS

Incomparable High Fidelity in Full Dimensional Sound

Capitol
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

BONWIT TELLER

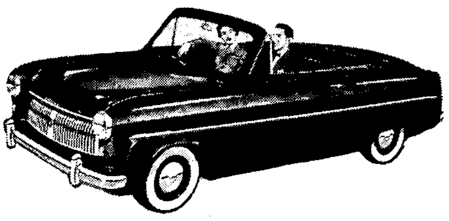
SAVILE ROW...

For fall, Bonwit's important chalk stripe look that's straight from diplomatic circles. Simple elegance defying a price tag, done divinely in a handsome woolen worsted, dark, dark oxford. Emphasis, the middy collar, big black bow. Sizes 8 to 20. Guildford. 22.95 Mail and phone. New York Boston White Plains Chicago Cleveland

ard Croker, the Tammany Hall boss, once was seized with a desire to buy two imported English bulldogs, and paid five thousand dollars for one and two thousand for the other. His two new pets soon got into a vicious fight, in which, gruesomely substantiating their relative worth, the five-thousand-dollar dog badly mauled its cheaper kennelmate.) At one time, the collie field was practically monopolized by a pair of vigorously competitive exhibitors, the elder J. P. Morgan and Samuel Untermyer. When Morgan retired from the show ring, in 1907, he explained—in itself an unusual thing for him to do—that his rivalry with Untermyer had pushed the price of collies up so high that less affluent fanciers were being squeezed out, and that he thought this state of affairs was unfortunate, because it was undemocratic.

For many years, it was considered a mark of social prestige in this country to have one dog, at the very least, entered in the Westminster Kennel Club show at Madison Square Garden, the nation's biggest and most illustrious winter show. (In those days, the emphasis of the show at the Garden was more on dogs and less on commercial exhibits, which now range from dog food to dog beds upholstered in zebra stripes.) Some people who hadn't the slightest intention of turning up at the Westminster show with a dog were so eager to have their names appear in its catalogue that they would enter a dog and then withdraw it after the catalogue had gone to press.

Large kennels are becoming more and more of a rarity in this country. (There are still some left, to be sure. One member of the board of directors of the A.K.C. who raises Great Danes has a place on a mountainside near Atlanta, Georgia, where a hundred or so of these giants frolic together.) With kennelmen's wages high and income taxes higher, even the rich have found dogs an expensive indulgence and have shown a tendency to cut down on the size of their operations. This has led to a decline in the price of purebreds; excellent specimens now sell for from a thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. Meanwhile, the number of purebred fanciers has greatly increased. Most contemporary exhibitors are people of fairly modest means and social standing, who seldom own more than a dozen dogs at a time and act as their own kennelmen. As one former president of the A.K.C. has put it, employing what would seem, in the light of his position, a peculiar simile, "The love of purebred dogs is spreading like a



For a sensational Consul ride, see the dealer nearest you—listed below

NEW YORK

FINE CARS, INC.
154 West 56th Street, New York, N. Y.
RALPH HORGAN, INC.
1842 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
BYRNE BROTHERS, INC.
268 Westchester Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
RAWLINGS MOTOR CO., INC.
50 Lexington Avenue, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
FOREIGN CARS OF ROCKLAND
Route 59, West Nyack, N. Y.
GREENE COUNTY MOTOR CORP.
Route 9-W, Catskill, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND

GLAMORE MOTOR SALES COMPANY
10 West Main Street, Smithtown, L. I.
ROY HENDRICKSON & SON
212 Sea Cliff Avenue, Sea Cliff, L. I.
THOMPSON MOTORS OF GREAT NECK, INC.
435 Middleneck Road, Great Neck, L. I.
NORWICH MOTORS, INC.
Route 25-A, East Norwich, L. I.
TED ROWLAND, INC.
420 Merrick Road, Lynbrook, L. I.
SIGNAL MOTORS, INC.
704 Sunrise Highway, Rockville Centre, L. I.
RAMP MOTORS, INC.
120 Main Street, Port Jefferson, L. I.
GEORGE E. MOLE & CO.
111 Merrick Road, Amityville, L. I.
BAKER MOTORS
459 Hempstead Turnpike, Franklin Square, L. I.

CONNECTICUT

EASTMAN-GREENWICH MOTORS
241 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.
EASTMAN-STAMFORD, INC.
124 South Street, Stamford, Conn.
EUROPEAN MOTORS INC.
Boston Post & West Parrish Rds., Westport, Conn.
PALLOTTI & POOLE, INC.
549 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn.
TOLM MOTORS, INC.
266 Post Road, Darien, Conn.
B & M MOTORS
183 Grand Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

NEW JERSEY

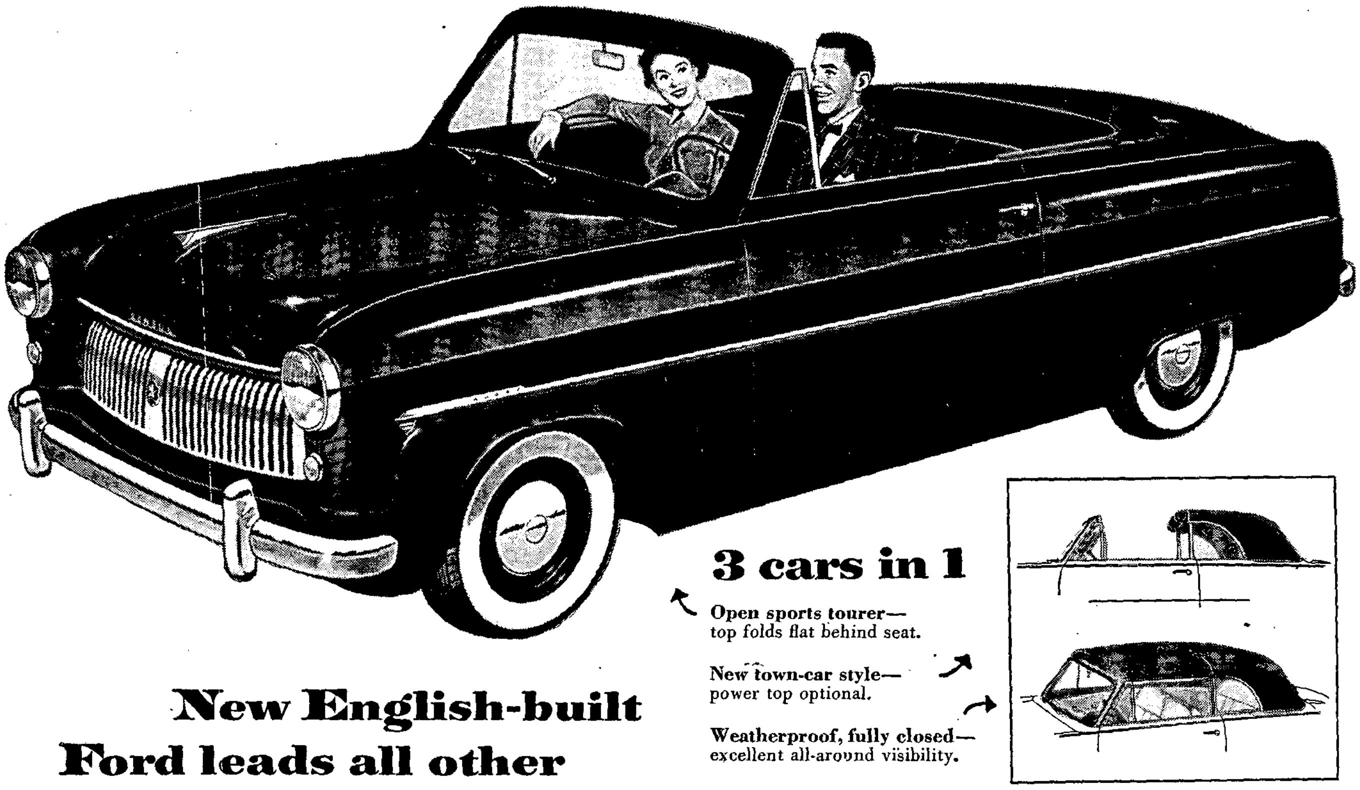
IMPORTED MOTOR CAR CO.
204 Glen Ridge Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey
T & T MOTORS, INC.
210 Woodbridge Avenue, Highland Park, N. J.
BELLEVILLE-NUTLEY SALES, INC.
320 Washington Avenue, Belleville, New Jersey
W. O. TAYLOR MOTOR SALES
149 Fifth Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey
MATTHEWS BROS.
Newman Springs Road, Red Bank, New Jersey
SPREEN'S MOTOR SALES
458 Passaic Street, Hackensack, New Jersey
DE CHIARO MOTORS
169 Washington Avenue, Morristown, N. J.

BOSTON AREA

CRANDALL-HICKS COMPANY, INC.
910-912 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
NEWTON MOTOR SALES CO.
773 Washington Street, Newtonville, Mass.
CRESCENT MOTORS
170 Crescent Street, Brockton, Mass.

Other English-built Fords:
Zephyr-Six Sedan • Consul Convertible
Consul Sedan • New Anglia (Tudor)
New Prefect (4-door)

Introducing the beautiful Consul Convertible...



3 cars in 1

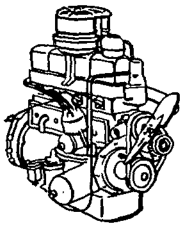
Open sports tourer— top folds flat behind seat.

New town-car style— power top optional.

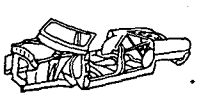
Weatherproof, fully closed— excellent all-around visibility.

New English-built Ford leads all other 4-cylinder imported cars in low-price field

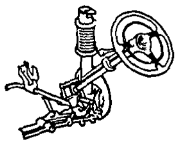
LEADS IN PERFORMANCE
IN PRICE CLASS



Most powerful
4-cylinder overhead valve engine delivers 5 more horsepower. A smooth performer.

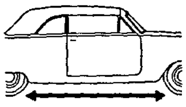


Strongest, safest
One-piece body and chassis; and 30% more braking area; 15% more windshield area.

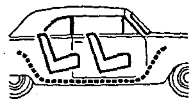


Superior roadability
High-geared, worm and peg-type steering for steady cornering. A good safety feature.

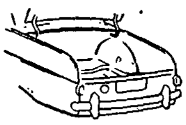
LEADS IN SIZE
IN PRICE CLASS



Largest
100″ wheelbase, 5½″ longer than next car. Not a miniature but a full-sized car.

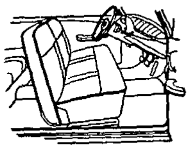


Roomiest
Front seat 4″ wider than other makes; rear seat 3½″ wider. Seating between axles.

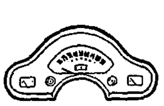


Most luggage space
More cubic feet than next car in same price class. Room for family luggage on weekends.

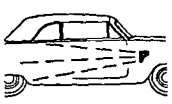
LEADS IN LUXURY FEATURES
IN PRICE CLASS



Rich, deep upholstery
Comfortable seats run full width of car. Front seat adjustable. (Leather optional)



New cone dash
All instruments in center cone. Raised 50% closer to eyes. Makes for safer driving.



Built-in fresh air system
Special ducts through body circulate fresh air automatically when the top is up.

Tour Europe the new money-saving way. Order an English-built Ford from your nearest dealer (listed opposite page) at regular U. S. prices, plus nominal overseas charges for delivery in England. He will return it from there without additional charge.

SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Ford

Sold in the United States through selected dealers of
FORD MOTOR CO., DEARBORN, MICH.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

The Timeless Tweed
*SHIRTMAKER

One of the most successful dresses of our time... Best's exclusive master-tailored classic now in handsome oatmeal beige wool tweed. Simple lines... superb quality... in perfect taste anywhere. Buttoned, belted in rich luggage-tone leather. 10 to 20, 38 and 40. **55.00**

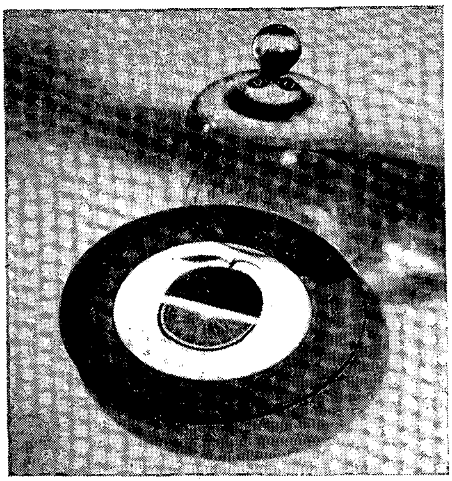
Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Address Section 6
Order by Style Number N-1
Please include postage beyond
our motor delivery areas.

AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES
*Trademark

plague." A canine-minded sociologist has suggested that one reason for the expanding interest in purebreds may be the evolution of the station wagon. It used to be a lot of bother to move dogs around from one show to another, but with the rising popularity of station wagons the task has become comparatively simple. Anybody can load two or three dogs into the back of one and ferry them to a show. Also, the tailboard makes a handy bar.

Perhaps the catalogue of the Westminster show no longer bristles with as many distinguished owners' names as it once did, but recent editions of it have contained at least one name that is fully as eminent as any of its earlier entries. That is the name of the Dalai Lama of Tibet, who is listed as a breeder of one of the Lhasa apsos belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Suydam Cutting; at last winter's Westminster show, the Cuttings owned twelve of the fifteen specimens of this breed that were exhibited. The Lhasa apso, a long-haired terrierlike dog that is revered in Tibet and carried around there in the arms of noblemen to keep it from getting tired, was introduced into this country by Cutting, a wide-ranging naturalist, shortly after he visited Tibet in 1930 and became friendly with the then reigning Dalai Lama. Cutting brought back a pair of the dogs from this trip, and picked up another pair on a second jaunt, in 1935. Over the years that followed, until the Chinese Communists took over Tibet and isolated it from the West, Cutting carried on a correspondence with the Dalai Lama and his successor, the present holder of the title, and the two Dalai Lamas, flattered by his interest in their favorite breed, shipped him additional breeding stock from time to time. Cutting expressed his gratitude by sending the Dalai Lamas several products of Western civilization that might otherwise never have been seen in their remote land—a horse and a pigeon made of Steuben glass (as far as is known, there is no other glass of any kind in Tibet), a canopied chair, a set of sterling-silver eating utensils, a pair of Lucite blocks with sea horses embedded in them, and a cuckoo clock.

ALL that is really needed to become embroiled in dog shows is to have a dog. The thing grows on people. A case in point is that of Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, the poodle woman, who is one of the country's best-known and most energetic fanciers. Twenty-two years ago, she and her husband bought a pair of poodles—a male and a female—of German descent as house pets, and



colorful tile cheese tray

. . . with handsome mahogany or walnut rim and blown glass cover. Festive hand-painted design, under glaze, makes this a most attractive cheese or dessert plate. 9" tray **$5.00**, with 6" cover $6.75. Also available—same tray 15" $10.00, with 6" cover $11.75. Add 75¢ for shipping.

Catalog on request.

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

New York's TAVERN ON THE GREEN in Central Park
DINNERS from $2.75
2 ORCHESTRAS
NO COVER EVER
BANQUETS & PARTIES
FREE PARKING
W. 67th St. entr.
Reservations: **SC 4-8100**

MANNY WOLF'S
49TH ST. AT 3RD AVENUE
SINCE 1896

ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
GALA RE-OPENING
Sept. 8
AIR CONDITIONED
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9095
CHelsea 2-9868
OPEN 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M.

didn't even try to register them. One day about a year later, as a favor to a friend who had a poodle entered in a show and wanted the breed to be well represented there, Mrs. Hoyt took her dogs around. To her amazement, they both won prizes. A few weeks later, to see if her initial success had been a fluke, she tried again, and again her dogs won. At a luncheon soon afterward, a lady exhibitor brought up the subject of Mrs. Hoyt's début and remarked sweetly, "Well, you certainly have been lucky with your little unregistered bitch." That did it. Boiling mad, Mrs. Hoyt telephoned the A.K.C. and asked if it was possible to enter an unregistered dog in the Westminster. Advised that it was possible, she entered both her dogs in it, and made off with a collection of prizes. Then she went to Germany to track down her little bitch's pedigree, so that she could register the animal. From that time on, Mrs. Hoyt became more and more deeply involved with dogs, to such an extent that she once spent almost three years in litigation with another lady breeder over the ownership of a single poodle. She was also the promoter of what was, for years the second-biggest outdoor dog event in the country—the annual show of the North Westchester Kennel Club, which was held on the Hoyts' estate at Katonah until, in 1941, they moved to Stamford.

The biggest outdoor show of them all is that of the Morris & Essex Kennel Club, which is held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, at Madison, New Jersey. The Morris & Essex, a one-day tent affair, has drawn as many as four thousand dogs and forty thousand people, and has required the pitching of a greater area of canvas than has ever been used by the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. During the years since 1927, when Mrs. Dodge put on the first show, it has come to be the busiest, gaudiest, and most enjoyable day of the dog year, but this year, owing to the A.K.C.'s stern insistence on compliance with its regulations by everyone within its jurisdiction, the Morris & Essex show was not held at all. This dog-world-shaking calamity came about because of the untidiness, from the viewpoint of an orderly organization like the A.K.C., of the Gregorian calendar. Most clubs, for the sake of continuity, like to put on their shows on the same day of the week, and as close to the same date as possible, year after year. The A.K.C. won't allow two clubs that are located near each other to hold their shows concurrently, and a long time ago, to avoid

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

YARDLEY
After Shower Powder
FOR MEN
WITH DEODORANT

How to beat the heat—London style

(for only 8 shillings*)

From London comes a hot weather inspiration for men – unequaled for prolonging the freshness of a shower. It's a man's after shower powder, conceived in England and brought to America by Yardley for Men.

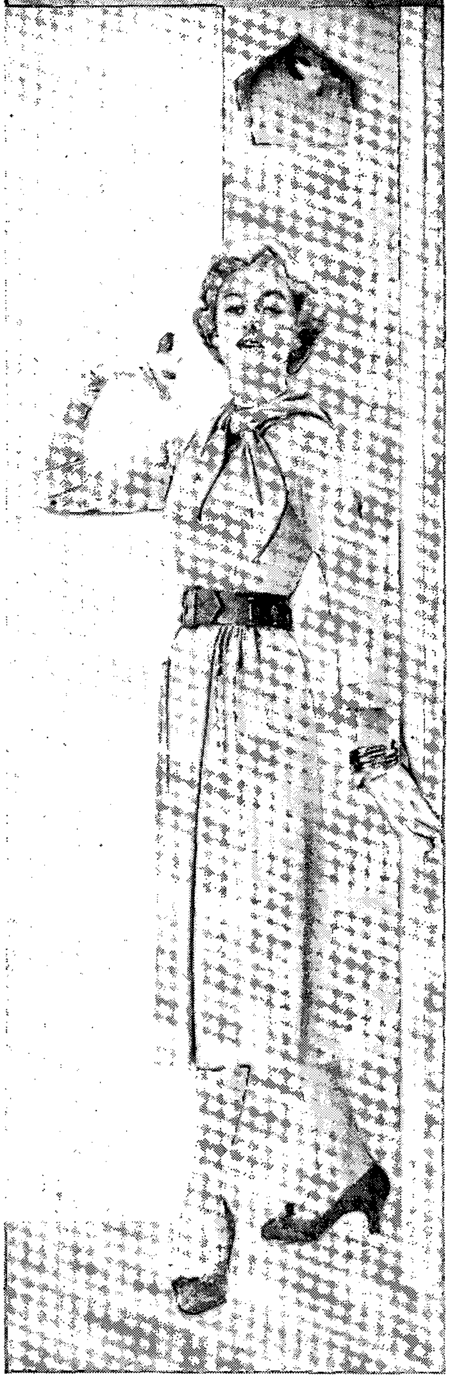
The unique feature of this unique product is the high drying quality which makes it *super*-absorbent, if you will. On the heaviest, muggiest days it combats hot weather stickiness —allows complete freedom of movement. New Yardley After Shower Powder also contains an effective deodorant. All in all, this London-style powder presents that first essential of good grooming—a feeling of well-being.

There is no product for men on the market comparable to Yardley After Shower Powder. Yet it can be yours for only *$1.10 plus tax – 8 shillings, in London terms. You'll find it at fine stores everywhere.

Make a fresh, clean start with **Yardley** for Men

Makers and distributors for U. S. A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

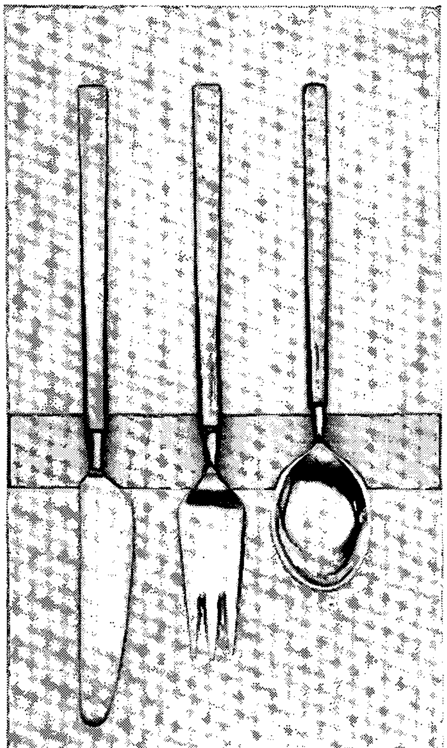
B.H.Wragge
philosophy for compact living



A way of dressing compatible with your on-the-move mood of life: an unmussable, unfussable American Sports Car dress—just fine while you're driving, divine when you stop for dinner. In fluid-flowing jersey with its scarf that converts to a cap in the wind. Thunderbird beige, firechief red, pennant blue. Sizes 8 to 18. $55.00 Road sign belt. $18.95**
At Bonwit Teller, New York,
Rich's, Atlanta.
Write B. H. Wragge, Dept. NA, 550 Seventh Ave., New York 18, for booklet: Clothes for compact living.
**Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies*

conflicts, it devised a system whereby a club may make a yearly application to reserve what is known at 221 Fourth Avenue as its "corresponding date" the following year. But because of the vagaries of the calendar, with its fifty-two weeks and at least one leftover day each year, the corresponding date to, say, Saturday, August 10th, one year becomes August 9th the next, and August 8th the year after that, and then, should a leap year turn up to cause extra trouble, August 6th. Clearly, if each dog show were held a day or two earlier every year, a club that had selected this August Saturday as the most suitable time for its show would soon find itself pushed back into July and, after a few decades, all the way to midwinter. To circumvent any such retrogression, the A.K.C. decided that every five or six years it would announce a "move-ahead year," in which each club is assigned a day a week later than its corresponding day of the year before. Thus, the club that had started with the August 10th Saturday would, the year after reaching August 5th and feeling the hot breath of July on its neck, be shifted to August 11th, and the show dates of all the other clubs would be similarly shifted, the temporal relationship thus remaining constant.

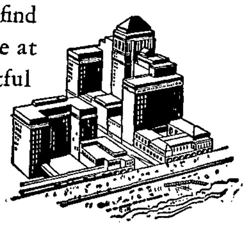
This complicated method of date juggling worked out smoothly until, in 1948, the Morris & Essex Kennel Club asked for permission to hold its show on the fourth Saturday in May every year. This request came to Henry D. Bixby, who was Neff's predecessor as executive vice-president of the A.K.C., and who is still on its board of directors. Bixby studied a few future calendars—nowhere near enough of them, it developed—and then declared, in writing, that the fourth Saturday of May would be agreeable to the A.K.C. on a permanent basis. He made a miscalculation; he failed to realize that from time to time each month has five Saturdays instead of four, and that every so often, when a move-ahead year was decreed, Mrs. Dodge, in order to fit in with the rest of the nationwide show calendar, would have to switch to the fifth Saturday of May. The first year in which this happened was 1954, and when, in 1953, Morris & Essex, not long after holding its show on the 23rd, applied, as usual, for the fourth Saturday, the 22nd, Neff, who by then had assumed office, replied that he was sorry but, since 1954 was a move-ahead year, he was afraid that Mrs. Dodge would have to put up with the fifth Saturday, the 29th; the fourth Saturday had already been reserved for a smaller show in the



Obelisk . . .
Contemporary design in stainless steel by Erik Herlow of Denmark. Six piece place setting, **$13.75.**
STAINLESS STEEL FOLDERS AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS · PL 1-2400
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22

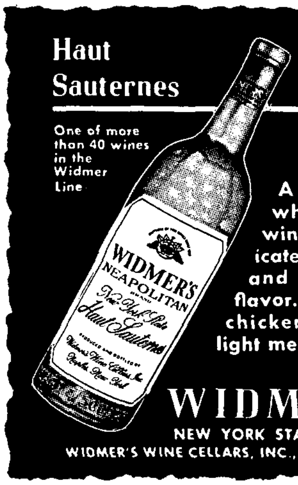
BICUSPID

Dentists come here because they never find the seashore at this delightful resort the least bit boring.

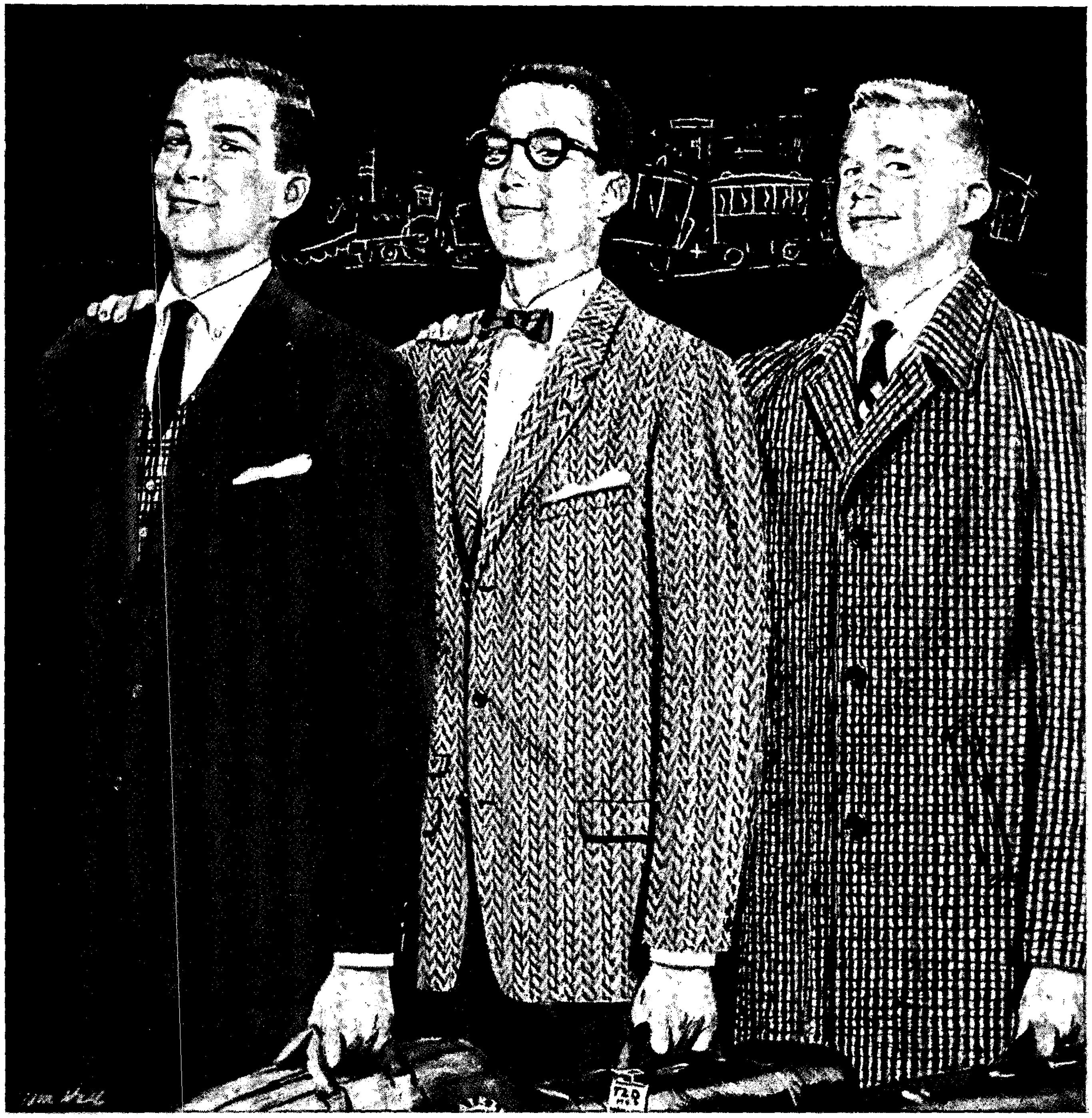


CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 64 years
Write for illustrated folder

Haut Sauternes
One of more than 40 wines in the Widmer Line



A pale gold, white dinner wine with delicate bouquet and semi-dry flavor. Ideal with chicken, fish or light meats.
WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.



Looking tall and trim *in the new "natural" style, he has chosen the famous Eton Flannel suit in Charred Gray. And his Viyella vest indicates that he knows the score on fashions.*

More than 20% lighter *than standard is the new Lightweight Pan-American tweed sport coat, shown in Charred Gray-Tan. His Harrow Flannel slacks are contrasting Charred Gray.*

For fickle fall, *he wears the classic Pan-American tweed topcoat—woven from a famous blend of two South American wools; one soft and silky, one resilient and rugged. Color, Charred Gray.*

come back in BLACK

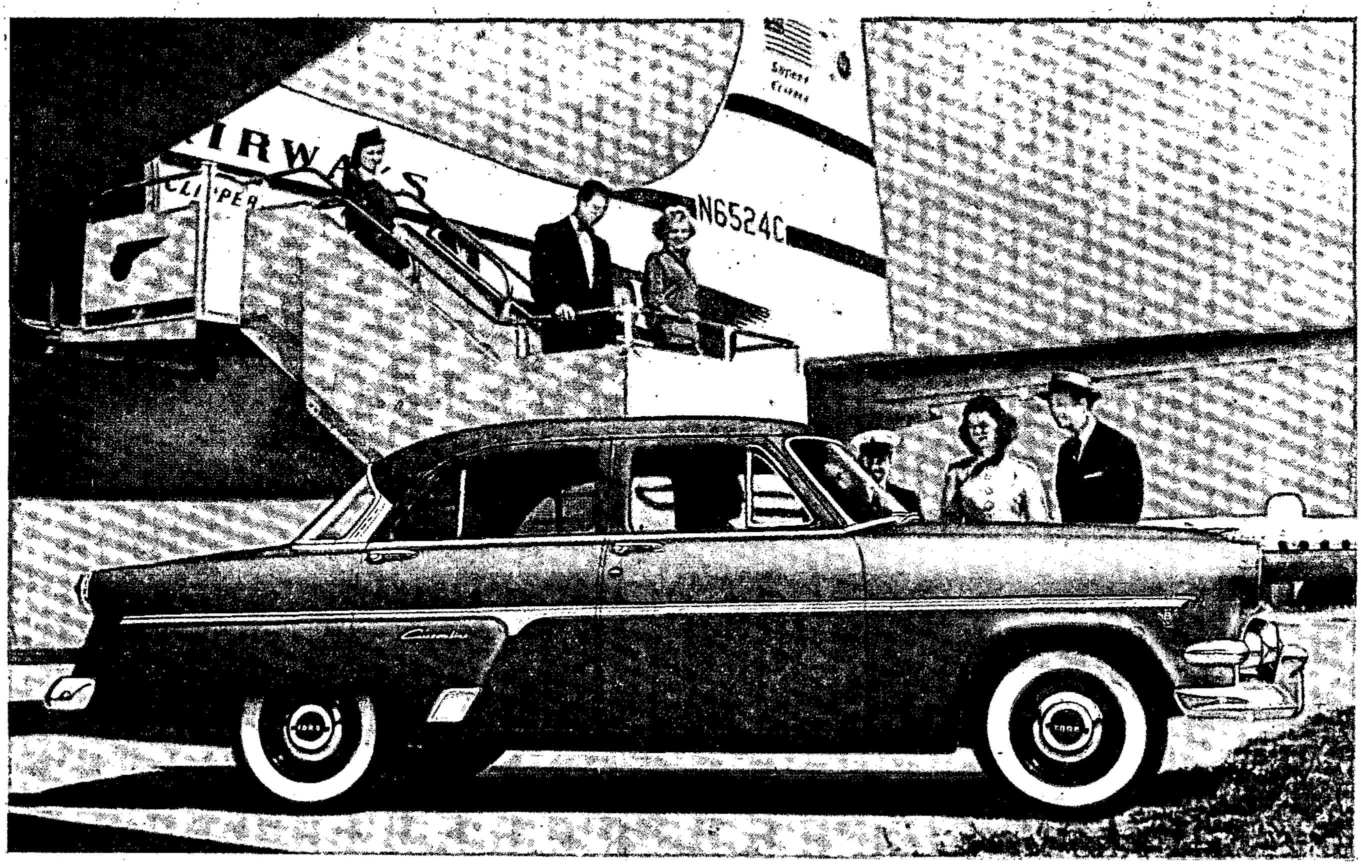
Black, that is, blended with brown, grays or blues. You don't have to crack a book to see it. Black is back, and black is right. Right for suits, slacks, jackets and topcoats; right for flannels, tweeds, worsteds. Right for campus.

And black is bright. Crisp and correct in its own right, black combines with the more traditional clothing colors to create deep, rich black-browns, black-grays, and black-blues. "Charred Tones" they're called in these "black-to-school" fabrics styled exclusively for Hart Schaffner & Marx.

You will see a great deal of these "Charred Tones" this Fall. Why not look them over now, in the new, natural styles and the new lighter-weight fabrics, at your nearest Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's. If you do not know his address, write Hart Schaffner & Marx, Dept. N8, 36 S. Franklin, Chicago.

ETON and PAN-AMERICAN—reg US Pat Off

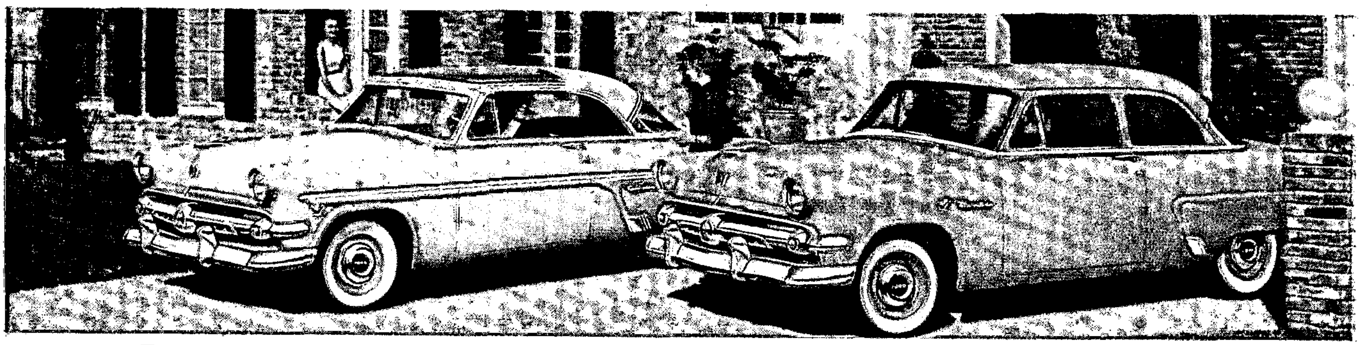
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



The Fordor Sedan is one of 5 distinctive *Customline* body styles. Like all Fords, it is powered by a truly modern, deep-block, low-friction engine—either the 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 or the go-packed, thrifty Six.

You can pay more but you can't buy better

You could pay hundreds of dollars more and not have all the advances you get in Ford *today*. *All* Fords, for example, are available with the most modern V-8 in the industry . . . *all* Fords bring you new Ball-Joint Front Suspension . . . clean, graceful lines which will still be in style years from now. So naturally, Fords can be expected to return more per dollar invested than any other car at resale!



The Ford Skyliner—with its picture-window roof—is an "exclusive" in Ford's field. And it's but one of 5 distinguished body styles in the *Crestline* series—each a recognized leader in looks wherever fine cars gather. You couldn't buy better styling at *twice* the price.

The Ford Tudor is one of 4 popular body styles in the lowest priced *Mainline* series. And, like all Fords, it's setting a new standard in riding comfort and handling ease with the greatest advance in chassis design in 20 years—new Ball-Joint Suspension.

Worth More when you buy it
Worth More when you sell it!

Ford

same general vicinity. Mrs. Dodge was outraged. May 29th fell on the Memorial Day weekend, when traffic was bound to be inordinately heavy, and her show had become a magnet almost comparable to Mecca. Besides, Bixby had *promised*.

The A.K.C. directors met to ponder their dilemma. Bixby had committed them to one course of action. The calendar demanded another. It was a crisis unparalleled in the club's history. Bixby asked to be heard. "The error was mine and we must not let the American Kennel Club suffer for it," he declared gravely and self-sacrificially. "There is nothing for us to do but disavow my letter." Neff had the unhappy duty of notifying Mrs. Dodge that the A.K.C. had resolved to turn her down. "It was tragic, but our course was clear," he said recently. He told her that she could have her corresponding date, the fifth Saturday, or any other open date that did not conflict with an already scheduled show, but that the fourth Saturday was definitely out.

Mrs. Dodge called in a lawyer, and for two or three months, while the dog world held its breath, he sparred with the steadfast A.K.C. Then, without warning, Morris & Essex issued a press release announcing that it had cancelled its show this year, because of the A.K.C.'s intransigence, and making public, by way of proof of what it considered a flagrant double cross, a photostatic reproduction of Bixby's repudiated letter. "The next day, all the telephones were jumping off my desk," Neff says. "Exhibitors were calling me up from every section of the country. Some of the calls were from people who had been critical of us in the past, and had always thought that in dogs, if you were important enough and could get to the right person here, you could arrange whatever you wanted. They weren't exactly happy to learn they were going to be deprived of the most exciting dog holiday of the year, but nonetheless they backed us up. I'd never heard anything like it before. 'We know now that no special interests can run our A.K.C.,' they told me. 'We know now that you people at 221 believe in a square deal for all, big or little, let the chips fall where they may. God bless the A.K.C.!' "

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on the American Kennel Club.*)

•

BABY BORN TO
WIFE WHO CRAVED
WATERMELON
—*Headline in the El Paso Herald-Post.*

That's life.

CROMPTON

Cordurella®...
the weather-wise
corduroys styled by
SHERBROOKE

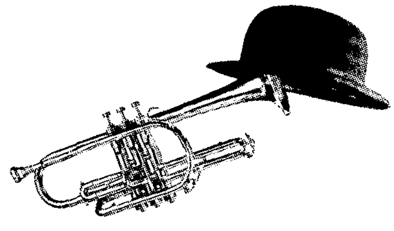
Here's the coat that loves any kind of weather...rain, particularly. It's made of Crompton's lustrous, velvety-soft carded pinwale corduroy with Cravanette Long Life Finish. It's Milium-lined for weather-conditioning. Colors are red, forest green, moss green, gold, brown, teal, beige. Sizes 8 to 18, about $29.95* (with hat).

At B. Altman, New York, N. Y.
Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburgh
Hutzler's, Baltimore, Md.
Best's Apparel, Seattle, Wash.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO., INC.,
The Pioneer of American Corduroy & Velveteen—Est. 1807
1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 18, N. Y.

DIXIELAND



OR DEBUSSY

They never sounded like this before!

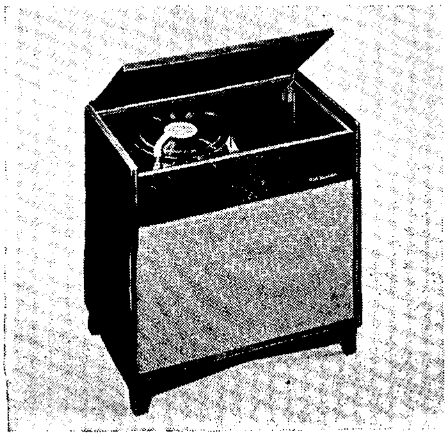
RCA VICTOR
TMKS.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"NEW ORTHOPHONIC"
HIGH FIDELITY
"VICTROLA" PHONOGRAPH

What's your taste in music? Bach, "bop" or "pop," it's a thrilling experience on RCA Victor's "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity "Victrola" Phonograph. It brings them to you exactly as originally played. Here is the jam session's true excitement . . . the concert hall's authentic magnificence. Hear this amazingly low-priced console phonograph now. Has 12-inch "Olson-design" speaker, ceramic pickup, 3-speed automatic changer, separate bass and treble controls. Mahogany finish; blond tropical hardwood, extra. 3HS61, $199.95

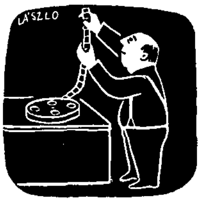
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Suggested Eastern list price shown, subject to change without notice.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Incident



I GUESS we must face the fact that the French know how to make movies. Not that we haven't had plenty of experience in making movies over here. Lord knows we make enough of them, but most of them are so bad that even the teen-agers (formerly the solid, bedrock movie crowd) would rather stay home than watch one of them. The French stick to the fundamentals in their movies. Somewhere along the line, they have learned that a simple story, simply told, is at least as effective as an elaborate story, elaborately told. They understand that if you are telling a story about people, it might be wise to distinguish some of the people from some of the other people, presenting their individual problems, hopes, despairs, characteristics, and so on. I think, too, that they understand the use of the camera better than we do. That is to say, they don't use the camera as if it were a performing dog, doing strange curtsies to show how cute it is, but use it to capture, as clearly and meaningfully as possible, the scene before it. They also seem to have an affection for, or at least a comprehension of, the scene they are photographing—whether it's a countryside or a city street—and to be able to transmit some of this feeling to the audience.

The foregoing ratiocination is the result of my having seen a new French film called "Paris Incident," directed by Henry Decoin. It is in French, with English titles, and it is simplicity itself. There is really nothing to it. A young and recently hired telegraph boy, the eldest of several children, is terrified of losing his job. Early one evening, he is handed a bunch of telegrams to deliver, one of them addressed to a M. Herriot. A seasoned colleague (he's about seventy years old) tells him that M. Herriot is, of course, the celebrated politician. This information makes the boy even more nervous than before, and he sets off on his bicycle in an overwrought state. He promptly runs into a lorry, and is knocked unconscious. When he comes to, he has lost his telegrams. I must say that his sense of responsibility is somewhat more refined than that of the majority of the telegraph "boys" in this town (most of

Royal Treat!

Luscious meat from the fabulous ALASKA KING CRAB— Sea Food Supreme!

No other crab to equal it—in size, flavor or texture. Caught in icy northern waters . . . immediately cooked, frozen and packed aboard ship . . . on your dinner table *with all the delicate, delicious sea-fresh flavor, color and tenderness intact!* A memorable sea food experience! Try it tonight! *Send for Recipes.*

Look for this package in your grocer's frozen food cabinet.

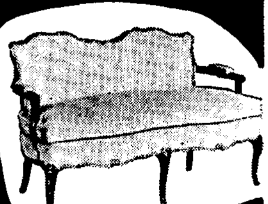
WAKEFIELD'S
ALASKA
KING CRAB
MEAT

WAKEFIELD'S
FROZEN ALASKA
KING CRAB MEAT

WAKEFIELD'S, INC.
220 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Fine Furniture for Particular People

Be sure to see the PECK & HILLS collection of . . . fine furniture styled to suit gracious homes.



Thru Decorators & Dealers

Open Eves. to 5 Thurs. to 8 Sat. to 4

Peck & Hills EXHIBITION BUILDING
214 EAST 34 ST. • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Carteret SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Superior College Preparation. Accredited 1st Grade to College entrance. Personal guidance. Small classes. Proper study habits stressed. Remedial reading. Shops. Homelike dormitory, full time or week-ends home. Large gym. 40-acres atop Orange Mt. 20 miles from N. Y. Moderate rate. Preparation for leading colleges. Bklt. **Carteret School, Box H-10, West Orange, N. J.**

DANIEL 53 East 54
PL-9-5941

FRENCH CUISINE
featuring THE FINEST TURBOT SOUFFLE
Luncheon 12 to 3 • Dinner 6 to 9

This is the way to start many school days—in Thomas cottons that change about at will. Tartan-striped jumper, navy with green, grey with red, 7-14, 10.95 Dirndl skirt in same colors, 7.95

Another day, another look by Thomas—now, a solid color cotton skirt, flared and lined with Pellon—and matching long-sleeved shirt. Both in navy or red, 7 to 14. Skirt, 8.95; shirt, 5.95

Lord & Taylor, New York

whom, it seems to me, shuffle down the street carrying portable radios and listening to the ball games), and he is frantic to find the missing messages, especially the one for M. Herriot. "Paris Incident" concerns itself entirely with the messenger's search for the telegrams. During it, he awakens half of Montmartre, searches for a blue paper airplane (the telegrams were on blue paper, and someone tells him that neighborhood kids made airplanes of them), meets a small girl who befriends him, brings out one of the largest pieces of fire equipment it has been my pleasure to see, gets involved with the headmaster of a school, and becomes entangled in other adventures of vast variety. In the end, I hasten to add, all is well.

Gérard Gervais plays the telegraph boy, Pierrette Simonet is the girl who helps him, and Olivier Hussenot, Henry Crémieux, Germaine Michel, and a large assortment of Montmartre characters are on hand. They are all natural, and they are all excellent. Incidentally, one of the things I enjoyed most about "Paris Incident" is that it lasted only eighty minutes.

"KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS," a massive hunk of celluloid, lasted a hundred and fourteen minutes. *Réfléchissez, un moment,* on what can be accomplished in a hundred and fourteen minutes. A hundred and fourteen minutes is damn near two hours. You can fly from here to Cleveland in a hundred and fourteen minutes. Roger Bannister can run twenty-eight miles in a hundred and fourteen minutes. In a hundred and fourteen minutes, you can get from here to Forest Hills on the Long Island Rail Road. But a hundred and fourteen minutes of "King Richard and the Crusaders" got me exactly nowhere. Don't ask me what it was all about. Richard the Lion-Hearted (George Sanders) is on the Third Crusade, and he runs smack into a Saracen (Rex Harrison). There is continuous trouble, a fight a minute, and the sands of the Holy Land are stirred into thick clouds. Harrison plays the Saracen in the old Japanese manner, all hisses and bows. There is also a girl aboard—I think she's old Richard's cousin—who keeps calling him Dick Plantagenet. Tell your children to try *that* one on their history teacher.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

1. Welsh novelist (1833-1945), "greatest satirist of his own people since Swift."
—Double-Crostic clue in the Times.

And the longest-lived, too.

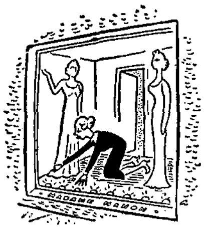
Beginning here—the girls in Thomas cottons, bold tartan stripes with winning schoolgirl ways. The jumper in grey, red or navy stripes, sizes 3 to 6x, 7.95 The blouse—grey, red, navy, 4.95

Same stripes, by Thomas, now swinging out over a lining of Pellon (and a girl's own collection of petticoats). The skirt in grey, red or navy, sizes 3 to 6x, 7.95 The blouse—grey, red, navy, 4.95

Lord & Taylor, New York

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

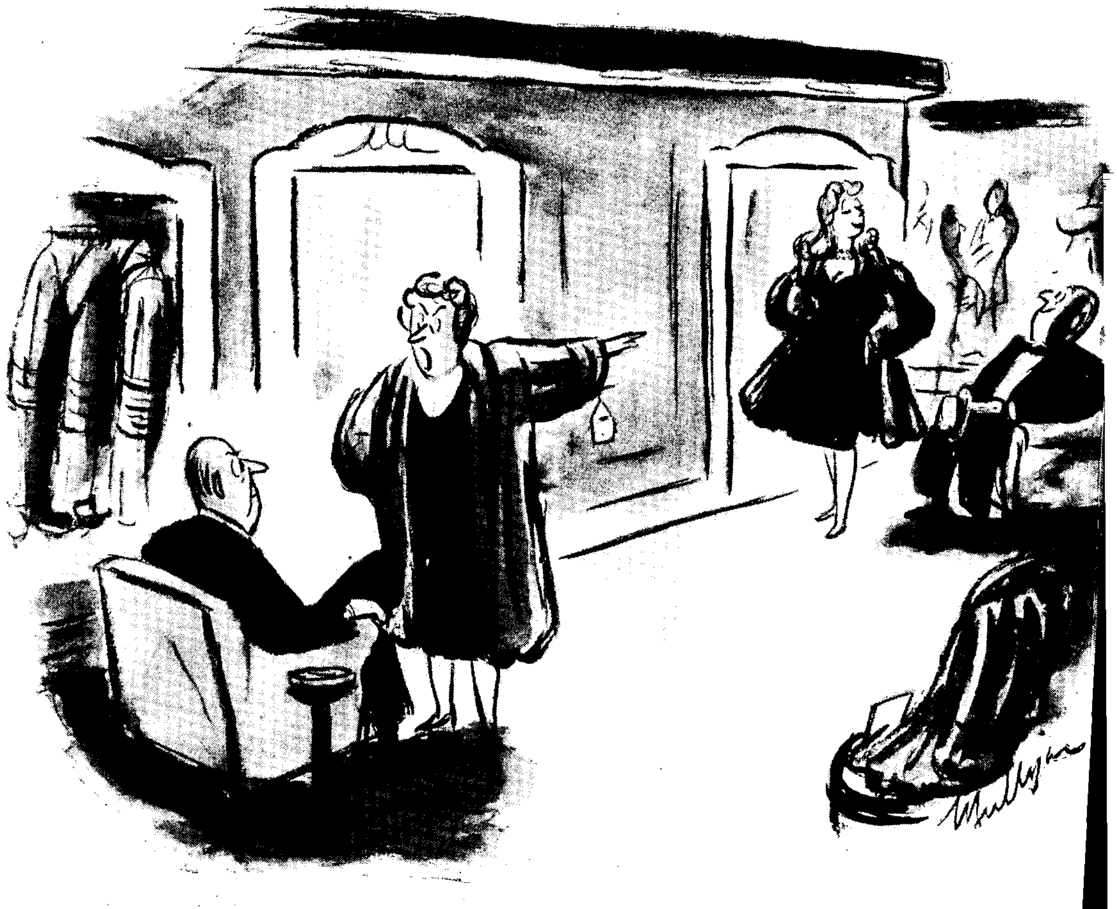
FEMININE FASHIONS



IN the long-drawn-out war of attrition between hairdressers and milliners, the hairdressers, at the moment, have the edge. Most milliners have helplessly watched their customers graduate from the rowdy Italian haircut and then begin the gamine, which is accomplished by a raggedy short cut that can be kept in disorder with a whisk of a comb and a spray of non-sticky lacquer (Helena Rubinstein's is already famous; a new entry, devised by Leonid de Lescinski, is perfumed with a gentle floral blend, which most certainly contains lilac). The short cut, you see, means much more frequent visits to the hairdresser, and that means much less pin money for hats. If there is going to be a change in coiffures, there is clearly no place for them to go except longer, but there is no sign that a change is imminent. Not only that, but it turns out that women don't mind at all revealing the real shape of their skulls; they like comfort now, and they like to be able to toss their heads in a fashion reminiscent of what might be called the hey-hey days of the Charleston. Needless to say, there's no special point to wearing hats with such a hairdo. But the custom milliners, who for some reason appear to hate hatlessness, have had a healthy reaction to this menace, and the result is that many of the new autumn hats, no matter how big and imposing, have no formality, and neither do they perch precariously, or even look as if they did. The clamps and elastics that anchored the perching hats are beginning to vanish; now hats are more likely to be deep and cling close to the head, and some, in fact, almost completely cover the hair. Sally Victor's Nubian caps and Mr. John's snugly draped cap masterpieces are instances of this. And though a few people, like Adolfo, of Emmé, keep on perching their inventions way up on top, the attached jersey snoods that hold them in place cling tight. Thus the shape of close haircuts is respected, and the hats also provide a refuge for wispy ends if the wearer decides to let her hair grow out a bit. More and more art, too, has been directed toward constructing headgear that can be rolled up and tossed into a suitcase or handbag; the boys and girls of the trade have found out that in this casual era only models will bother about carrying hatboxes.

There's a definite increase in arrangements to accomplish a toward-the-back look. Adolfo makes caps to be worn smashed sideways and to the rear of one ear. The creations of Gustavo (he's now at 59 West 56th Street) show a good inch of widow's peak up front, and plenty of them descend almost as low as the shoulder blades, revealing hardly any break where crown meets rippled brim; Mr. John's deep, deep Garbo cloches flop very low behind and arch in front. Every woman shopping for such things should be equipped with a rear-vision mirror, to make sure she doesn't look like a turtle as she leaves the room. Much of this foolery in hats is caused, so I'm told, by the moving pictures being shot in Egypt. This Cleopatra influence, though, is not as obvious as you might think. And anyway, we have had side-draped Oriental turbans before, *alors*.

THE *commedia dell' arte* is the jumping-off point this time for Sally Victor, who has put forth some of the most imaginative swashbuckling big hats to be seen anywhere. (All of them appear in medium and small versions, too, but it's more fun to talk about the ones for Entrances.) Her Pantaloons, which are felts that clear the forehead, sport a bit of shirring that starts high at one side and then is released into a brim that sweeps irregularly outward and downward, sort of like wings, toward the back. Some hats that do homage to Harlequin have squarish crowns that slant to the rear, and brims that are narrow front and back but shoot out wide at the sides before they curl up-



"*You don't see* *him* *quibbling.*"

#1330. Newest long-line. In white, $8.95. In black, $10.

#3311. Waltz-length corselette in black or white. $25.

#1311. Merry Widow Cinch-bra in black or white, $12.50.

Just a wee bit naughty—but so nice!

Now any girl can look and feel her most fabulous self—in Warner's Merry Widow! The strapless that began as a bare and bewitching Cinch-bra—stole so many hearts we've styled it a dozen wonderful ways.

Going to all the prettiest extremes! The long 'n lovely corselette—or the new *waltz-length* for dancing. And to make it *brief,* you'll find such beautiful bras—long-lines, short-lines—there's even a *padded* Merry Widow!

All the material luxuries, too—wicked laces to sweet embroidered cottons! But still, the beauty of them all is the bra itself—its freedom-loving lift, the way it turns half-bra just by tucking down the misty cuffs.

Why not look for *your* Warner's Merry Widow now, starting at $3.95 at all the nicest stores everywhere.

WARNER'S*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Merry Widows

You'll still be a New Yorker

though your address is

Douglas Park

Riverdale-on-Hudson

Henry Hudson Parkway at 236th Street

But you'll feel like a landed country squire, surrounded by acres of parks and lawns and gardens—your estate sloping down to the banks of the majestic Hudson.

But you'll have no grass to mow, no crops to tend, no snow to shovel. You'll live carefree in a beautiful, modern and spacious Park-Avenue-planned apartment, in a luxurious 11-story fireproof building only 25 minutes from the heart of town.

2½ ROOMS FROM $96
3½ ROOMS FROM 115
4½ ROOMS FROM 155
5½ ROOMS FROM 225

Free Gas for cooking included in rentals
4½ and 5½ Rooms with two Baths
Many Apartments with Terraces
Garage in Building

Agent on Premises: KI 8-0757 or

14 E. 47TH ST., N. Y. C. — BROWN, HARRIS, STEVENS, INC. — PLAZA 5-5500

Renting and Managing Agent

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC. Norelco

Schirmer's proudly introduce the new Norelco

Continental Grand

HIGH FIDELITY RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

From Philips of the Netherlands, makers of the famed "Concerto Grand", now comes the new "Continental Grand" made and priced especially for the American market. For AM, FM, Short Wave or Records, it delights with magnificent performance. See it now at Schirmer's.

$475

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd STREET, MU 2-8100
BROOKLYN: 475 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170

ward. Her Scaramouche berets are likely to involve bands around the head an inch or more wide and tops of contrasting fabric that spill over the edge, sometimes as far as the shoulders; a de-luxe version is of black velours with a bandeau of white mink. Victor is also turning her talents to floppy slouch hats, usually of the velours and melusines and soleils and other silky, deep-piled felts that abound this year. These are adorned with satin ribbon—a left-handed gesture toward what used to be known as a sports type of knockabout hat. Most of her slouches dip gracefully on one side and arch on the other. Some are entirely of stitched satin; one such, with a low, big, squared-off crown, is shown with a fitted town coat of pepper-and-salt tweed (looks good, too). A perfect beauty (in three sizes) of cerise felt has a deep, below-the-crown fold across the front that turns into a fluted godet on the downside. As for small hats, there are pillboxes, with undulating, inverted U's cut out of the bottom, in every possible fabric plus embroidery or jewels; a honey in red velvet is sprayed with jet beads. For that matter, you can have fur pillboxes; one of black broadtail is indented by red suède dots all the way around. Victor's Egyptian caps look more Cleopatra than most, but they also suggest the helmets of our own nineteen-twenties, being cut nearly straight along the hairline in front and then curving down to cover the ears. The quiet versions sometimes show up in fuzzy gray felt with a darker one-inch edge or in leopard with a band of black felt; the restless ones occasionally have a band of feathers going across the forehead and then straight down into wings, either over the ears or forward beside the cheeks. And nothing could be more charming than Victor's little beret-and-ascot combinations, tilted way over to one side and made of leopard, white mink, or pink ermine—*blush* pink, at that.

MR. JOHN is also fond of fur, but he can easily bemuse you, for many of his specially dyed felts have such depth that it would be easy to conclude that they are zebra, nutria, or mink instead of merely a convincing replica. (The price tags will tell you, though.) One big Garbo cloche is of dark mink, arched in front and rippling low at the sides and back; others have deep crowns of gray or blond Egyptian shag (the shaggiest felt yet) and wide brims of darker-gray or brown felt. A really deep cloche with a bell crown

Tang offers new way to comb your hair

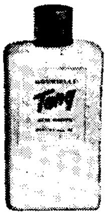
Once over lightly with Gourielli's new Hair Groom controls your hair all day

AFTER long and careful experimentation, Artchil Gourielli, world authority on men's toiletries, brings you his perfected Tang Hair Groom. This revolutionary product *significantly* changes the basic grooming of your hair—in two ways.

First, Tang conditions—*lightly* lubricates your hair. Second, and newer, it fully *controls* your hair without that "set" look.

Rub some breeze-fresh Tang Hair Groom into your hair, wet or dry, when you comb it in the morning. Then comb away—and watch your hair follow instructions exactly. Your hair stays put, even hours away from a mirror.

Daily care with Gourielli's Hair Groom is the obvious follow-through to regular use of Tang Dandruff Control Shampoo. At better department and drug stores, Tang Hair Groom* and Shampoo, in 5¼-oz. plastic squeeze bottles—$1.50 each. **plus tax*



GOURIELLI, 16 East 55 St., New York 22

the St. Regis Roof

AIR-CONDITIONED

MILT SHAW and his orchestra
and the Ray Bari Ensemble
(Available for private luncheons)

COCKTAILS IN THE PENTHOUSE

HOTEL **St. Regis**
FIFTH AVENUE at 55th Street

Tôle Lamps

WARD and ROME

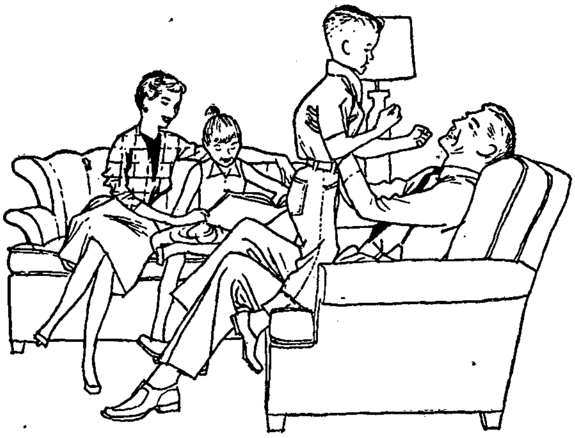
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years

82nd AT B'WAY N. Y.

Steinberg's

DAIRY RESTAURANT



McCall's Magazine...and only McCall's...has done what

NO OTHER MAGAZINE DARED TO DO...

How many magazines . . . or for that matter, how many *businesses* . . . would make a basic change when they are already eminently successful?

Nevertheless, that is what McCall's did . . . with courage, with conviction, with confidence.

In a bold and dramatic move, at a time when the magazine was at an all time high, third largest of all magazines, McCall's broadened its editorial scope . . . to embrace the growing needs of the woman and to excite the interests of all her family, in all ways . . . the first and only magazine to be so edited.

What brought about this decision? The times in which we live . . . times which witnessed a clear change in family life in America.

For the first time in our history the majority of the people own their own homes. Today we travel more, earn more, spend more, save more, read more, worship more. And most significant of all, we're doing all these things *together* . . . as a *family* sharing a common experience.

It's to this informal pattern of life . . . a life of shared responsibilities and closer relationships, that McCall's is dedicated.

For indeed, McCall's *is* part of our new way of life, widening our horizons, inspiring our lives, helping us live a fuller, richer, more satisfying life . . . *together* . . . as a *family*.

McCall's

—*for the woman and her family*

OXFORD GREY SUIT $50.00
All Wool Flannel with fringed collar and pocket detail. Graceful flared skirt. Sizes 10-16.

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, New York

Time to switch to
NO·CAL T M REG
Absolutely Non-Fattening

NO-CAL LEMON
NO-CAL LEMON

Absolutely delicious, too. No other soft drink can match NO-CAL for refreshing taste... or for keeping your waist in shape.

7 tangy flavors!

Kirsch Beverages, Brooklyn, New York

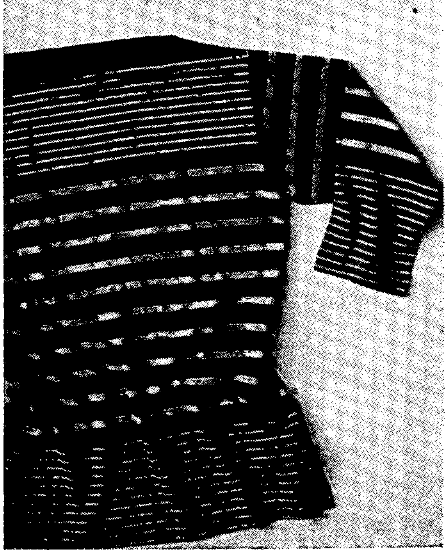
is of African zebra, and its tiny rippled brim shoots downward all around; a superlative one, all shirred pink velvet, is along somewhat the same lines. Still another cloche ends in a small brim that slants down and then turns under a bit. I suggest that the buyer be sure she has a neck as long as Garbo's if she chooses any of these, lest she look crushed to earth. Mr. John's helmet cloches are round and project in front, polo style, and the visors of some provide a really slashing profile effect; a beige or black melusine hat has a huge visor coming forward and downward.

My favorites of the whole Mr. John lot are his Egyptian Princess caps, which hug the head and the hairline. Some are of tan kasha jersey, draped down to a little bow in back, or draped diagonally, with little scimitars of gathered jersey over the temples or across the back to hold in the gathers. Many are of striped black-and-white silk, and one is strictly from the Nile—a V of black velvet on the forehead and an arc of striped silk down each side of the face; you expect an asp to rear up from the top. This sort of cap (for women who still insist on huddled coat collars) appears in evening versions of silk velvet or peony-pink satin (the latter are pulled into a big knot down on the nape), and a number of them are decorated with wispy feathers trailing down one cheek or over the forehead. Among the other ideas for after dark are caps of shirred white panne cut in star shapes whose points nestle in the hair or zigzag down the cheeks. Plenty of these are decorated with wispy feathers, too. And there are feather turbans in such muted colors that it is often difficult to tell where the hair leaves off and the hat begins. (I happen to like this sneaky approach.) Their décor is forward-shooting ornaments. Several of them jut boldly forward, as shaggy as any modern hairdo. These are for women who once in a while want to imply a short haircut without actually having one, and so are some sleek beauties of shiny black lacquered or iridescent feathers, overlapping and quivering like leaves.

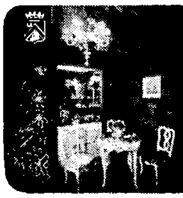
"NO pillboxes, no Camembert influence," says Adolfo (Emmé's new address is 19 West 57th Street), who is making some of the least adamant hats in town. They are easygoing, adjustable, and mostly look as if they'd been thrown on the head any which way. The favored way of wearing them is back of one ear. A red-and-dark-green striped blazer wool with lit-

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

"LE MATELOT"
American translation of the French sailor shirt. Boat neck, ¾ sleeves, side vents; in cotton lisle, our own colors and stripes: black with blue, green, or rust; white with black or tan, red with yellow. Sizes S, M, L, XL for men (or female pirates!) $5.00
Mail and Phone Orders. SU 7-4000



Cafe Pierre
AIR CONDITIONED
LUNCHEON COCKTAILS
DINNER SUPPER
Songs by Tina Prescott
Dancing from six to closing
No Cover, No Minimum
until 10 P.M.
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET


Exclusive Perfumes
blended in the French Tradition
The Perfume Shop of
MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

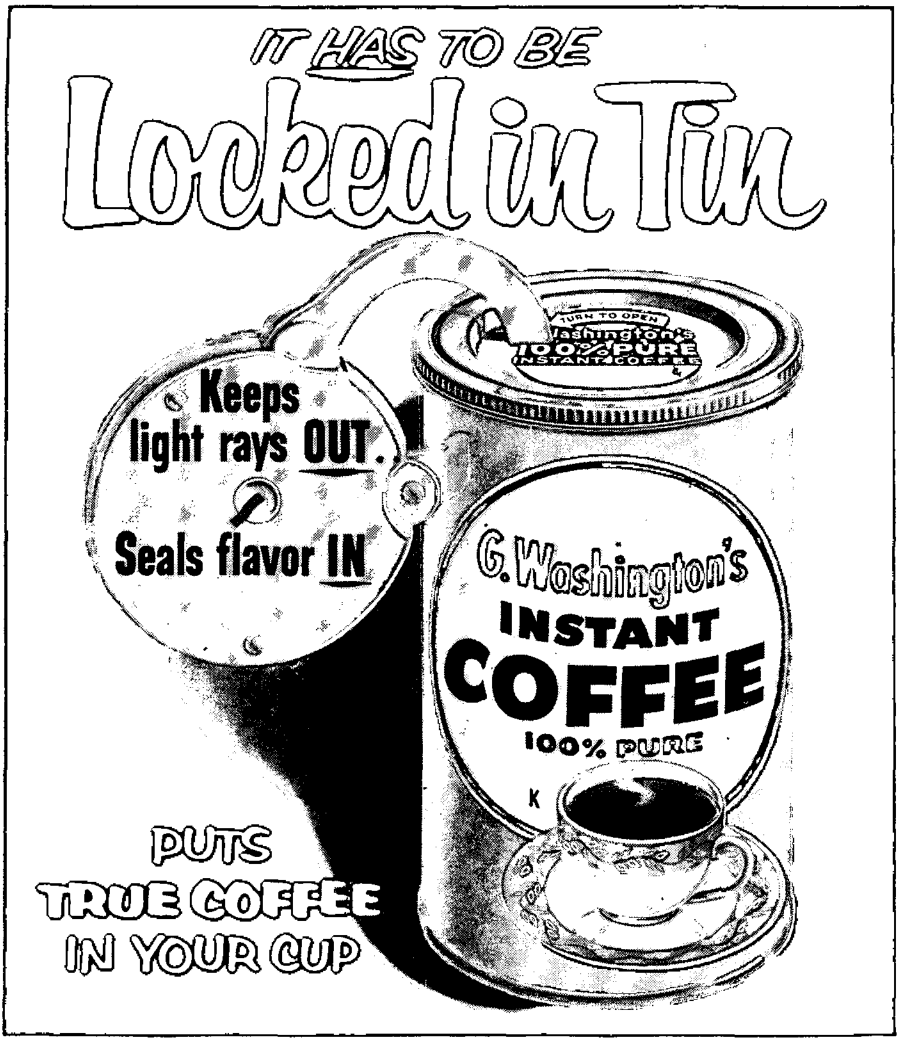
The Homestead
Greenwich, Conn.
"A Duncan Hines Recommendation"
Situated in cool near-by Greenwich. Gratis transportation to beach. Tennis, shuffleboard and badminton. The finest in rooms, suites and food. Summer Theatres near-by. Philip A. Waldron, Owner.
Phone: Greenwich 8-7500

tle gold blazer buttons as the only decoration makes deep beanie caps and little crushed berets, and there are gloves and handbags to match. Cap helmets of velours are occasionally given back draping, like a turban, but they slam on behind an ear in a manner the complete opposite of grandiose. Some have a slight rolled edge and a bit of height toward the rear. And all of them can be flattened out and packed, there being no wire or anything else more restraining than a touch of binding. A lot of the hats have a real round-headed look—Emmé calls them "globular"—but there is usually drapery to keep them from being too stark. Still, there *is* one really stark polo helmet, with a chin strap of white velours, that juts out a trifle over the eyes—just the ticket for a chukker or two in somebody's duplex. The others are also worn straight on the head and projecting over the eyes, but they're at least mashed in here and there to make them look soft.

Anchored hats, too, continue to get loving attention here for those who remain true to flyaway shapes. Striped velvet Bretons of several sizes are secured to the owner by detachable, head-hugging underpinning that goes right down to the ears. Comes now a whole group of hats that are a mixture of black beaver (looks like seal) and a bright turquoise jersey. The beaver makes a toque, a cloche with a small crown, or whatever; the jersey makes a gathered and draped snood that can entirely cover the ears and hair or show as much coiffure as the wearer pleases. Adolfo, in addition, has thought up a magnificent beret of black broadtail, which is utterly casual save for the big rhinestone ornament; it's to be worn with a broadtail cape. And he has thought up an inverted flowerpot of leopard to be worn tilted, Dietrich fashion, with a matching jacket of black seal. Still another fur job is a dome cloche of leopard. Women with long, wistful bobs might try his shallow beanies, tipped far over an ear, with a feather or a trail of black chiffon descending from the top. (The hat bars will love copying these, though.) For evening, there are masses of period-piece, Gaby Deslys glimmer, such as a net cap studded with rhinestones and further enlivened by a huge *chou* of tulle that starts low at one side and ends in a trailing scarf to drape around the shoulders. Now let us inspect Adolfo's two-in-one (or one-in-two) hats. The first example is a rhinestone-studded V of black taffeta going from the forehead to a bow or chignon at the back of the

G. Washington's

The Only Instant Coffee
SO GOOD...



G. Washington's in NEW BEAD FORM

If you are one who can't stand that off-coffee flavor, this is the instant coffee for *you.* A blend of the world's finest coffees—*and nothing but coffee*—G. Washington's is percolated in small batches, extracted, then sealed with all its rich, fresh flavor into light-proof, flavor-lock tins.

Thus you enjoy G. Washington's natural, mellow coffee taste—never harsh or bitter, never flat or wishy-washy. Yet it costs no more.

Try the new Bead-Form G. Washington's Instant Coffee for the sheer pleasure of deep-down *true-coffee* flavor. We think you'll agree it's the best instant coffee you ever tasted.

Yes, the New G. Washington's is the only one flavor-locked in tin...

LIKE PREMIUM QUALITY GROUND COFFEES

ALSO-QUICK 1 CUP "ACES" Sized for purse or pocket, they give you the same fine coffee wherever hot water is available. For home or office, for trips of all kinds, for real *true coffee* anywhere. Strips of 3 or packets of 12.

Peck and Peck

You can tell she's American—so alert to new ideas like our shirt with its own trouser belt. In Dacron®-and-cotton that barely needs an iron. Red-black or blue-navy tattersall on white. 10 to 18. 12.95. Her flannel shorts in black charcoal, camel-color, navy or brown heather. 8 to 18. 10.95.

Litwin

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Minneapolis • Hartford • Buffalo • Kansas City

neck; a big taffeta hat with a puffy edge is worn over it. The second example is a hat that is masses of black tulle, over which is worn a black taffeta babushka. (Adolfo was responsible for that organdie wedding-veil babushka that has become such a conversation piece around town, and it will be hard to forgive him, because he knew perfectly well what he was doing.)

Gustavo offers no forward look at all; everything slopes merrily to the back from a point above the hairline in front. He does big hats of beige soleil, the brims turned sharply back on themselves in front and descending in the rear beyond the smooth shoulders of the straight Directoire coats he believes in. The back fullness of a version in gray soleil droops lower on one side than the other; a more moderate version, of brown soleil, has a brim in back short enough to clear the coat collar. Many of his hats are extra-deep pillboxes or toques, or a mixture of both—off the hairline in front and ascending to widen a bit at the top, Ninotchka style. Some are of black velvet with black satin around the upper edge, and dashing indeed. Lots of them look like a handkerchief carefully tied down over the ears, with little dog-eared points sticking out above. But it's only an illusion; the technique is just one of Gustavo's ingenious contributions to the small cloche—the brim arching wide over the forehead but close to the head at the sides, the deep crown folded to give width above the ears. (Several *actual* handkerchief evening hats are here, too. A number are pink or blue velvet covered with crystal beads, and they end in tabs across the back of the head and wide, upstanding points at the sides.) What I wanted to say was that the Gustavo cloche is as imaginative as anything you'll run across in many a day. Most of his examples are tilted and irregular, with all kinds of insets and ornaments, and they jut out beside one ear, zigzag down one cheek, or go forward into a sickle curve on one temple. A little cloche of beige soleil has a tiny arched brim of purple soleil in front, and a sickle of the beige soleil winds around each side of the visor to the appropriate eyebrow. Gustavo is firmly in favor of coq feathers for the cocktail or dinner hour—a band of white satin goes across the head above the hairline to end in a point on one cheekbone, and feathers sweep across the top and down at one side; a sort of pillbox velvet cap has a trail of the feathers down the back. He believes

NON-FATTENING but Never "THIN"
in BODY • in TASTE • or QUALITY

NON-FATTENING
Cott
SUGAR FREE

Cott
premium quality
NON-FATTENING
BEVERAGES
2 *for* 29¢
Sugar Free—Salt Free
9 Delicious Flavors

• • • • •

IF YOU ARE NOT DIETING . . .
BUY THE SAME FINE QUALITY COTT BEVERAGES
MADE WITH PURE CANE SUGAR IN
17 TRUE FRUIT AND OTHER DELICIOUS FLAVORS

FIRE ISLAND
BEACH and BAY
FRONTAGE

A family vacation spot at Fire Island; large safe yacht harbor; ideal for a vacation and week-end home. Building sites within a block of the waterfront, from $275 per lot; bayfront from $550; right on the beach at $800. Minimum 3 lots. Color brochure and more information for the asking. Phone or write

FIRE ISLAND PINES
On the Atlantic Ocean
125 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
Phone GRamercy 3-6800

Cheval Blanc
"*A Gay bit of Paris in New York*"
Mussels Cheval Blanc Crepes Suzette
Coq Au Vin
145 EAST 45th STREET
Dinner from $3.00 Luncheon from $1.75
Tel. EL 5-9352

women's foreheads should be clean-cut, without any raggedy bangs, if they plan to wear his hats, and he also believes that, in back, Her hair should be longer than His is.

WALTER FLORELL is amusing himself and the customers with double-brimmed hats that he calls Car-Chics because they look rather like automobile tires. A tire beret, to be worn straight on the head, looks like a fat round tube of black felt set on a head-hugging black velvet bandeau that comes down in points to the tops of the ears; others are in two tones of, say, gray felt and have a Breton air, probably because the underbrim curves upward to meet the upper brim descending. The crowns cling snugly to the back of the head. Then, we have his Sphinxes (Egypt *again?*), which are like deep toques. Most of the fall hats are limp as stockings, but these are heavily stiffened. They end in a very small downward-slanting brim, with only a hint of a waistline to separate the brim from the crown, and Florell swathes them and swathes them with stuff. One of royal-blue velvet is wrapped with two-tone pink jersey; one is wrapped in a matching velvet; one of blue-flame jersey is almost entirely covered with iridescent paillettes, pearls, and rhinestones. Other swathed affairs are more like conventional cloches, with medium brims covered by artful drapery. And Florell plumps for old-fashioned curly ostrich in the evening, usually letting it froth over the tops of shallow, widish pillboxes of panne velvet or combinations of black velvet and satin.

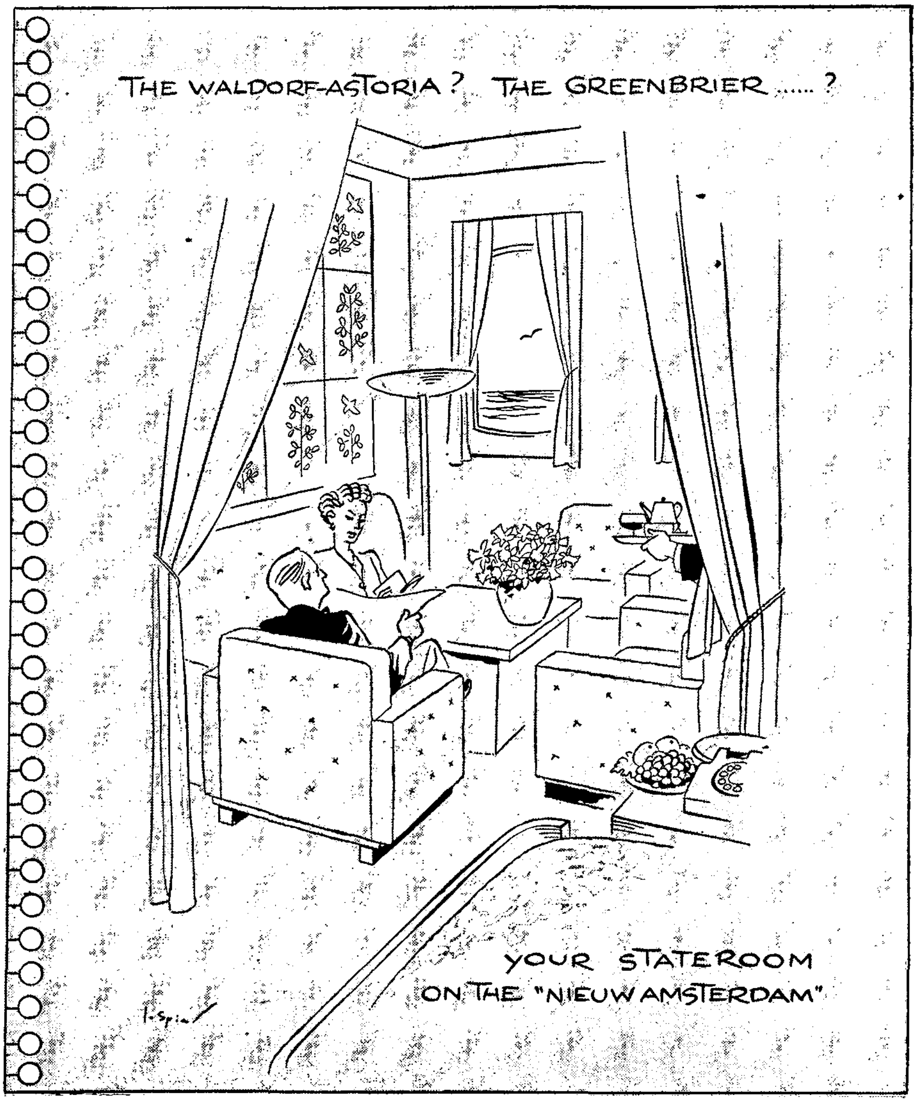
SUCH an odd feeling to see so few veils and other flutter in the fall showings. Refreshing, like a good clean wind from the sea, it is. But this isn't the whole story. Florell is not the only milliner who is resisting the apparent trend to simplicity. There are all the formal Oriental turbans at places like Lilly Daché and Laddie Northridge. And there is a noticeable preoccupation with glittery junk jewelry for the neck to help resist that same trend. I'll get around to these crosscurrents any moment now. —LOIS LONG

* * *

Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay!

Those were the first English words I knew by heart.—"*Guignol's Band*," *by Louis-Ferdinand Céline.*

Well, it's a start.


THE WALDORF-ASTORIA? THE GREENBRIER...... ?
YOUR STATEROOM ON THE "NIEUW AMSTERDAM"

The modern decor, the spaciousness of your stateroom on the Nieuw Amsterdam suggest the ultimate in luxurious living.

STATE OCCASION

For breakfast in bed, cocktails with people you know or would like to know better, or for just a restful night's sleep, nothing quite approaches a stateroom on the magnificent *Nieuw Amsterdam.* And this, your home-at-sea, is only a few steps from a score and more of round-the-clock activities—to indulge in or not, as you wish.

As on all Holland-America Line ships, you are constantly aware of immaculate ship-keeping—plus the competence of a captain and crew born to the sea and seafaring traditions.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y. • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

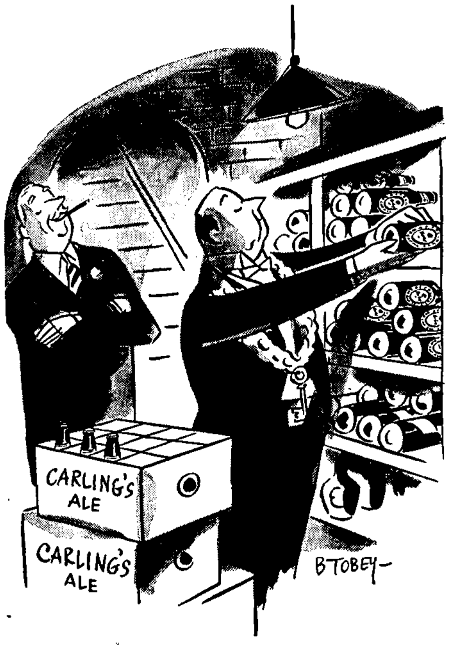
"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

NEW YORK
IRELAND
ENGLAND
HOLLAND
FRANCE

Frequent sailings to IRELAND—ENGLAND—FRANCE and HOLLAND for all EUROPE. Choose the luxurious flagship NIEUW AMSTERDAM; the one-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM; the twin thriftliners RYNDAM and MAASDAM. Superb CRUISE PROGRAM in all seasons.

Better than Beer?
Can it be?

Try Carling's Red Cap Ale
... and see!



© CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

OR, PUT ON YOUR ROSE-COLORED BIFOCALS

FOR the past several months, prior to last week, whenever I started to read a book—or, for that matter, a magazine, a newspaper, or the monthly letter of the National City Bank—I felt as though my brains were turning to butter, or possibly to oleomargarine. I toyed with the idea of a three-year analysis with Dr. Kubie (especially one day after I had had a dream in which I was a stamp collector, and the giraffes in the 1901 issue of Nyassa burst out of their engravings and started nosing me into a clump of eucalyptus trees, closely followed by the camels from the higher values); with the notion of taking a world cruise, a hot bath, or a cold bird; and with a project to substitute grace for Martinis before breakfast.

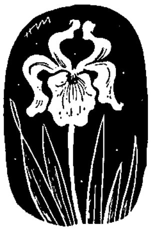
Reason prevailed, however. It occurred to me last week that my eyes, which I hadn't had examined for eight years, rather than my brains, which I have never had examined, might be at fault. I consulted my oculist, who confirmed my suspicion. He prescribed bifocals, and this not only has restored my pleasure in reading but has made it a kind of adventure. The adventure comes in because I haven't quite got the hang of the bifocals, and this sometimes throws my reading off just enough to lend it an entertaining aspect, which, I am sure, is often missed by those blessed with twenty-twenty vision. For example, I recently picked up the real-estate section of the Sunday *Times* and read, or thought I read:

MADMAN TAKES
ROCKLAND TRACT

COMPLETES ASSEMBLAGE OF 700
ACRES IN ORANGEBURG FOR
FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

I was delighted with this item, and with the *Times* for running it. How much more interesting it sounded than the two headlines that flanked it: "HOUSES PLANNED AT JERSEY LAKES," and "LIQUOR FIRM GETS STORAGE BUILDING"! I knew there was an insane asylum—Grasslands—in Rockland County, and I reflected that the madman must have escaped from there, or perhaps been paroled in the custody of his aunt, and, with a hell of a yell, acquired the tract, which I assumed he would name Lunatic Fringe.

I then began to wonder whether the assemblage of the seven hundred acres he had completed had been started by another, mayhap a previous escapee, or whether he had done the whole thing on his own. If he had, I thought, what a methodical, forward-looking maniac! Was this not proof positive that we misjudge our mental cases? Should they not *all* be turned loose, with a small amount of capital, some surveying instruments, and a batch of blueprints? Would they not then blanket the earth with pleasure domes, and cause split-level units, garden apartment houses, full basements, attached garages, expansion attics, built-in-the-wall ovens, and two-family, no-down-payment gazebos to bloom where none had bloomed before? Were these maniacs not more steadfast of purpose than their saner brethren? Was not a delusion, nourished behind barred windows in an institution, stronger, and in a way more admirable, than the kind of ambivalence you so often find in luxury hotels, duplex apartments, and private houses, where windows are open to every passing breeze and occupants open to every passing suggestion? Is not a man who thinks—nay, knows—he is Napoleon, or who cares for nought but the future development of Orangeburg, a more valuable citizen than one who can't make up his mind which he prefers, fresh orange juice or frozen?

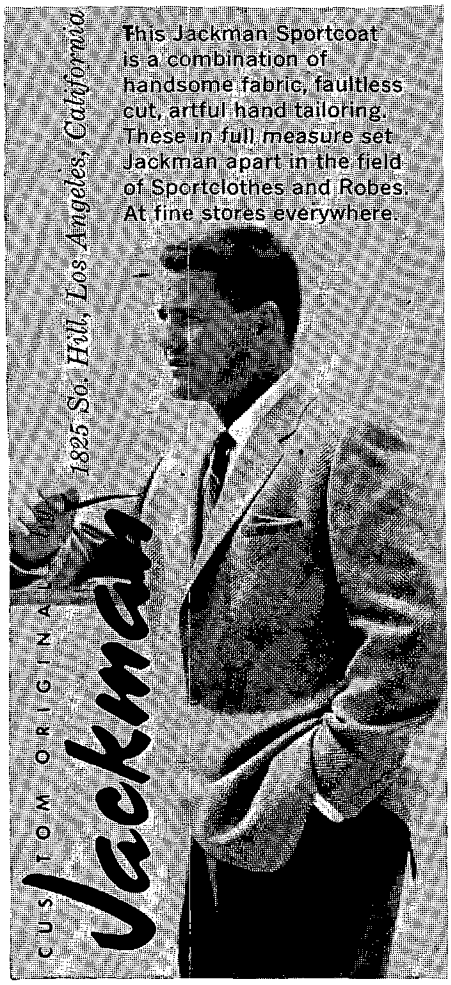


I took off my bifocals, wiped them, put them back, and read on, and my theories vanished into a cocked hat, which I had also taken off, and laid on the table. "A tract of more than seven hundred acres in Rockland County," I read, "has been assembled by Irving Maidman for improvement and investment. Part of the property will be used for housing, while the remainder will be developed for industrial use."

WELL, disappointments abound, but I am going to go right on reading in the hope of stimulating new bifocal illusions. As a matter of fact, it is perfectly possible to misread a *Times* headline to advantage without benefit of typographical hallucination. Here's one I came across on the same page as Mr. Maidman, and happily misinterpreted:

$4,200,000 MORTGAGE
SOLD BY "FANNY MAY"

I thought this meant that a lady named Fanny May had sold a four-million-two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage. Not at all. Fanny May is a nickname for the Federal National Mortgage Association. I suppose the *Times'* quotation marks should have tipped me off, but you know how the


This Jackman Sportcoat is a combination of handsome fabric, faultless cut, artful hand tailoring. These in full measure set Jackman apart in the field of Sportclothes and Robes. At fine stores everywhere.

CUSTOM ORIGINAL by Jackman

1825 So. Hill, Los Angeles, California

MINT-IT

LIQUID NATURAL MINT

Bottled for the First Time—the true flavor, aroma, and taste of the finest crushed FRESH MINT.

Wonderful in ICED TEA, GIN & TONIC and many other drinks and foods. Retains full strength indefinitely. Send for free recipe folder.
Rye Oldfarms Co., Rye, N.Y.

designed for gracious living

draper lane

MAIN & CEDAR ST.
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
NEW ELEVATOR APTS.
Set on a High Plateau — Overlooks the Hudson
NOW RENTING — Oct. Occupancy
3½, 4½, 5½ Rooms
1-1½, 2 Baths
Rentals from $125
All Apartments have Balconies or Terraces
Garages Available on Premises
Close to Shops and Schools
Walking Distance to R.R. Station
Renting Agent on Prem. DO 3-9709
"A Paterno Building"
A. V. AMY & CO., Agents, 2112 B'way, EN 2-3030

Lum Fong

New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant
Air Conditioned
150 West 52 St.
220 Canal St.
authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

Times is about quotation marks in its headlines—always putting them around "Gas" (for "Gasoline"), "Cold Feet," "Soft Line" (as in "Red 'Soft Line' "), "Asylum" (as in "Czech 'Asylum' "), "Cornerstone" (as in "Republican 'Cornerstone' "), "Revolt" (as in " 'Revolt' on Wages"), and so forth—and I just don't pay much attention to them any more. Actually, I thought Fanny May was a woman I know—Mrs. Myron Schafer, whose maiden name was Fanny May. I supposed she was using it for tax purposes. I was just about to dab some Klear-Glass on my bifocals (they keep clouding over) and write her a note of congratulation when the truth dawned on me.

Well, I had had my moment, or second moment, of excitement, and it is, or was, one in which all can, or could, share, bifocals or no. The twenty-twenty bunch need not despair.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

HORSES IN CENTRAL PARK

Colors of horses like leaves or stones,
wealthy textures,
liquors of light:

skin of a plum
more than ripe,
sheathing a robust cloven rump;

sere October leaves,
a gaunt roan's hide,
freckled dun and red;

a mole-gray back,
a dappled haunch,
tail and forelock mauve like smoke;

sober chestnut burnished
by his sweat
to veined and glowing oak;

ruddy bay;
and buckskin blond as wheat;
Burgundy mare with mane of jet;

seal-brown mustang
with stocking feet;
pinto in patched and hooded domino;

coal-colored stallion,
flake of white on his brow,
slippery silk in the sun;

blue-eyed albino,
smooth-peeled willow
or ivory under water or morning snow.

Across the tapestry of trees and grass,
colors of horses—
petals, jewels, liquors—pass.

—MAY SWENSON

our Jersey lily first fall go-between

In or out of town wool. Townfield's dress of fluid worsted jersey....the coming season's fabric in the coming season's colors: oxford, flame, eggplant, navy or black. White faille detachable over-cuffs. 10 to 20 sizes, 24.95

ZACHARY BOGERT
the Cotton Shop inc.
711 FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH
WILMINGTON MERCHANDISE MART
WILMINGTON, DEL.
1211 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rogers is a point of view . . . here in a wonderful riot of colors, a florist fresh view of you in their nylon tricot slip, all aflutter with embroidered jonquils. In White, Petal Pink, Blue Belle, Mint Frappe, Morning Yellow or Flare Red, you may have a whole wardrobe that never wilts, but lasts and launders over and over again—and know that *you're always a picture in*

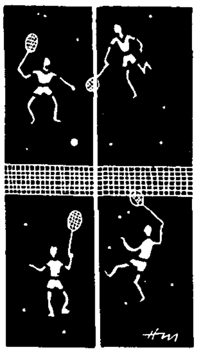
Rogers
Lingerie

Slip #4075, 32-38, 5.95. Half slip #4645, 4-7, 3.95. Panty #1284, 4-7, 1.95. Long gown #1869, 32-40, 7.95. Waltz gown #1867, 32-38, 6.95. Peignoir #1539, S-M, 10.95.

At: LORD & TAYLOR, *New York*
BEST'S APPAREL, *Seattle*
H. & S. POGUE, *Cincinnati*
and fine stores everywhere.

ON THE COURTS

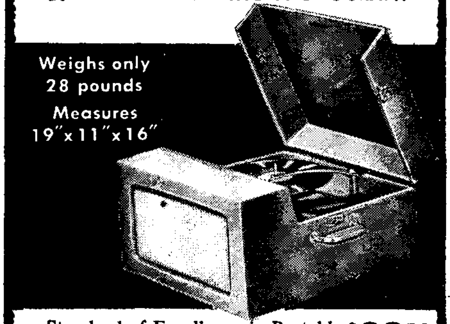
Two Systems



THE National Doubles Championships, played last week, as usual, at the Longwood Cricket Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, were notable for a number of things, among them a just about perfect seeding job. There were twelve seeded teams—six domestic and six foreign—and they all reached the third round. The first five domestic seeds were still there in the quarter-finals, along with the three top foreign seeds—all Australians. The semifinals had the No. 1 and No. 2 seeded teams in each division, and the final saw Australia's best pair, Lewis Hoad and Kenneth Rosewall, lose in four exciting and beautifully played sets to our Davis Cup doubles team, Tony Trabert and Victor Seixas. The score was 3–6, 6–4, 8–6, 6–3.

Before the start of the final, there was considerable speculation in the stadium as to whether the strict training methods used by Harry Hopman, the Australians' coach, would prove more effective than a secret signalling system recently devised by Trabert and Seixas. How they manage it I don't know, but they are able to indicate to each other, by means that are imperceptible to anyone else, where they plan to be on the court from shot to shot. Hopman's system is less subtle. He has his charges up by eight o'clock and doing roadwork and calisthenics for an hour or more before they go to work on improving their game. He supervises their diet right down to the amount of orange juice they may drink, and he is implacable about putting them to bed at eleven o'clock. In Paris a while back, this almost caused an international incident. Hopman softened to the extent of taking his team to a night club, but just before the featured singer, who happened to be Lena Horne, was introduced, he looked at his watch, announced "Bedtime," and herded his players out. Next day, one of the Paris papers interpreted this sequence of events, with something less than the usual Gallic logic, as evidence that the Australians were bundles of race prejudice. Hopman also has a system of fines for violations of his orders. He assessed

TAKE MUSIC
BACK TO SCHOOL
with the
Libertyphone
HIGH FIDELITY
PORTABLE AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH



Standard of Excellence in Portable Phonographs. A remarkable value at $99.50
Features: G-E Variable Reluctance Pickup and built-in preamplifier; 8" Speaker; 3-speed automatic record changer; handsome airplane cloth finish.
Wonderful for travel or home use.
Come in and hear it—or order it by mail with confidence."De-luxe" model, with Diamond Needle and Imported Speaker, $139.50.
Free brochure sent on request.
LIBERTY
Music Shops
450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST.
MADISON AVE. at 67th ST. • MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

one of New York's very special attractions . . . this famed eating and meeting place, where surroundings, customs and traditions are unique and club-like!
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th Street

SILVERMINE GUILD
SCHOOL OF ART
Active Winter program in the Arts. Modern Dance, Painting, Ceramics, Sculpture, Ballet, Drama. Fall sketching trip through New England. Special children's classes in all the arts. Write for catalog or tel. Norwalk, Temple 8-5453.
Silvermine Road, Norwalk, Conn.

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
18 E. 49 ST. — PL 5-7731 • MEMBER DINER'S CLUB
CLOSED SAT. & SUN. FROM JUNE 5 to SEPT. 6

the nineteen-year-old Hoad two dollars the other day for neglecting to shave. On the basis of last week's performance, it would seem that the Trabert-Seixas system was superior to Hopman's.

Other items for which these championships will be remembered include—thanks to the good weather and, perhaps, the absence of the Boston Red Sox for most of the week—the largest attendance in the seventy-four-year history of the tournament, and the appearance of Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman in her fiftieth national tennis championship. I am sure that Mrs. Wightman, who is sixty-seven, could put up quite a fight against girls a third her age. She was teamed with Mrs. Hopman, who is forty-two, and they won the Women's Senior Doubles in straight sets, 6–1, 6–4.

An innovation this year was a so-called tennis clinic to give the spectators a better idea of the intricacies of doubles play. Gardnar Mulloy presided, and at his direction Seixas and Trabert, working with Eddie Moylan and Bernard Bartzen, demonstrated different types of serves, volleys, lobs, and so on. Mulloy slipped up just once. In discussing foot faults, he said there were seven kinds. A lawyer by trade, he corrected that statement quickly by saying, "Sorry. Make that six. I was thinking of the Florida divorce laws."—P. W. W., Jr.

•

There is nothing new in heavy punishments for flirting in public. Under the Puritans, lovers in New England were punished as heavily as in modern Egypt. In 1660, Jacob Minline and Sarah Tuttle were charged with public courting in New Haven. According to the testimony of the court, "They sat down together, his arm being about her, and her arm about his shoulder or about his neck; and hee kissed her, and shee kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour." When Sarah was asked whether John had inveigled her affections, she denied the charge and said she hoped she had inveigled his. For this she was denounced as "a bould virgin" and fined £5, Jacob Minline being set free.—*The Times Magazine.*

Let's not drag John into this.

•

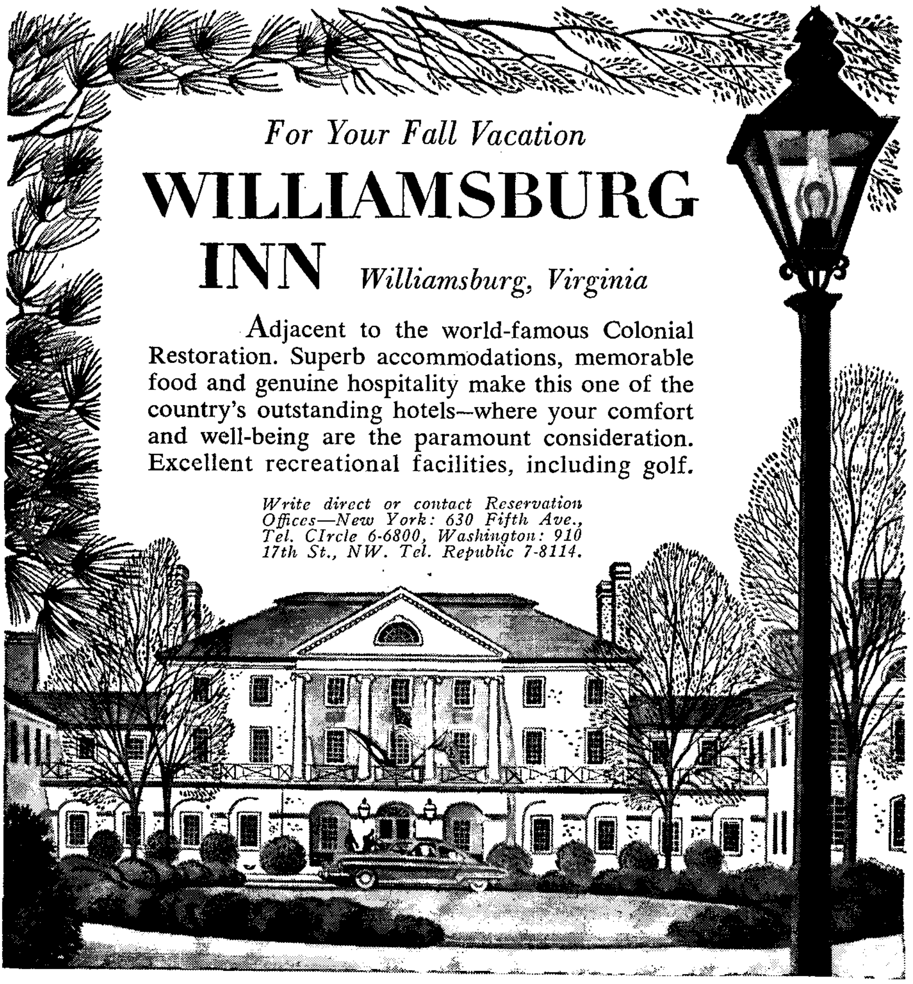
I also saw petite and lovely Mrs. Philip Isles, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the William Woodward Jrs., chic Mrs. Edward Lehman, Mrs. Douglas Sloan, J. Henry Alexandre; our Executive Publisher, Jack Herbert, and Mrs. Herbert, David and Fern Gimbel, the Jay Rutherfords, and many others too prominent to mention.
—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American.*

Snob!

AQUEDUCT
THE TRACK THAT'S NEAREST TO TOWN
AQUEDUCT
THE TRACK THAT'S NEAREST TO TOWN
AQUEDUCT
THE TRACK THAT'S NEAREST TO TOWN

Starts Monday, August 30th
Mon., Aug. 30, **The $25,000 Aqueduct Handicap**
Wed., Sept. 1, **The $15,000 Astarita**
Sat., Sept. 4, **The $25,000 Vagrancy Handicap**
EASY DRIVE: Between Rockaway Blvd. and Belt Parkway—West of Int'l Airport. Follow Airport markers. SPECIAL TRAINS: Direct to track at short intervals from Pennsylvania Station, and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn
Daily Double Closes 1:05 P. M.

First Race
1:15 P.M.
Grandstand
$1.95 *(tax incl.)*
Children Not Admitted



For Your Fall Vacation
WILLIAMSBURG INN *Williamsburg, Virginia*

Adjacent to the world-famous Colonial Restoration. Superb accommodations, memorable food and genuine hospitality make this one of the country's outstanding hotels—where your comfort and well-being are the paramount consideration. Excellent recreational facilities, including golf.

Write direct or contact Reservation Offices—New York: 630 Fifth Ave., Tel. CIrcle 6-6800, Washington: 910 17th St., NW. Tel. Republic 7-8114.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 19

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, who left here this morning to begin his part in the 1954 Congressional campaign, has five months to go before completing the first half of his first administration. Except in the calendar sense, however, he is in the middle of his tenure right now. The Eighty-third Congress has just about finished up its legislative business, and it is in this Congress that the administration has made the record it must stand on in the mid-term elections, which are invariably thought to be a test of how the voters regard a President and his party. It may be that momentous decisions will confront the President in the next few months, but no crisis of a political nature is foreseeable now, and none will arise if it is within his and his associates' power to defer it. Aside from the task of assisting his party in the coming campaign—particularly those members of it who are pledged to assisting him—his work for the years 1953 and 1954 is at an end. He has formulated a program, submitted it to Congress, and noted, sometimes ruefully, its progress there. What he does between now and the convening of the Eighty-fourth Congress, in January, will belong more properly to the second than to the first half of his administration.

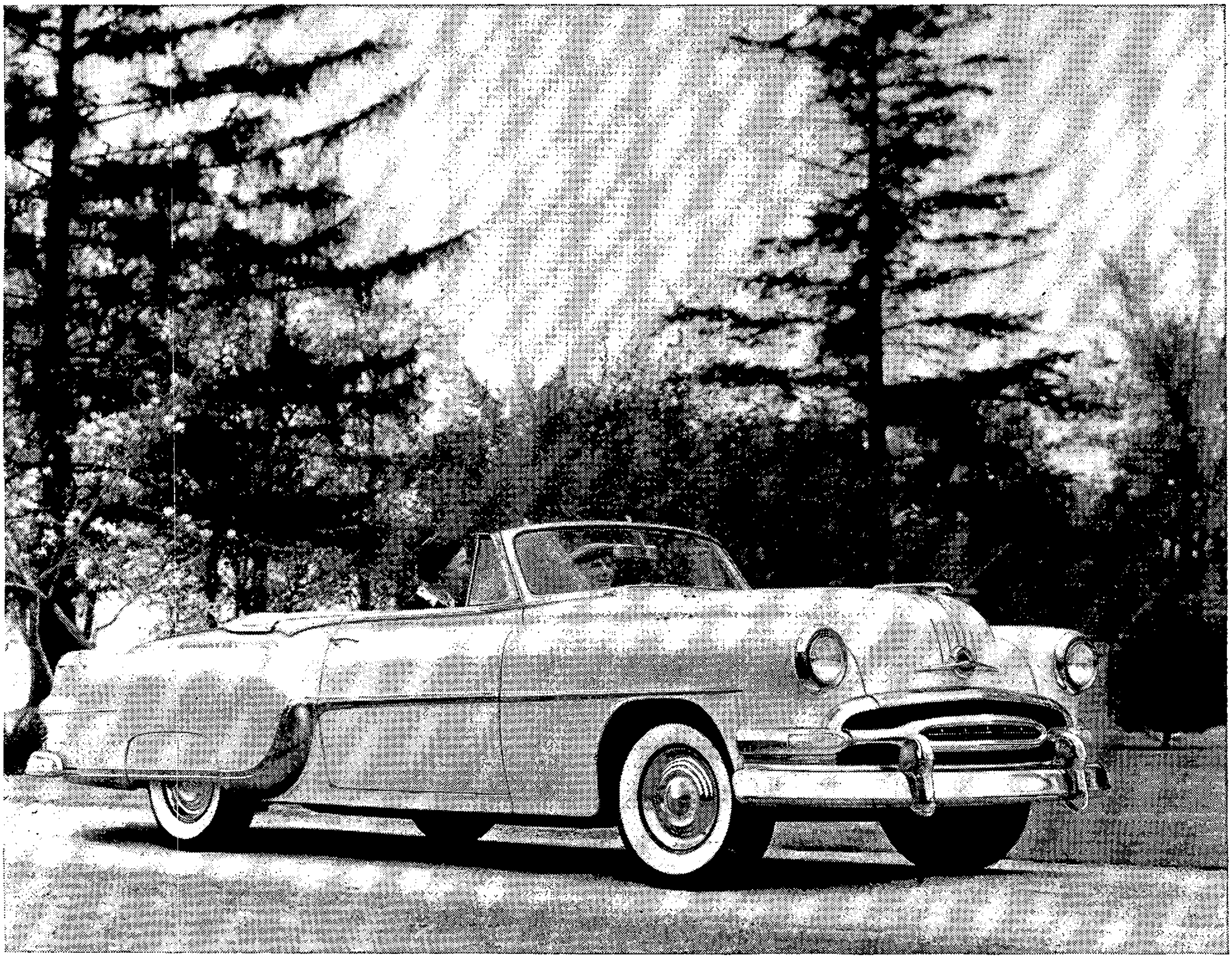
Among those who have been observing the President closely since he took office on January 20, 1953, the feeling is widespread that this halfway mark in his term coincides with some striking changes in his outlook on his job and in his manner of handling it. It has been plain to almost everyone here that up to this summer his outlook on his job has been a sour one. In his press conferences, which in themselves he found distasteful and avoided whenever a handy excuse offered itself, he neither spoke nor behaved like a man happy in his work, and any number of people who had occasion to talk with him privately reported that he seemed to be generally discontented. He had, they said, found the job more taxing than he had expected, and the political atmosphere of his life more stifling. He could not bring himself to a stoic acceptance of the fact that every aspect of his and his family's life was subject to constant scrutiny and comment. He was full of bitterness about things like the public debate over whether he spent too much time playing golf. He was not only vexed but profoundly bored by many of the problems he was forced to deal with, and he was aghast at the bureaucratically archaic system that compelled him to sit hour after hour affixing his name to so-called private bills and other documents he regarded as trivial. He found very little to his liking in the political process generally. While he understood, of course, that a civilian leader must demonstrate not only the wisdom—factitious or otherwise—of his commands but his authority to issue them, he is reported not to have realized how much of his military background would prove irrelevant, or even a downright handicap, in his present line. The "staff system" he introduced in the White House has worked well enough in keeping him informed, but as a technique of administration it has been a frost, and the President knows it. (Its flaws are being vividly revealed in the current mixup over Senator Dirksen's proposal to return to German and Japanese nationals the properties this country seized in wartime. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Brownell, the President's diplomatic and legal deputies, respectively, have been arguing at cross-purposes before Congressional committees, and both, it develops, are at cross-purposes with the President.) Finally, the failure of the Republican factions to compose their differences and unite behind him has been a source of extreme disappointment.

Until a few weeks ago, the common opinion here was that the President would, if he felt that he could allow himself to be guided by his own wishes and a concern for his own welfare, reject the nomination of the Republican Party in 1956. Because it was realized that a man who has made a record of any sort acquires, in time, an interest in defending it and in seeking personal vindication, and because it was also realized that parties have a way of prevailing over the personal wishes of their leaders, there were few people who went so far as to say flatly that the President would not be a candidate. But the feeling almost everywhere was that he didn't like the job, that he regretted ever having accepted it, and that he would put up a stiff fight against any attempt to get him to renew his contract two years from now. It was pointed out that he had often said he had sought the office in the first place only to keep it from two other men—Robert A. Taft and Harry S. Truman. Convinced that the country would not benefit by the election of either man, he felt he had no choice but to campaign for himself. The elimination of both these men, it was argued, eliminated his case for himself. Beyond that, he was unhappy in the job. The odds on his quitting were favorable.

In recent days, this line of thought has been widely revised. Evidence has been piling up to suggest that the President not only is becoming accustomed to his present mode of living but is beginning to enjoy it. Visitors have found him less dour and complaining, associates have found him less bored by his work, and correspondents have found him a friendlier, live-

PONTIAC

A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE



Lifts Your Pride . . . Saves You Money!

The sharply contrasting statements above define an important—and exclusive—Pontiac advantage. There is nothing this car won't do for you, and do superbly well. With its distinctive Silver Streak styling, regal interiors, fine-car size, and smooth, responsive big-car performance a Pontiac bows to none in the qualities conferring pride of ownership. Yet it is as practical a purchase as a car can be—wondrously economical . . . solidly established as a marvel of dependability . . . notably high in resale value . . . and priced near the least you will pay for any new car. Come in for a close inspection of Pontiac's beauty and luxury. Go out for a revealing ride. Then let Pontiac's price and our appraisal convince you that now is the time to buy a car—and here is the car to buy!

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

“All-purpose”
Loden Cloth

Tyrolean shepherds first learned the wonderful qualities of warmth, rain-resistance and light weight that could be spun and woven into this cloth from native wool. We import the fabric and have it tailored to our own exacting specifications. Truly a handsome coat that will look well indefinitely.

TYROLEAN LODEN TOPCOAT

Imported wool fabric. In either raglan or set-in sleeve models. Colors: blue, gray, tan or brown.

Raglan sleeves with balmacaan collar . .	$85.00
Set-in sleeves	85.00

Send for swatches.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NO. WABASH

lier, more formidable, and somewhat more combative statesman. He still lacks, and doubtless always will lack, the kind of Presidential militancy exemplified for Republicans by Theodore Roosevelt and for Democrats by Franklin Roosevelt, but at least he no longer gives the impression of diffidence, lassitude, and self-pity that he was giving only a short while ago. It may be that appearances are deceiving, or it may be that he is merely bracing himself for the ordeal of the Congressional campaign, but the fact remains that there has been a notable change in his attitude and manner. It has also been pointed out that the change seems to have taken place at about the same stage as a similar change took place in the attitude of his predecessor. The self-confidence and jauntiness that came to be thought of as characteristic of President Truman did not display themselves until he had been in office a couple of years and had overcome the sense of unworthiness to which he gave constant expression in the months immediately following his inauguration. Mr. Eisenhower could never say, as Mr. Truman so justly could, that the office had been thrust upon him against his will, nor has he ever had to struggle against such a sense of inadequacy as Mr. Truman had. Nevertheless, in the view of those who saw most of the President prior to this summer, he was burdened with the feeling that fate had in some unexplained way dealt unkindly with him. Now, in the view of those who see most of him, he is burdened no longer. The odds on renomination currently seem favorable.

Whether or not the President is at present enjoying himself, he is plainly handling himself with greater ease and effectiveness. This was particularly noticeable at this week’s and last week’s news conferences, which were, by the common consent of those in attendance, his most impressive performances in well over a year. On both occasions, the President, who has been looking extraordinarily well, was relaxed, genial, direct, and assertive in all his responses. He did not once resort to the kind of meandering prologue—generally taking the form of melancholy observations on the terrible complexity of the problem raised—that he has so often used in order to buy himself time in which to prod his memory and organize his thoughts. (It is a curious fact that men in politics always feel that not an instant must elapse between the asking of a question and the flow of their words in reply. It is doubtful whether the request, so common in most forms of discourse, for a few moments in which

Feed your dog like this
Dash-fed champion

Champion Roadcoach Post Parade displays the winning form Dash helps him keep. Your dog, too, deserves Dash. It’s fortified with liver to help him *look* and *feel* his best!

FORTIFIED WITH LIVER
U.S.
Dash
ARMOUR DOG FOOD
WITH CHLOROPHYLLIN

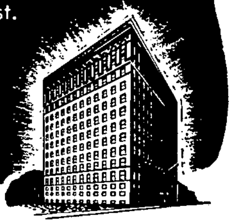
Dash
is fortified
with LIVER!

CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN—STOPS DOGGY ODORS

THE Pearson CHICAGO

A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side’s Famous Gold Coast.

Just a whisper from the Lake!



Hotel PEARSON
190 EAST PEARSON STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

to think a matter over has ever been made at a press conference.) Nor did he once get trapped inside one of his own sentences. He did not achieve lucidity—it would not be natural if he did, for he is a man without much feeling for words or much liking for analysis—but he left *no one in any* doubt as to what he meant. At one point in last week's conference, he even went so far as to make a literary allusion. It was to Conan Doyle's "The White Company," one of the three books a biographer of his has mentioned as having influenced him in his earlier years, the others being "Pilgrim's Progress" and "A Connecticut Yankee." The improvement in form was accompanied by some changes—which many people regarded as improvements also—in substance. In discussing General Mark Clark's views on world affairs and in commenting on the candidacy for the Senate of Clifford Case, of New Jersey, he abandoned his admirable but confining policy of never dealing in personalities. By means of a few remarks on the folly of generalizations, he made it clear that he hopes henceforth to be a more discriminating leader of his party and to use his prestige on behalf of the sort of candidates he wants. On the whole, his approach was more spirited and more emphatic than it has ever been in the past, and it was the consensus of the reporters that they were dealing, at any rate for the moment, with a President who had come to understand the nature of political power and who was getting some pleasure out of exercising his authority. When he was asked directly about his plans for another term, he was as deliberately noncommittal as any officeholder must be who realizes that others' uncertainty as to the termination of his power is a great asset in his present use of it. But it was evident that he did not recoil or experience revulsion of any sort at the prospect of staying on in the White House. In past discussions of the same question, the revulsion has been evident.

In one respect, though, the President is as enigmatic a figure today as he has ever been. Now, in the middle of his term, it is as difficult as it was five years ago to determine his own personal estimates of men and issues, and especially of those issues that have to do with the structure of American society. There is no one in Washington, even among those who see him day in and day out, who can give a clear account of what the President really believes. Although circumstances have driven him more and more into the

FLY B·O·A·C
Around the world — under 6¢ a mile!
LONDON
ROME
CAIRO
BEIRUT
CALCUTTA
RANGOON
BANGKOK
SINGAPORE
SYDNEY
HONOLULU

B.O.A.C. Fits the World into Your Vacation. B.O.A.C. Speedbirds do all the hurrying. You have as much leisure as on a surface world tour of *months!* Leisure to really see Europe, Africa, the Near East, the Orient, and Australia.

B.O.A.C. Fits the World into Your Budget. Now, with complete tourist as well as first-class routes around the world, B.O.A.C. offers you this supreme travel experience at fares as low as **$1,347.90**...less than 6¢ a mile!

Complete Round-The-World Tours from $2,075. They include tourist air fare . . . hotels . . . most meals . . . sightseeing. Fly eastward or westward from New York. Visit the Pacific Coast, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Thailand, Burma, India, Pakistan, Egypt, Europe, Britain. Take 25 to 57 days. And for $400 to $450 more, you can fly first class all the way.

30-DAY TOUR (R1)	**$2,075.00**
25-DAY TOUR (M1)	**2,184.00**
45-DAY TOUR (C2)	**2,438.60**
57-DAY TOUR (R2)	**3,122.00**

Some Alternate Routes from New York. Pacific Coast, Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Thailand, Burma, India, Pakistan, Egypt, Europe, Britain. 34-DAY TOUR (M2) $2,958. Or make the same tour, but go from Australia to Bali, Cocos Islands, South Africa, East Africa, and so to Egypt. 58-DAY TOUR (R3) $3,667.

WHAT TO PACK AND WEAR. Write or call Ouida Wagner, Flight Wardrobe Advisor, at B.O.A.C.'s New York office listed in coupon below.

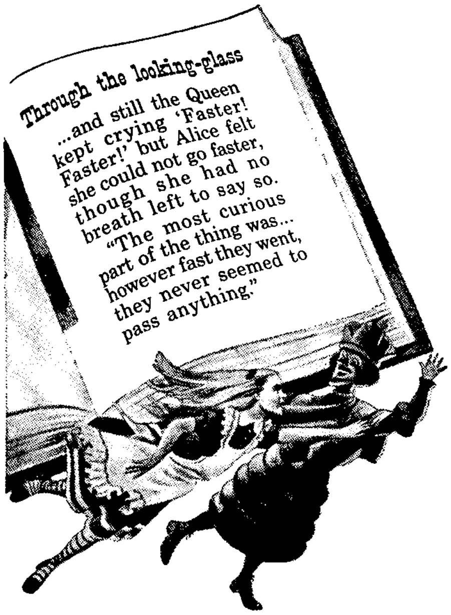
Reservations through your travel agent or call
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
New York, Boston, Dallas, Detroit, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami; in Canada: Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Dept. R-4
MUrray Hill 7-8900

Please send free Round-the-World Planning Chart and literature on complete round-the-world air tours.

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

All fares subject to periodic revision by International Air Transport Association.


Through the looking-glass
...and still the Queen kept crying 'Faster! Faster!' but Alice felt she could not go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.
"The most curious part of the thing was... however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything."

LEWIS CARROLL certainly anticipated the problem of getting things done in the business world today . . .

No matter how fast a pace we set, the pressure of routine rarely lessens.

For those who want to really get ahead of routine and on to more important matters, we recommend this most adept of dispatchers, the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine.

With a TIME-MASTER mike at your elbow, you have instant and conclusive control of all the paper work that must cross your desk. Just think your decisions out loud: it's said and done!

The coupon below will bring you some practical tips on how to pass along a lot more work while going no faster. Interested? Just get your pencil.

DICTAPHONE®

makers of the TIME-MASTER®
the #1 dictating machine

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION, Dept. G84
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please send me SUCCESS, a free 12-page illustrated booklet.

Name____________________

Company____________________

Street____________________

City & Zone____________ **State**_____

DICTAPHONE AND TIME-MASTER ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS OF DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

company of those Republicans who like to be known as liberals, little evidence can be adduced to show that he actually belongs with them or shares their convictions. A few things, to be sure, are perfectly clear. No one has any doubt about his estimate of Senator McCarthy. It is low. He does not belong to the extreme interventionist school headed up by Admiral Radford, whom he selected under pressure from Senator Knowland and Senator Taft as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he does not belong to the Republican group that regards all our recent interventions in Europe as so much wasted time and money. As a matter of fact, it is possible, by processes of elimination and speculation, to piece together a reasonably coherent summary of what he stands for in the field of foreign policy. But no amount of piecing together yields a philosophy on domestic questions. The New Dealish tinge that some Republican leaders profess to see in his views is regarded here as nonexistent—a case of guilt by association. The assumption most often encountered is that on economic questions all his instincts are deeply conservative. Once, long before he was President, he told an interviewer that no concept in the world was more important to him than the concept of business enterprise unfettered by government, and of business competition open to all who wished to compete. It was this faith in what he understood to be the American business system, he said, that had led him to accept the presidency of Columbia University. "I wanted to devote the rest of my career," he explained, "to filling the young people of this country with the appreciation of this system that I learned in eighteen years of watching other systems." And he has said that same thing in various ways on other occasions. But statements of this sort only raise the question of what, exactly, he is talking about when he talks about the system, and of what he means by his frequent endorsements of the "middle way." ("If only a man can have courage enough to take the leadership of the middle!" he once exclaimed to John Gunther.) He mingles his praise of moderation with statements that place him in the Right Wing of his party and policies that place him in the Left Wing. He has spoken disparagingly of the whole idea of social security, he has opposed federal aid to education, and he has described the Tennessee Valley Authority as "creeping Socialism." He has seemed to regard the public lands as something the public came by wrongfully, and he is evident-

Sexton
Black Cherry Preserves
Sexton
Winey Plum Jelly
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein

Here's a Secret We'll Share With You

IT'S the secret of the home-made goodness in Sexton preserves and jellies: *we cook the finest fruits in small batches and extra s-l-o-w-l-y.* "Just like mother used to make."

Preserves and jellies are the pride of Sexton Sunshine Kitchens. Let them be the pride of your own table.

At better grocers.

Sexton Quality Foods

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

Canada's leading jewellers

BIRKS extends a friendly welcome to all visitors to inspect our fine collection of English Bone China Dinnerware patterns. You will find an unusual variety of quality gifts to reward your visit.

BIRKS

Stores in Principal Canadian Cities

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Oakledge

COTTAGES and INN

Superbly scenic setting for glorious autumn days. Renowned food. Attractive rooms. Fine golf, fishing. N. Y. Office MU 9-9419 or WRITE DAVID E. BEACH, MGR.
BURLINGTON VERMONT

ly convinced that the only way to redeem the great national investment in atomic energy is to convert it into private capital. These things could be taken as expressions of an intellectually consistent outlook if it were not for the fact that every point seems to have its counterpoint. He has, in practice, favored broad extensions of social security and endorsed the principle of federal aid to education. He has been a New Dealer in his farm policy, and both a protectionist and a non-protectionist in his tariff policy. Confronted with his harsh judgments of public enterprises, he has invariably softened them. Despite his admiration for the business system, and his confidence, made manifest in his executive appointments, that it is the country's leading reservoir of intelligence and ability, he has offended many of its leaders and has been critical of many of its works. Once, when inflation was a lively issue, he scandalized even the radicals in Washington by suggesting that for a stipulated length of time the government take a hundred per cent of the profits of private business.

Quite a number of people here have now come to believe that the President hasn't any fixed outlook on domestic problems at all and isn't too much interested in them. This does not imply any lack of sincerity in his praise for the American system. He is a patriot who likes what he knows of this country. Much of what he knows was gained under conditions very different from those existing today. When he speaks of "this system," he is talking about an amalgam of the things he learned in Kansas fifty years ago and the things he has observed while moving about the country during the last decade. Differences of the kind that divide people in Washington seem trifling and legalistic to him. His own first reaction to any given problem tends to be extremely conservative, but he does not attach enough importance to either the problem or his reaction to be bound by his own preferences when political necessity seems to suggest another course. Because he is conservative by temperament, he is a Republican, but he is a Republican who thinks that John Sherman Cooper, of Kentucky, and Everett Dirksen, of Illinois, are agreed on essentials—at least in the field of internal affairs—and ought to stop the hairsplitting that keeps their party in such constant turmoil. As far as anyone here can see, the one thing the President cares deeply about, the one thing he is unwilling to compromise on, is the maintenance of what he regards as a sound military policy in

Timekeeper
to tycoons

...the "Worry-Free" watch

Mido MULTIFORT Superautomatic®
with Powerwind

Men of affairs, from Madison Avenue to Tokyo's Ginza, prefer MIDO... the watch that's Swiss from case to core ... the watch that performs perfectly, without winding, without worry... thanks to the exclusive Powerwind movement. Set it once and forget it!

Priced from $55 to $285 F.T.I. Sold and serviced in 65 countries • Write for descriptive booklet N-84

MIDO—An International Word for Quality in Self-Winding Watches

"Worry-Free" because it's:

Self-Winding Waterproof* Shock-Resistant Anti-Magnetic Unbreakable Mainspring

Mido Watch Co., of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y. 410 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada. Factory in Bienne, Switzerland

*REMAINS WATERPROOF AFTER CLEANING AND REPAIR IF SERVICED BY A MIDO JEWELER USING GENUINE MIDO PARTS

4/5 QUART 86 PROOF

CATTO'S
Choice Scotch Whiskies
each the best of its kind

CATTO'S
GREY SEAL
SCOTCH WHISKY
A Blend of 100% Choice Scotch Whiskies
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
JAMES CATTO & CO. LTD. ABERDEEN
Sole U.S. Distributors
FREDERICK WILDMAN & SONS
New York, N.Y.
PRODUCT of SCOTLAND
FREDERICK WILDMAN & SONS
THIS WHISKY IS 12 YEARS OLD
CATTO'S
GOLD LABEL DE LUXE
SCOTCH WHISKY
A Blend of RARE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JAMES CATTO & CO. LTD
ABERDEEN
SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Sole American Distributors
FREDERICK WILDMAN & SONS
NEW YORK CITY

A choice light whisky at moderate price
...perfection for regular use

IMPORTERS
FREDERICK
WILDMAN
AND SONS
NEW YORK CITY
21 East 69th Street

A superb twelve year old aristocrat
...for a special occasion

"The music in my
heart I bore
Long after it was
heard no more"

Lots of people agree with Wordsworth about the lasting effects of good music. WQXR advertisers, for instance. They see sales climb as good music gives lasting effect to their sales messages. Kent Cigarettes is among the advertisers building sales by telling their story over WQXR to the 600,000 families in the rich New York market whom good music helps make good customers.
Ask to see the score.

WQXR
The radio station of The New York Times

Europe. Whether this grows out of anything deeper than a military recognition of the need for allies is not clear, but it is clear that he does not wish in any way to disturb the policy of collective security. That is one of the few certain things about his political views at present—that and the fact that he seems to be taking a more cheerful and tolerant view of being in politics at all. Once that view is taken, there is no telling when or where it will end.

FOR sheer chaos, irony, and grim comedy, nothing in recent years has matched the situation that has developed here over the outlawing of the Communist Party. It is not yet known whether the President will veto or pocket-veto the bill that has passed both houses. As he remarked a couple of days ago, he couldn't say what he was going to do about the bill because he didn't know what was in it. In this respect, he was like everyone else, including the authors, whoever they were. It is being said that the bill was "written on the floor," which in a manner of speaking is true, since it wasn't the work of any committee. Actually, it wasn't "written" at all but was improvised, like a children's play, and it is only now, when everything that was said is in print in the *Congressional Record*, that it is possible for anybody to know what it contains. It contains a bit of everything; it is a stew of all the anti-Communist measures ever suggested by anyone over the past ten years. It probably violates the Constitution at a dozen points, and it unquestionably nullifies—as the Department of Justice is frantically pointing out—most of the internal-security laws now on the books.

If the President signs it or if a Presidential veto is overridden, it will be a law that came into being by almost unanimous consent when, in point of fact, there was no one at all who wanted it. The President didn't want it. The Department of Justice regards it as a legal catastrophe. The Republicans in Congress were committed to handling the problem in a different way. So far as is known, Senator McCarthy wasn't for it. It was no part of Democratic policy. It came up because a handful of Democrats—men who strike the loftiest moral attitudes—thought it would be an excellent joke to put the Republicans in the position of publicly opposing a measure that seemed to be in opposition to Communism. The Republicans, as might easily have been predicted in any August preceding an election November, weren't in a joking mood, and they not only accepted

Live in the
heart of things . . . .

Beautifully furnished 2 & 3 room suites with serving pantry—now available for immediate occupancy—monthly or yearly lease. A smart and convenient location.

HOTEL
Berkshire
Home of the Famous
Barberry Room

MADISON AVE. AT 52nd ST.

A KNOTT HOTEL

Herman L. Hanfland, Gen. Mgr.
Phone PLaza 3-5800

THE AIR CONDITIONED
Drake Room
OPEN DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY
Preferred by the town's most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
ADDISON BAILEY in "Songs Without Words" at the piano during dinner and supper
HOTEL Drake 440 PARK AVE. at 56th St.
PLaza 5-0600
Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS
get **FAST RELIEF** with ANACIN
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.
HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

the Democratic proposals but started stuffing in ideas of their own. There was a country-auction atmosphere about the whole business. All participants were sure that somewhere there was someone who would get them off the hook. But now, unless the President wants to be the sucker, there is no one who will break up what today's Washington *Post* describes as "this emotional and political stampede." Senator McCarthy is said to be laughing his head off.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

SOLOMON'S HIGH DIVE

(EDITORS' NOTE: SOL SOLOMON IS A CARNIVAL HIGH DIVER.)

Wisdom plunges with a full gainer
layout into the lake of fire;
Sol Solomon
scrambles with the speed of a spider,
the ape's agility, and nautical grace
to the top of the ladder;
on hangman's platform,
with lifted arms,
his hands rain benediction on the crowd.
The music stops,
lake blazes,
and Sol plunges;
wisdom, with full turn, plummets
into the fiery pool.

p
r
e
c
i
p
i
t
e
v
o
l
i
s
s
i
m
e
v
o
l
m
e
n
t
e
!

The phoenix rising splashes flame.
Sol Solomon, sun of wisdom,
climbs from the tank, bows to
beholders, and flicks back
into the dark.

—ROBERT LAX

1—Charcoal Black Calfskin Storm-Sealed Sole $18.95
2—Charcoal Black Calfskin Free-flex Comfort $17.95
3—Charcoal Black Soft Grain Storm-Sealed Sole $20.95

Charcoal Black . . . dark and distinguished . . . color-keyed to wear with your Charcoal apparel tones. Leather-perfect in these and other styles of wonderful feeling FREEMAN'S

wallachs 10 Stores in Greater New York City

LEHIGH

The Museum of Modern Art has selected for its own use a desk, assembled from component pieces of the modular group designed by G. Luss and manufactured by LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION. On display at 16 East 53rd Street, New York 22. Available through Architects, Interior Designers or write for list of Franchised Dealers.

The Milleridge Inn 1672

New Adventure in COUNTRY DINING
5 Dining Rooms
FINE FOOD served in a charming COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE
Hammond Organ Music
•
Air Conditioned
Luncheon from $1.50 • Dinner from $2.50
Cocktails in our Bar Parlor • Gift Shop
Facilities for Banquets & Weddings
Hicksville Rd. & Jericho Turnpike (Rt. 25) Jericho, L.I.
For Reservations: Hicksville 3-2201

WORRIED? Forget it. A little exercise will help you relax, forget business, and keep in shape. Some members come in for lunch and sunbathing on our Roof, others at the end of the day.

Health roof club
480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

Dear Merrill Lynch:

Without obligation, please give me whatever information is available about the following securities which—

☐ I now own (please give number of shares), or which . . .

☐ I am now considering buying

I should like to have your recommendations for the investment of $__________. My objective is

☐ Safety of capital, or
☐ Dividends of 5%-6%, or
☐ Increase in value

Name __________

Address __________

City & State __________

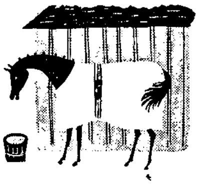
Just fill in and mail to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL
Department 1-SB

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 106 Cities

THE RACE TRACK

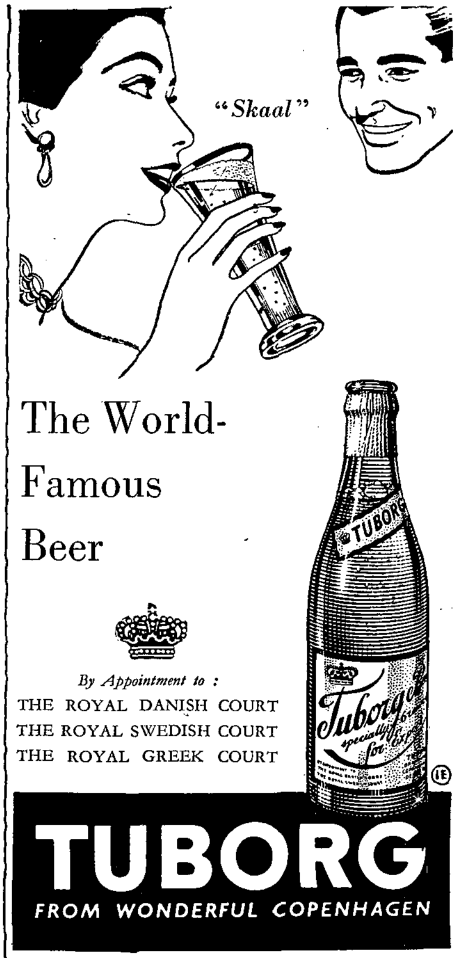
Native Dancer Retires



NATIVE DANCER's retirement, announced at Saratoga last Sunday after an old injury to his right forefoot began to act up again, came at a singularly inopportune time. Alfred Vanderbilt's gray whirlwind had returned to the races the previous Monday, his first start since he won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont in May. Showing all his famous bounce and go, even with an impost of a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, he romped off with the Oneonta Handicap, beating First Glance and Gigantic, the only other starters, by about nine lengths. The race was intended to warm him up for the Saratoga Cup, this Friday, and after that, Mr. Vanderbilt was going to make up his mind about sending him to France for the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe. He had a routine gallop Sunday morning, and looked all right, but while he was cooling out he began favoring his right front foot. Mr. Vanderbilt and his trainer, Bill Winfrey, decided immediately to withdraw him from racing. He'll enter the stud at Sagamore Farm, in Maryland, next spring.

Although I am saddened more than I can say by what has happened to Native Dancer, I'm glad he isn't going to France. The Arc-de-Triomphe isn't really the most important race abroad, and besides, the Dancer would have had to take something the worst of it; he'd have been running against twenty-five or thirty animals accustomed to the footing, the fodder, the water, and the climate. He's done enough as it is, having won twenty-one out of his twenty-two starts, and $785,240 in prize money. His only defeat was, as everyone surely remembers, in last year's Kentucky Derby, in which he failed by a head to catch Dark Star, whom he defeated later on in the Preakness. Oh, well, we can all look forward now to 1958, when the first of his children will come to the races.

IT is with what Commencement Day speakers refer to as mingled emotions that I record the first bad break this season in the fortunes of the C. V. Whitney horses at Saratoga Springs. Up to last weekend, they had won sixteen



The World-Famous Beer

By Appointment to:
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL GREEK COURT

TUBORG
FROM WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

Tuborg Breweries, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark

KEEP COOL
at the
SAVOY-PLAZA
Air Conditioned Guest Rooms
always available
at no extra charge
SAVOY-PLAZA
5th Avenue at 58th Street
ELdorado 5-2600

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Pre-Theatre Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEmpleton 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E. 55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE
OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

races in seventeen days, which is nice going for any stable. But on Saturday, Pyrenees was beaten by the Belair Stud's Nashua in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and Fisherman finished second to Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast in the Whitney Handicap. But nobody wins all the time.

You'd hardly have supposed that the Grand Union, coming midway between the Saratoga Special and the Hopeful Stakes, would have brought out the first-rate two-year-olds it did. In addition to Nashua and Pyrenees, they included Jim Brady's Commonwealth, who ran so fast in his only previous start, months ago at Belmont Park; the Wheatley Stable's Laugh, winner of the Flash; Maine Chance Farm's Model Ace; and Gold Box, one of Greentree's prized colts. Commonwealth took a long lead quickly, as he had been expected to, but Nashua wore him down easily in the stretch, and then stood off the challenge of Pyrenees, who still hasn't learned how to leave the gate fast. You may recall that after Nashua won the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont in the spring I ventured to suggest that he might be one of the very top two-year-olds, and a lot of other people, including Arcaro, who rides him, have had the same notion. However, I'm not giving up on Pyrenees. He'll do in longer races.

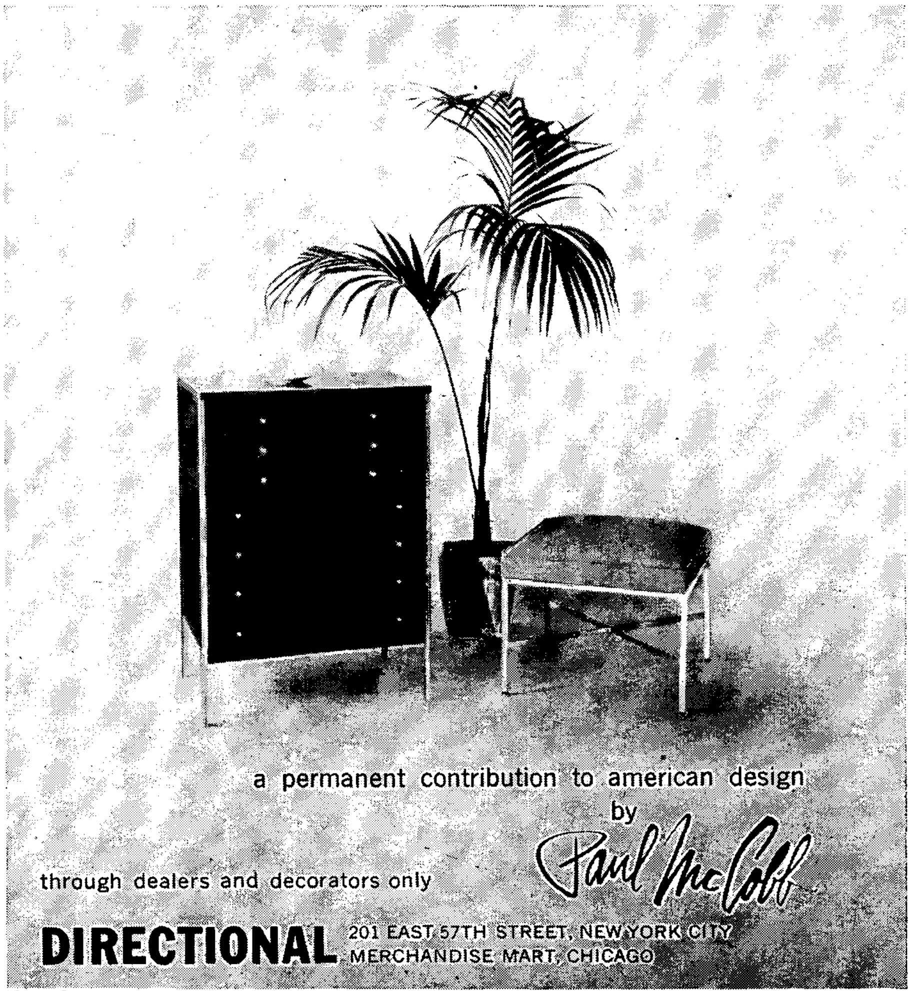
There wasn't much for horseplayers to complain about in the Whitney, except for the way it turned out. (Fisherman and his stablemate Cold Command were odds-on favorites.) For one thing, nine runners went to the post—the largest field in the annals of the event. For another, it was a horse race all the way, with Landlocked, a stablemate of Commonwealth, leading for half of the mile and a quarter, and Fisherman getting to the front on the turn for home. Although he couldn't hold off Social Outcast, he made a good try, for he spotted the winner a year and six pounds, which, as I figure it, is worth about four lengths, and he was beaten by three and a half lengths. Besides, Social Outcast had been working with Native Dancer, and maybe he's acquired something of his quality. By osmosis, perhaps.

—Audax Minor

•

Before the voting present trustees of the Village Board gave reports on accomplishments during the past year. Mayor Goering cited the new sidewalks constructed, the work done on village trees, the fact that the village has a disposal plant capable of accommodating 1500 more residents.—*Clinton (N.Y.) Courier.*

Reds, of course.


a permanent contribution to american design
by
Paul McCobb
through dealers and decorators only
DIRECTIONAL 201 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

You're Sitting on Top of the World!

Enjoy your favorite cocktail
served in air-conditioned luxury, high
above Manhattan. Music, hot hors d'oeuvres;
no additional or minimum charge.
Open 4:30 to 9, except Sunday. CI 6-5800.

Rainbow Room
"THE ROOM WITH THE VIEW"

65th FLOOR • RCA BUILDING • ROCKEFELLER CENTER

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

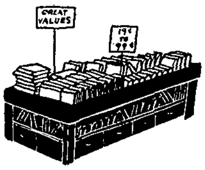
Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in hand
molded earthenware
crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Stop at the sign of
The
Red Barn
Delicious cocktails and good food appetizingly served in a beautiful rustic setting.
WESTPORT, CONN.
ON MERRITT PARKWAY
AT EXIT 41
Open Daily ★ Air-Conditioned
CAPITAL 7-6204

BOOKS

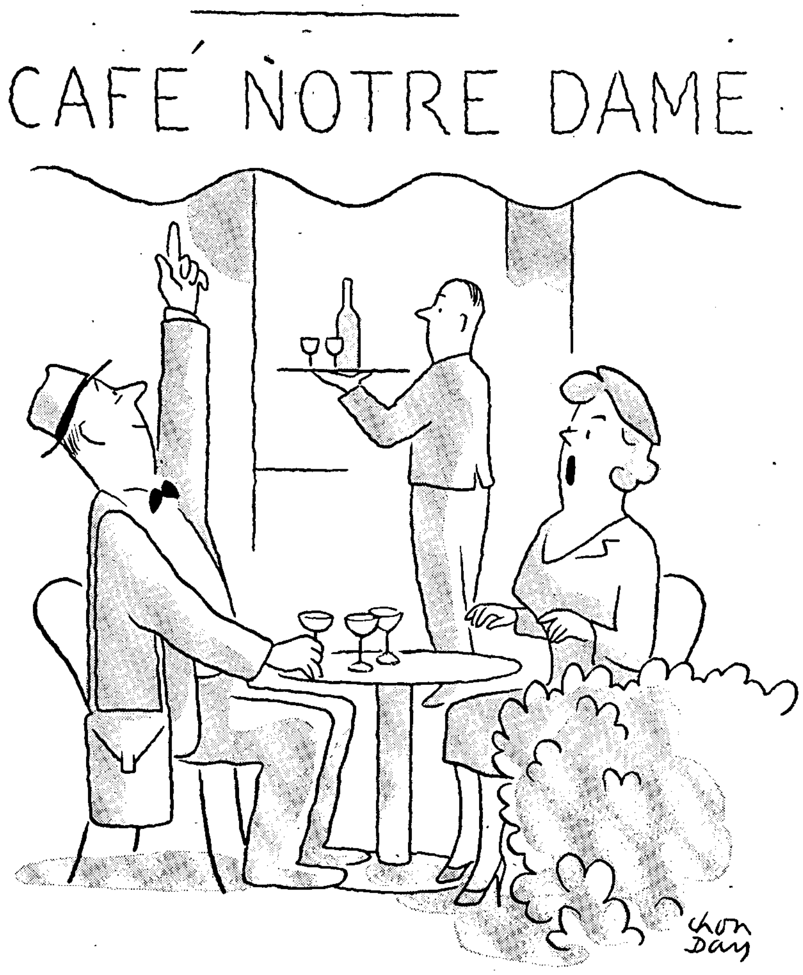
Fifth Gospel



ONE would rather not say at all what must be said at once, without a whisper of mitigation—that William Faulkner's "A Fable" (Random House) is a calamity. It is speaking still more harshly to add that the novel is not even an immense calamity, in which the author, having struggled mightily with a mighty theme, is seen to stumble and bring his work down round him in great chunks of perhaps usable ruins. "A Fable" is immense only in the number of words employed to tell it; its theme, an account in twentieth-century terms of the events of Passion Week, is plainly intended to be sublime, yet often teeters on the verge of claptrap; and its ruins, though vast, are of papier-mâché, which the first fall rains will turn into pulp. The book is, indeed, a sort of optical illusion. From one chapter to the next, a reader is inclined to suppose that what he has embarked on is a bad big novel. It turns out, on the contrary, that "A Fable" is a bad small novel, absurdly distended in scale. Its failure, unlike the failure of a major work, is therefore neither very interesting in itself nor very important, except for the sorry fact that a man of genius has wasted so much pell-mell vitality on it. For Faulkner is not only one of the worst novelists alive, he is one of the best, and at his best he is unbeatable. Yeats somewhere defines rhetoric as the will trying to do the work of the imagination. It is sad to find Faulkner reduced to rhetoric; it is sadder still to find that he has devoted this rhetoric to preaching.

The tendency to preach has been growing in the proprietor of Yoknapatawpha County in recent years, and the applause with which the world greeted his noble-sounding but insubstantial Nobel Prize speech (what is conveyed when one says that man will prevail? Prevail over what? Insects? God? Himself? For that matter, what is meant by "prevail"?) may have helped to confirm this tendency. In "A Fable" we are obliged to listen at remorseless length to Preacher Faulkner's night thoughts on the human predicament, and they are not much. From purple patch to purple patch, he pursues his image of man—Man with a capital "M," Man in his folly and glory and doom, Man "enduring and immortal; enduring not because he is immortal but immortal because he endures"—and sets characters to baying speeches at one another in a vein of lofty gibberish that the late Southern evangelist and spellbinder Thomas Wolfe might well have envied: "If there still existed for you even in dream the splendid and glittering boulevards and faubourgs of your old cradle and your lost estate, it was merely as a dream forever inextricable from your past and forever interdict from your destiny; inextricable the dream, yourself and the dream one, yourself interdict and free from that pain and that longing forever more; inextricable from that youth who is this man now, as is this little lost barren spot here inextricable from that destiny." Yes, but the novelist's subject is men, not Man, and folly, doom, and glory are surely the last words that should ever cross his mind. His purpose, so simple and so hard to achieve, is to show us a boy leaping an icy brook in winter, an old man dying, a girl making love. It is not to hit us over the head with a stuffed stockingful of blowzy metaphysical abstractions.

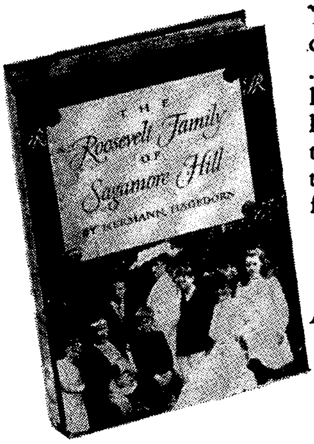
Writers of little talent are irresistibly tempted to tamper with the Bible. Their object is usually the innocent one of making it cozy for us, of running up at its high bare windows yards and yards of flowery chintz. Being a writer of enormous talent, Faulkner has attempted to do much more and has gained much more shocking results. He has attempted nothing less, in fact, than to "do over" the New Testament in his own singular Gothic Revival style, using fustian instead of chintz. In an ominous dedicatory note, he mentions that the basic idea of the book was given to him by a couple of friends in Beverly Hills, and when the opening sentences of the very first chapter prove to be mint DeMille (a Napoleonic marshal is described as "one of the fiercest stars in that constellation which filled half the sky with its portent and blasted half the earth with its lightning"), we begin to sense with painful vividness the possible circumstances of the gift: the author and his friends seated about a pool, refreshment in hand, after a long, hard day at the studio, and one of the friends saying, "Get this, Bill—it's terrific! A story about what would happen if



"*I don't think you even* want *to see the Louvre.*"

Christ came back today. Only not really today. Make it, say, 1918. The war. Verdun. A world in flames. And there's this mysterious corporal in the French troops and he and his twelve buddies start a mutiny. Twelve, mind you. They just refuse to fight. Pretty soon everyone else has stopped fighting, too, even the Germans. So then the top brass decides that it will have to kill the corporal. To get rid of him once and for all. And then—" "And then," the other friend breaks in, "after the war is over, the government decides to erect a memorial to the Unknown Soldier, and whose body should end up in the tomb but . . ." Blunt as this partial summary of the plot of "A Fable" is, it is an accurate one, and its vulgarity reflects the underlying vulgarity of the novel. Christ, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, Peter, Judas—all are in "A Fable" and all are diminished by their presence there. Without regard to what it stands for in terms of religion, the death and resurrection of Christ is our great story. We imitate it, borrow from it, or seek to enrich its meanings at our peril. The wise course is to leave it to the four marvellous writers who tried their hands at it long before Faulkner and who, in a few hundred words apiece, told it better than anyone is ever going to tell it again.

TO turn from the Faulkner failure to a success like "The Go-Between," the new novel by L. P. Hartley (Knopf), is first of all to be tempted to praise it too highly simply because it is a success, and then to risk seeming to prefer any neatly ordered and not very passionate novel to a novel that, though misbegotten and misshapen, is nevertheless intensely alive. Whatever the risk, the fact remains that "The Go-Between" is an almost perfect novel of its neatly ordered and not very passionate sort. Its author isn't Faulkner by a long chalk and never will be, but he has those formidable virtues of intelligence, skill, and taste that make writers of the second rank appear, as one is reading them, better than they appear in retrospect. The go-between for whom the book is named is an English schoolboy. The time is the turn of the century, the season is summer, and the boy is visiting a friend at a big country house in Norfolk. He is new to the degree of wealth and social standing represented by his friend's family, new to the countryside that blazes and shakes with light, and new to the nature of the sexual relationship between men and women, of which he now begins to catch his first per-



"For good reading, few novels could surpass it in point of drama."—**Joseph C. Grew**

The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill

By **HERMANN HAGEDORN**

You'll rejoice, weep and laugh with one of America's most unforgettable families ... the TR's of Oyster Bay, noisy, uninhibited, making headlines and claiming the hearts of this country. They're captured in this wonderful book by a devoted friend that is glowingly alive, as intimate as a family album.

448 wonderful pages . . . 25 illustrations
Only $5.00

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

on sale at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

You Can't Miss . . .

FOR THE PARTY
FOR THE CHILDREN
FOR THE PICNIC

SELL'S
Deviled Ham Pâté

SELL'S
Minced Chicken Pâté

SELL'S
Liver Pâté

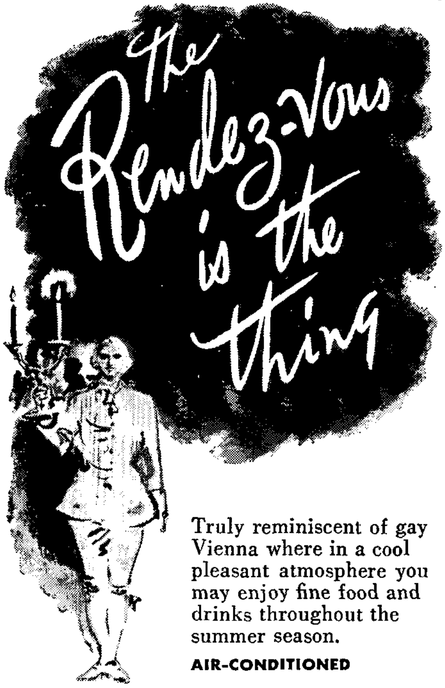
SELL'S SPECIALTIES, INC., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Bienvenue!

Yes indeed—you are always welcome in La Province de Québec. Come this Fall when the Laurentian hills flame with color and the Eastern Townships' maples are at their most beautiful. Clear warm autumn days—long cool nights. Enjoy French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For road maps and booklets—write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec


The Rendez-vous is the thing

Truly reminiscent of gay Vienna where in a cool pleasant atmosphere you may enjoy fine food and drinks throughout the summer season.
AIR-CONDITIONED

Theatre Dinner $4.25—Served from 6:30 to 8
No entertainment tax
Dinner & Supper Dancing from 8:30
MAXIMILLIAN BERGERE
and his orchestra
NICHOLAS MATTHEY
and his Royal Tziganes
OPEN ALL SUMMER
THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

turbing glimpses. He finds himself caught up in an intrigue of which he soon becomes the crucial figure, leading others on into catastrophe and dooming himself to a largely unlived life. "The Go-Between" begins, "The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there," and those few words can serve as a touchstone for the whole novel. If they give you more pleasure than you can readily account for, so will the rest of the book; if they leave you waiting for something important to happen, you will finish the book still waiting, for what matters is not so much the events of that far-off English summer as the author's ironic view of them. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW, by James Aldridge (Knopf). Mr. Aldridge works hard and long to give his hero, Ned Gordon, a legendary, heroic air, but we are left, after all our reading, with the impression of an eccentric, confused, angry, and, above all, humorless man, whose obsession drives him to an isolation that is perhaps madness. Worst of all, he is not a very interesting man. A short story might have illuminated him into a sufficient and significant figure, but this very lengthy book shows him to be manufactured—and poorly. It is Gordon's dream to lead the desert Arabs into a freedom that will detach them entirely from the modern world. When his dream fails, he finds himself as alien to the Arabs as he has always been to his own people in England. Gordon's dream is splendid, but he is not big enough to express it, and not human enough to cause the reader to share his heartbreak.

THE CRAZY DOCTOR, by Arie van der Lugt (Random House). A Dutch country doctor, rough-spoken but kindly, represents sin—or worldliness, anyway—in this jaunty, windy little tale. His friend and opposite is the local priest, a saintly ancient who succeeds in bringing the defiant doctor to his knees and, presumably, to happiness, if resignation is happiness.

FOOTMAN IN POWDER, by Helen Ashton (Dodd, Mead). Portraits in familiar poses of George III's kin and in-laws during and after the Regency, arranged into a mousy, respectable novel. What story there is concerns a Brighton boy, who gets

SLEEP YOUR WAY TO MONTREAL
ARRIVE RESTED, REFRESHED AFTER A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP ON THE MONTREAL LIMITED

THE COOL, EASY WAY!

Fastest Rail Route to Montreal. Air conditioned, single, double bedrooms, roomettes, compartments, drawing rooms. Lounge car. Comfortable reclining-seat coaches. Dining car serves breakfast northbound.

Daylight Saving Time
NORTHBOUND DAILY
Lv. N.Y., G.C. Terminal ..... 11:30 P.M.
Arr. Montreal, Windsor Sta. ... 8:40 A.M.
SOUTHBOUND DAILY
Lv. Montreal, Windsor Sta. .... 10:20 P.M.
Arr. N.Y., G.C. Terminal ..... 7:30 A.M.

By daylight enjoy the scenery on the famous LAURENTIAN to the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, Montreal. Air-conditioned Observation-Parlor Car.
Lv. N.Y., G.C. Terminal ..... 10:10 A.M.
Arr. Montreal, Windsor Sta. ... 8:20 P.M.

For tickets, reservations, information, apply to W. F. Sheehan, General Agent, Room 837, 230 Park Avenue (at 45th St.), New York. Phones MU 4-0552 and 0553. Or at any N. Y. Central Ticket Office.

DELAWARE & HUDSON
ROUTE TO THE ADIRONDACKS —A SUMMER PARADISE
the D&H

Enjoy Good Golf at
BUCK HILL
in September

Tee off on our sporty, interesting golf course (27 holes). Buck Hill's 6000 acres of scenic countryside provides the perfect setting for other outdoor sports including tennis, swimming, lawn-bowling, riding, hiking and excellent fishing. Attractive accommodations, planned entertainment.

Write, wire or phone today
ONLY 3 HOURS AWAY
New York Res. Off.:
630 Fifth Ave.
Circle 5-5620

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

CERUTTI
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON • DINNER
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Open after theatre 'til 4 A.M. Air Cond.
643 Madison—bet. 59th and 60th. EL 5-4194
Established 1920

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN ANY LANGUAGE

Air conditioned classrooms make summer language study at Berlitz a pleasant way to beat the heat. Start now on any language you want to learn.

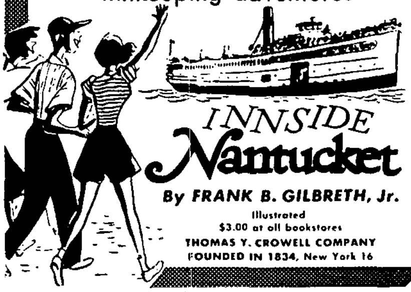
BERLITZ 630 Fifth Ave. CI 6-0110
179 Broadway CO 7-1112

He wants you to buy a copy of

THE DOG

A Cartoon Inquiry Concerning Man's Relationship to His Best Friend, by **ROY McKIE.**
$1 at all bookstores.
(Deluxe cloth edition $2.50).
Simon and Schuster

Brand new BEST SELLER!
The hilarious story of a young Gilbreth (*CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN*) couple's innkeeping adventures



INNSIDE Nantucket
By FRANK B. GILBRETH, Jr.
Illustrated
$3.00 at all bookstores
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
FOUNDED IN 1834, New York 16

Fann Marlow
A DRAMATIC novel of the world of literary agents and publishers —for anyone who has ever written —or dreamed of writing—a book.
By JANE HARDY
$3.00 • DUTTON

a menial job in the service of the Prince of Wales and slowly rises to footman as he is shifted from one of the royal households to another.

FRENCH STORIES AND TALES, edited by Stanley Geist (Knopf). This would have been a really good collection of stories—Stendhal, Balzac, and Gide are among the authors—if the translators had been content to do their work inconspicuously, but they have mistaken an unpleasant and slangy familiarity for vivacity, so that the reader is frequently jarred out of his absorption and made conscious that he is not alone with the writer—that a third and most unwelcome presence is insisting on getting some attention. Mr. Geist has written notes that are illuminating, if a trifle perky in their expression.

GENERAL

AMERICAN WAYS OF LIFE, by George R. Stewart (Doubleday). An inquiry into the origins of some of our distinctive folkways—our language, sexual manners, dress, food and drink, given names, houses, and other matters. Not surprisingly, the author finds that our cultural habits are the result of environmental and hereditary factors; what is surprising is that he sees heredity outweighing environment in many cases. (It would have made sense for the first colonists to wear Indian dress, which was much better adapted to the New World than their own, but they refused to, and in all the years we have borrowed only one item of clothing from the Indian—the moccasin.) Mr. Stewart, an engaging writer who knows how to keep his scholarship from showing, has a talent for writing unusual books, and this new one is a very stimulating piece of work.

THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN, by Antonina Vallentin (Doubleday). This differs from Mme. Vallentin's earlier popular biographies—of Heine, Goya, and others—in that she is a close friend of the subject, and has a quantity of personal information to contribute, from why he gave up wearing socks (they develop holes) to why he once recommended four radiologists for the same job (they all qualified, but for different reasons). If Einstein's previous biographers, Leopold Infeld and Philipp Frank, were better informed about, say, the unified-field theory, Mme. Vallentin is better informed about the contents of the Master's pockets. Her tone is worshipful, which seems warranted,

Want to be "happily and helplessly amused"?[1]
Read

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

by PETER DE VRIES

In "one of the funniest novels to come along in any season"[1] a favorite writer for *The New Yorker* tells the "entrancing"[3] story of an art editor's efforts to regulate a cartoonist's unruly love-life and to provide his wife with a baby . . . adopted. "Sparklingly rich in the outrageous pun and twisted aphorism,"[2] THE TUNNEL OF LOVE is "an unqualified delight . . a humorous novel of the choicest order."[3]

1 Saturday Review 2 Book-of-the-Month Club News 3 N. Y. Times

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

LITTLE, BROWN • BOSTON

There once was a lady
who wasn't for burning.
"It's not the heat," she said,
"it's the glare!"

There once was a man
who focused on Venus.
"I prefer," he said, "a darkened observatory."

There *still is* a man named
CHRISTOPHER FRY
who agrees with both people.
He says – **THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH**

A New Comedy by
Christopher Fry
"Fry at his very best."—*Punch*
$2.75 *at all bookstores*
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

The Roosevelt GRILL
Air-Conditioned
RETURN ENGAGEMENT
LENNY HERMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Dinner & Supper Dancing
No Minimum • Supper Cover $1.00. Saturdays & Holiday Eves. $1.50
Hotel ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
A Hilton Hotel

STOP SAYING THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE
Passenger-carrying freighters are the secret of low cost travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World.' "

It's yours for just $1, and the big 120 page 1954 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and pages of photos and maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply tear out ad, print name & address, and mail with $1 bill to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 148 PARKWAY, GREENLAWN (LONG ISLAND), NEW YORK.

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE
TECHNICOLOR
FINE ARTS • 58th St. bet. Park & Lex. Aves. PL 5-6030

and she manages a difficult job with dignity and good taste. Photographs.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM (Dutton). Baron Carl Gustav Emil von Mannerheim was born into an ancient Swedish-Finnish family in 1867, when Finland was an autonomous grand duchy under the Russian Czar; rose to prominence as one of the Czar's cavalry generals; escaped from St. Petersburg to Finland during the early days of the revolution; liberated his country from the Communist Red Guard in 1918; and led his people in two terrible wars against Soviet Russia—the "Winter War" of 1939-40, and the war the Finns fought in the dubious alliance with the Germans from 1941 to 1944. He died three years ago in Switzerland, at the age of eighty-three. Much of what he relates in this autobiography belies the popular concept of him: He was not, it would seem, the Finnish "White Guard" nationalist depicted by Soviet propaganda (the Finns, he says, had no serious quarrel with imperial Russia); he was not a rich man; and he didn't invite the Germans into Finland during the first war of liberation. As for the "Mannerheim Line," it was a thin string of machine-gun nests, he says, which the Russians magnified into a "Line" to explain away the poor showing of their Army in the Winter War. The recollections of Mannerheim's early life, which include an engrossing account of a two-year horseback trip across Asia, from Tashkent to Peking, over much of the route taken by Marco Polo, enrich the book considerably. A great document, through which shines a powerful character.

THE DOCTOR'S DISCIPLES, by Frances J. Woodward (Oxford). A study of four early Victorians whose minds were permanently dented by the paralyzing personality of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the celebrated Headmaster of Rugby, and his equally numbing canon that a properly enlightened Christian "will seek truth only, sure that whatever it may be, it must turn to the glory of God." Of the four unhappy seekers after this somewhat special variety of truth whom Miss Woodward has chosen to examine, one, fittingly, is the Doctor's fourth son, William Delafield Arnold, who ended his short life as Director of Education in the Punjab. The others are the poet Arthur Hugh Clough, the missionary cleric John Philip Gell, and Arthur Stan-

Starlight Roof
BETTY CLOONEY
ANDREA DANCERS
HENRY KING
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MISCHA BORR AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Two Shows: 9:30 and 12:15. Cover after 9:30.
Theatre Dinner $4.50—served 6 to 8
—no entertainment tax.
Cocktails—The Palm Room. Closed Sundays.
WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE 49TH to 50TH STS.

Look ahead to a satisfying
SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY
at BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on the shores of beautiful Lake Champlain. September and October are the finest times to visit Vermont. Superb lake and mountain scenery. Enjoy use of private Club golf course, live in deluxe, heated lakeside cottage, make tours of Adirondack and Green Mountains, cruise or fish the waters of Lake Champlain. Many complimentary extras; friendly informal hospitality.
Write R. H. Beach, Mgr., Vergennes, Vermont

NEW BEST SELLER! THE FALL OF A TITAN
"Even love and passion are given a new dimension in his pages."
—Vice Admiral LESLIE C. STEVENS
A novel by IGOR GOUZENKO
$4.50 at all bookstores
NORTON

the ONLY NEW YORK HOTEL overlooking the EAST RIVER... UNITED NATIONS
...the entire City. Discriminating guests say "it's New York's best hotel value".
Single $4-8. Double $8-15. Suites $12-22.
Special monthly rates. Write for Booklet N.
BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL
Exclusive Beekman Hill—49th St. & 1st Ave.

ley, onetime Dean of Westminster. An admirable intellectual dissection, but—on this side of the Atlantic, at least—one of rather limited interest. Photographs.

V-2, by Walter Dornberger (Viking). The story of Hitler's famous secret weapon, written by the general who directed the experimental station at Peenemünde, where it was developed. The rocket—forty-six feet high and capable of carrying a warhead of more than a ton for two hundred miles at the rate of a mile a second—came along too late to have any decisive effect on the war, but in the opinion of General Eisenhower it very well could have prevented the Allied landings in Europe if it had appeared even six months earlier. General Dornberger covers the entire history of the German rocket program and gives the complete technical details of the building of the V-2. He also tells why it was launched so late: Hitler's vacillation; intrigues by Himmler and his S.S. friends, who tried to take over when it became apparent that the V-2 would be a success; jealous bureaucrats who withheld priorities; and so on. The story and its gaudy cast of characters (including Hermann Göring, who once visited Peenemünde wearing red morocco boots, silver spurs, a cape of Australian opossum with the hairy side out, and an array of ruby rings) has its peculiar fascination. Many photographs.

Education of an American Liberal, by Lucille Milner (Horizon). The autobiography of a woman who was executive secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union from its organization, in 1920, until 1945, when she retired. Mrs. Milner, a member of a well-to-do Southern family, was impelled by the sudden death of her young husband to enter a career of social service, and started off by taking a job in a West Side sweatshop. Later, at the height of the onslaught against the Bill of Rights by A. Mitchell Palmer, Woodrow Wilson's Attorney General, she joined her friend Roger Baldwin in his newly created Civil Liberties Union. She tells here of some of the Union's more notable engagements, and her stories are compelling and sometimes exciting but never shrill. One of the few books that have a legitimate claim to the much abused term "inspirational."

The Unicorn: William Butler Yeats' Search for Reality, by

"PLEASE HELP ME. MY HUSBAND IS VERY ILL."

Awarded Medal. Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, night operator in Berlin, N. J. Awarded Vail Medal for "initiative and resourcefulness" in answering an emergency call. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System.

Out of the Night Came a Call for Help

Quick action of alert telephone operator helps save man with heart attack

It was about two o'clock of an August morning when the call flashed on the switchboard. A woman, in an excited voice, asked to be connected with a doctor.

Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, the night operator, rang the doctor's home immediately but he was unavailable. Sensing a critical emergency, she asked if she could help get another doctor.

"Oh, please do everything you can," implored the caller. "My husband has had a heart attack and is very ill."

Mrs. Gross rang a doctor who had helped in a previous emergency. Then, realizing he was new in the area, she arranged to have the State Police meet him and lead him to the house.

Shortly after, the subscriber's daughter called to ask for oxygen.

"It's on the way," said Mrs. Gross. "I thought you might need it so I telephoned the emergency ambulance service. They'll be there any minute."

Just before she went off duty, Mrs. Gross called to ask how the sick man was doing and if there was anything else she could do.

"You've already done so much," said a grateful voice. "The doctor says that it's only because of your help that my husband is alive."

Ever Ready . . . Ever Helpful. *Day or night, the telephone stands ever ready to help you. It will run your errands, guard your home, save steps and time and keep you in touch with relatives and friends. In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone."*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

editor at large

Whenever anyone trots out that old turkey – “Behind every great man is a woman,” I often wonder: is she supposed to be back there pushing or pulling?

Doubleday’s big new book by Irving Stone, *Love Is Eternal,* makes it clear that Mary Todd Lincoln was pushing. Not that Abe needed extra ambition. He had that, in full measure, but the ups and downs of political fortune in Springfield and Washington often caused Abe to get the “hypo,” the Lincolns’ private word for his chronic melancholia. When that happened, Mary pushed, but lovingly and in that marvelously feminine fashion wherein the pushee seldom realizes it until he’s well over the cliff.

Love Is Eternal is a warmer and more sympathetic portrait of the much-maligned Mrs. Lincoln than we have been led to expect. Mary even managed to get herself investigated by a Congressional committee, but by far the most successful investigation of Lincoln’s wife is this new one by Irving Stone. It is a biographical novel, a form in which Stone was a pioneer and remains as master. It shows, most gracefully, that while there may have been grave doubts about both the State of the Union and the state of the Lincolns’ union, each was based on mutual respect, affection and passion, and each persevered.

The book enlarges on another maxim (somewhat newer) by making it clear that you should never underestimate the power of a woman, especially when she’s married to a great man.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Love Is Eternal completes the trilogy of American marriage started by Irving Stone with the widely-read *Immortal Wife* and continued with *The President’s Lady,* the story of Rachel and Andrew Jackson. The price is $3.95 and, despite the supposedly crushing inroads imposed by television, movies and the motor car upon American reading habits, you will find it easily available at all bookshops. It is the September selection of the Literary Guild and as such will be read by thousands of Americans. Books, you see, are eternal, also.

(*Advertisement*)

Virginia Moore (Macmillan). Miss Moore, taking the tenable position that Yeats’ lifelong interest in the supernatural was a search for reality rather than a flight from it, minutely examines his early studies of Hermetism, theosophy, spiritualism, Irish legend, and Blakean vision, as well as his later interest in formal philosophy and Eastern religions. She breaks new ground when she relates the Yeatsian “system” elaborated in the two versions of “A Vision” (1925 and 1937) to the occult studies of the poet’s youth. The book is evidently based on massive research (including the gathering of first-hand information from Yeats’ wife and friends), but Miss Moore is often over-tenacious in argument and tiresomely meticulous in the presentation of details that frequently turn out to be minor.

RENOIR, by Denis Rouart, translated by James Emmons (Skira). Fifty-six illustrations in full color, many of them little known (they range from a still life done in 1864, when Renoir was twenty-three, to a flower piece painted only two years before his death, in 1919), give this volume its main value. Mr. Rouart’s text is instructive, and his account of Renoir’s artistic development manages, in a remarkably effortless fashion, to serve as a survey of the course of Impressionism, too. The whole book is a happy combination of the immensely readable and the unobtrusively authoritative.

•

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., July 3 (AP).—Internal revenue agents said they seized the 12-room home of film producer Sam Spiegel today for $13,372 in unpaid income taxes.

Sell your home or business quickly by inserting an inexpensive classified ad in the Journal-American. Dial CO. 7-1212 and ask for an ad taker.—*The Journal-American.*

No sharp advice, please. Just the news.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Long Island Press*]

SPOKANE, WASH. (UP)—An indignant motorist stopped for speeding told a motorcycle officer “I’ll get this ticket fixed in no time—I know an officer on the motorcycle patrol.”

“Oh? What’s his name?” asked the officer as he wrote out a speeding citation.

your passkey sir... to entertaining without spending a cent in cash...

Leading restaurants and service establishments extend charge account privileges and superior service to members of the Golden Key! You dine . . . then just sign!
Get full details about this all-new all-encompassing credit plan . . . the only one with one-time dues . . . the only one to give you a *14K gold key!*

Call or Write Mr. North

The GOLDEN KEY System
11 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.
BOwling Green 9-3441

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha’s Vineyard and this snug fishermen’s harbor—at New York’s new bar and cocktail lounge.

130 East 57th Street,
New York

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH · DINNER · COCKTAILS
YODELING · DANCING · ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL LOUNGE
The Whiffenpoof
1057 LEXINGTON AVE. at 75th ST.
Luncheon · Cocktails · Moderate Prices
Dinner Served to Midnight

Barbara Wilson

Grace Brown

Jean Moorhead

Nancy Woodruff

Susan Alexander

Stephanie Griffin

Vote now_Elect Miss Rheingold 1955!

Pick your favorite from these six lovely girls and vote for her at ballot boxes in Rheingold stores and taverns everywhere!

WHICH pretty girl do *you* like the best?

Take a good look! These six charming candidates were chosen from among hundreds of lovely models by The Miss Rheingold Election Committee—at receptions in New York and California. Now it's up to you.

Yes, the voting is going on now, wherever Rheingold Extra Dry is sold. Join in the fun. Help elect your favorite in the second largest election in these United States.

What the winner wins

The girl you elect receives a contract worth $50,000 (a prize of $20,000 plus $30,000 in fees), plus free trips to Hollywood and Puerto Rico. You'll be seeing her—she'll be one of the most photographed girls in the U.S.A.!

Over 35,000 ballot boxes

Get your friends to vote! You'll find ballot boxes in every Rheingold store and tavern. There are more than 35,000 friendly Rheingold dealers in the New York area alone.

Your votes decide

Every vote counts! Ballots are checked by an independent research organization that certifies the accuracy of the final tabulation. Your vote and your friends' votes can help elect your favorite!

So choose your favorite again this year—just as you've chosen Rheingold Extra Dry your favorite beer. You've made Rheingold the largest-selling lager beer in the East, because you *know* it's beer as beer *should* taste.

Choose your favorite—and vote!

New York's original Extra Dry beer, brewed by Liebmann Breweries, Inc., master brewers for more than 117 years.

Copr. 1954, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
MEMBER

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock

A Harmony of *Great* Straight Whiskies

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Gentle in taste
—for Gentlemen
of Taste

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

P&T

Founded 1840

CUSTOM-MADE

**—for those who
tastes go beyo
the ordinary . . .**

• Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a *custom-made* combination of Park & Tilford's finest straight whiskies . . . carefully selected, then skillfully wedded together for *better* flavor, *finer* bouquet, *gentler* taste and *richer* body. It is *all* whiskey—every drop.

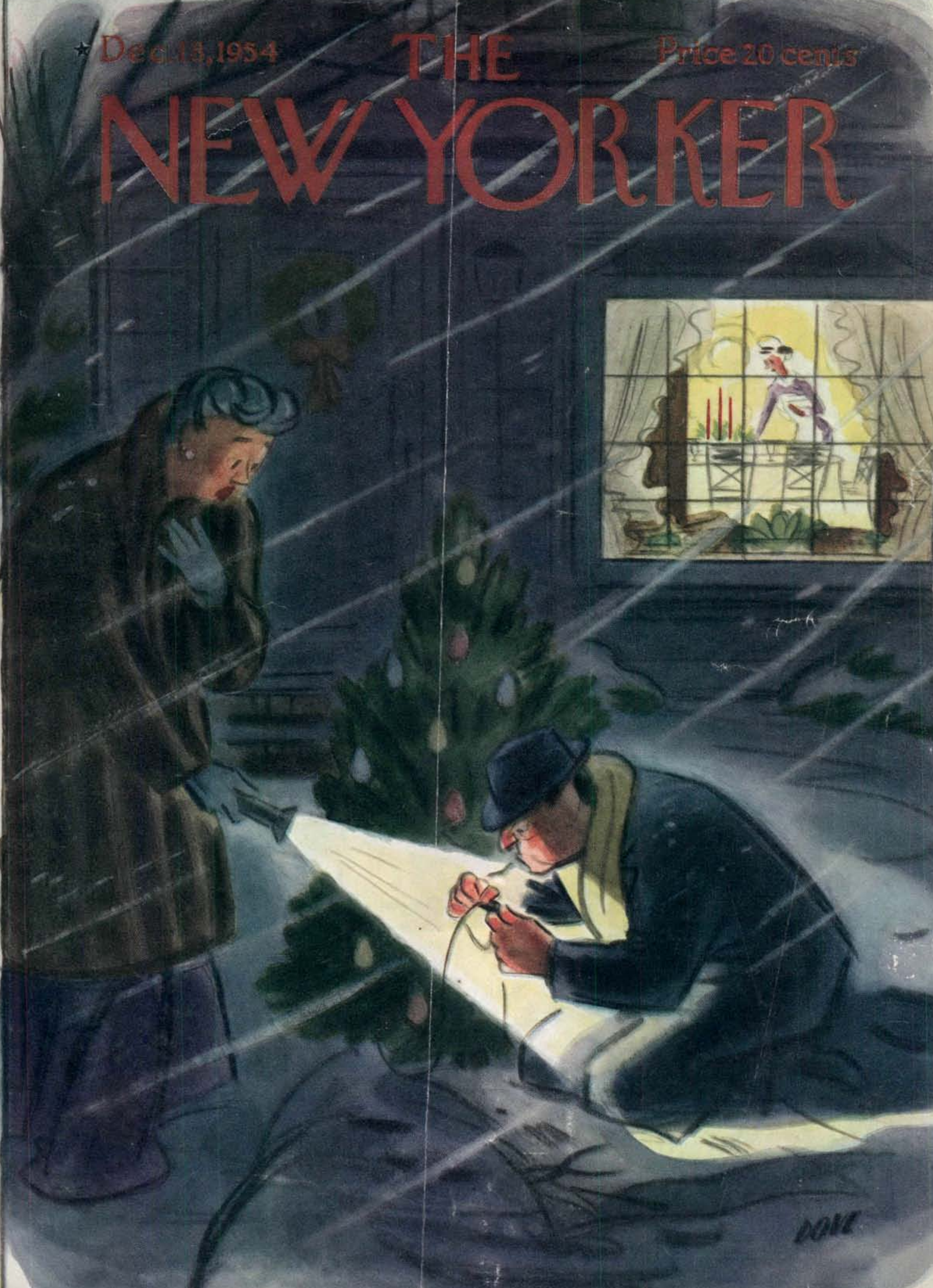
• Park & Tilford has never been more proud of a whiskey . . . nor more certain that once you savor it you'll join the growing number of gentlemen of good taste who order and re-order Par Tilford *Private Stoc*

America's Luxury Whiskey*

* *A luxury in taste, not in price.*

★ Dec. 18, 1954 Price 20 cents

THE NEW YORKER

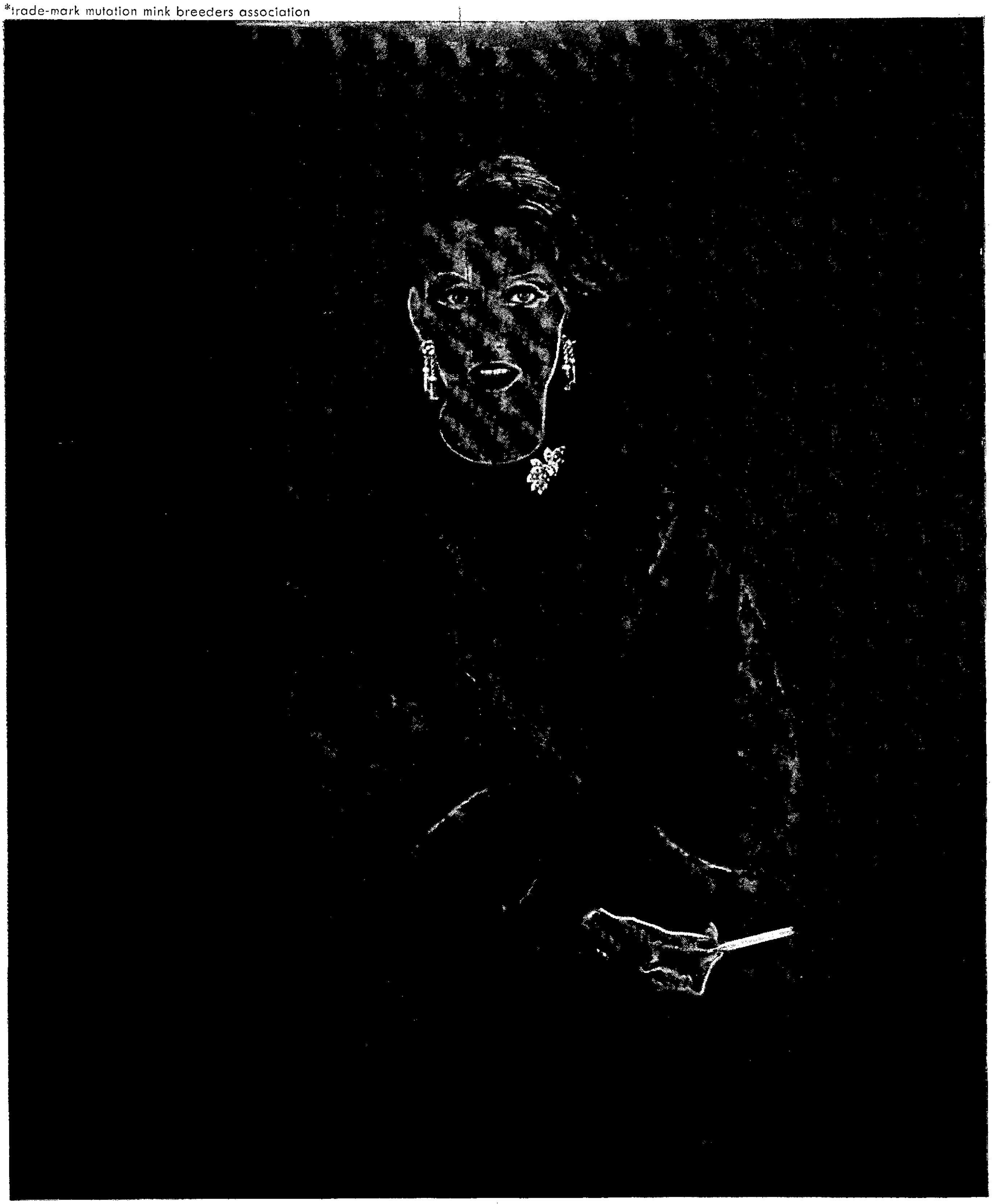


emba royal pastel* mutation mink designed by maximilian, new york

the rich warm blue-haze of emba royal pastel* mutation mink in a new rounded jacket.

maximilian, 20 w. 57th st., new york • holt, renfrew & co. ltd., canada

*trade-mark mutation mink breeders association



N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES: $7.50 TO $300.00 PLUS TAX

ECHOED IN TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

$2.00 TO $10.00 PLUS TAX

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNIVERSARY WALTZ—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE BAD SEED—Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel about a nine-year-old girl who inherits a taste for homicide is a reasonably exciting melodrama, even though it suffers somewhat from the exclusion of any actual violence from the stage. Nancy Kelly is superb as the little monster's mother, and there are excellent performances by Evelyn Varden, Henry Jones, and young Patty McCormack. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

DEAR CHARLES—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this resurrection of a comedy that was around ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MRS. PATTERSON—Eartha Kitt is an unadulterated delight in the central role of this fantasy by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, which is otherwise rather tawdry and uninspired. The supporting cast includes Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

QUADRILLE—The chief virtue of this very loquacious exercise by Noel Coward is that it brings the Lunts into view again. They are sturdily assisted by Brian Aherne and Edna Best. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RAINMAKER—Geraldine Page in N. Richard Nash's old-fashioned, occasionally absurd, but not altogether unaffecting melodrama about a plain girl and a fascinating stranger. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RECLINING FIGURE—The mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz with the theme of his comedy. Despite a few funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TENDER TRAP—Some footless palaver about whether bachelors in New York ought to stay single or take a shot at marriage. Flimsy is the word for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham are the principals. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 19.)

WEDDING BREAKFAST—Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Anthony Franciosa all give remarkably appealing performances, but Theodore Reeves' comedy about young love under financial difficulties is a little insubstantial and hard to believe. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL:** Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense counsel in this dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. George Keane is currently the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are in the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. After Saturday, Dec. 18, no performances until Monday evening, Dec. 27.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** Robert Anderson's play dealing with the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. After Saturday, Dec. 18, no performances until a matinée on Christmas; thereafter, the regular schedule will be resumed.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. David Wayne and John Forsythe are representatives of the warring cultures in John Patrick's play, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	127
THE CURRENT CINEMA	60
LETTER FROM PARIS	84
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	114
MUSICAL EVENTS	125
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	92
ON THE COURTS	58
THE RACE TRACK	83
A REPORTER AT LARGE	63
THE SKY LINE	109
TELEVISION	81
THE THEATRE	54

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

LUNATICS AND LOVERS—A farce by Sidney Kingsley, with Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, and Vicki Cummings. Directed by the author and presented by M. Kirshner. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

THE BOY FRIEND—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this British satire on musicals of the period, and the chances are their juniors will find it pretty funny, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

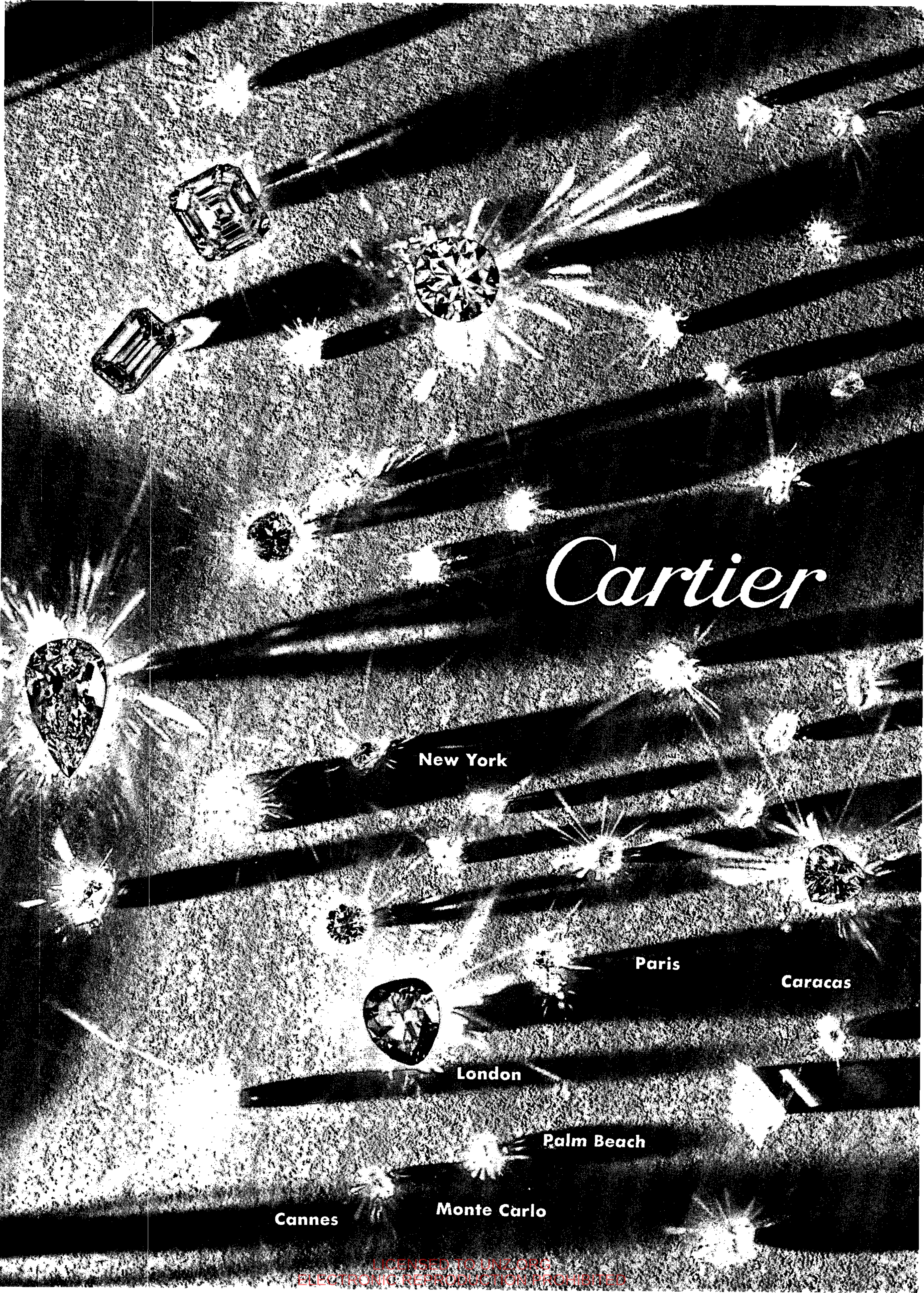
FANNY—Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Big and bouncy and full of plot, the musical has some nice airs by Harold Rome and the services of such stalwart performers as Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to one of the best musicals around. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Mary Martin is probably the most beguiling Peter you ever saw, and Cyril Ritchard gives her admirable support in this extremely stylish production. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**CAN-CAN:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. After Saturday, Dec. 18, no performances until special matinée and evening ones on Sunday, Dec. 26, after which the regular schedule will be resumed.) . . . **KISMET:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 44, December 18, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


Cartier
New York
Paris
Caracas
London
Palm Beach
Cannes
Monte Carlo

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Francis L. Sullivan and Patricia Jessel in Agatha Christie's mystery, brought over from London. Gilbert Miller and Peter Saunders are the producers and Robert Lewis is the director. Opens Thursday, Dec. 16. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Lady—A dramatization by William Archibald of the Henry James novel, with Jennifer Jones, Robert Flemyng, Cathleen Nesbitt, Douglas Watson, and Barbara O'Neil in a cast under the direction of José Quintero. Presented by Lyn Austin, Thomas Noyes, and the Producers Theatre. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 21. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—Helen Hayes in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," the first in a series of four revivals to be presented by the company. Kent Smith, John Cromwell, Betsy von Furstenburg, Viola Roache, and Philip Bourneuf are also in the cast. Preview Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 22, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Black-Eyed Susan—Vincent Price, Kay Medford, Dana Wynter, and Everett Sloane in a comedy by A. B. Shiffrin. Staged by Gregory Ratoff and produced by Gordon W. Pollock in association with James Goodman and Everett Hart. Opens Thursday, Dec. 23. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Dec. 17-19: "Carmen."...¶ Starting Christmas: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Howard Morton and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Club Theatre—Ibsen's "A Doll's House," directed by Iza Itkin. With Lesley Woods, Karl Swenson, and Daniel Nagrin. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SU 7-5405. Friday through Sunday at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sandhog," a slightly heavy musical play that is redeemed as entertainment by an honest heart, intelligent music, and a cast that includes Jack Cassidy, Alice Ghostley, David Brooks, and a chorus of five splendid urchins. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—"High Named Today," a play written by David Zelag Goodman, directed by George Englund, and with a cast headed by Art Smith and Dorothy Blackburn. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday at 12:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

MISCELLANY

Drama in Dance—A program of music, drama, and dance that will include Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat," with Annabelle Gold, Frederic Warriner, Fritz Weaver, and John Harkins as actors and dancers. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a gilded cage designed to house canaries who never have to sing for their supper, vibrates gently to Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's men. After ten, Quintero's rumba-makers alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play water-hole music in an oasis called the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—As of Thursday, Dec. 23, the principal boy in the trumped-up Christmas pantomime here will be Frank Sinatra, whose tense but witty treatment of the torch song proves what most of us have always wanted to believe—that the world truly is well lost for love.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings eventually depart, but only because of wearisome old daybreak. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Nino's LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—The beloved hollow oak that served a whole generation as post office and trysting place is scheduled to become public domain again on Monday, Dec. 20. Restored to its pristine splendor, it will afford, after ten, the muted jazz dance tunes of Hugo Pedell and the rumbas of Horace Diaz. Cocktail and dinner music by Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, a full-blown rose of Picardy, is singing, after her breathless fashion, in the Cotillion Room, where Artini and Consuelo supply the adagios and Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands play the marching songs. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson is home from London with some new songs, some new dances, some new witty sayings, a new leading man (Paul Methuen, a young Edwardian of vast charm and aplomb), and the best show of her long career. Ronnie Selby, her brilliant pianist, also gets into her act. This happens in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's virtuoso dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly betweentimes, and Mark Monte's boys chip in with cheerful music. Closed Sundays. On Thursday, Dec. 23, the Thompson troupe will be replaced by the dances of the imperishable Tony De Marco, whose present ballerina is, as is customary, named Sally, and the songs of Jenny Collins, late of "The King and I." . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Home-cooking-style dance tunes in the Grill, where, after all these years, Guy and his fellow-Lombardos are still taking their tempos slow and easy. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, pomp and circumstance are matters of course, and there is almost perpetual dancing to the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) Rosalind Courtright, who sings about the scarlet-lined pastimes of the unidle rich. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

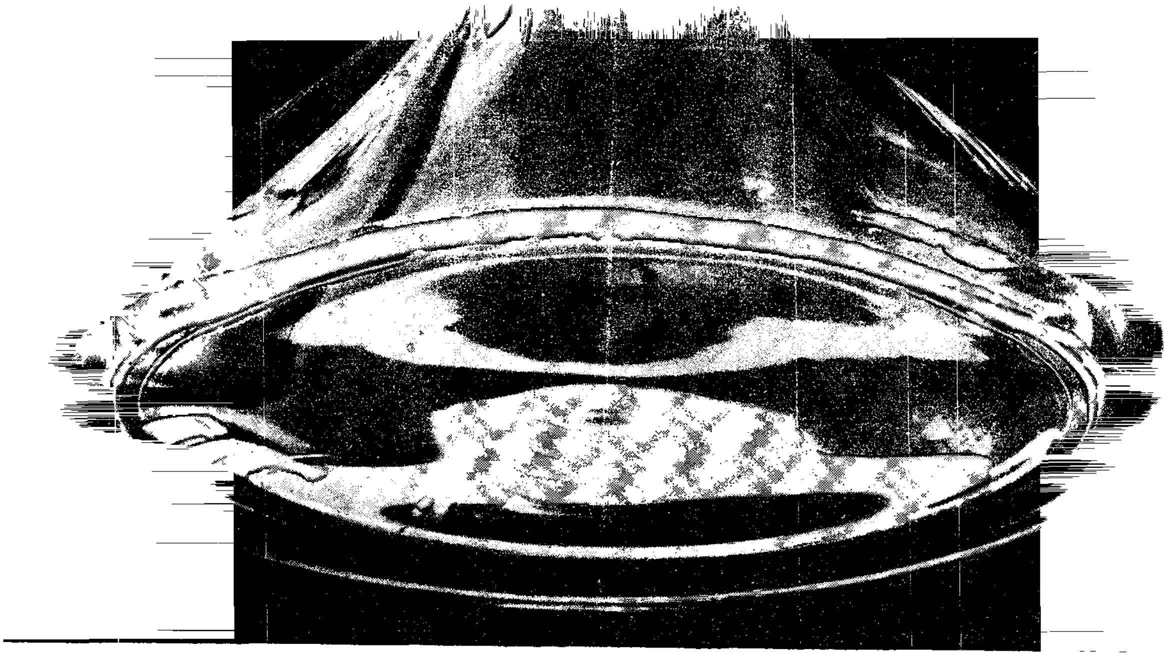
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Sauter-Finegan band, whose instrumentation and orchestration know no beaten path, is in the Café Rouge. On Friday, Dec. 17, the jaunty band of the Dorsey Brothers will be taking over. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—By now, it's an institution, which is probably just as well, for there seem to be plenty of people who love to spend their lives in it. Dancing to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been seasoned with a spate of words (some of them better left unsaid) and some lively dances, and thus turned into a miniature musical comedy. The wittiest inmates are Paul Gray

LÁSZLÓ
Store
Open
tonight till 9
★INFORMATION★



SHIP'S DECANTER WITH RINGED NECK AND BULL'S-EYE STOPPER • HOLDS 1 QUART • $60

MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER • CORNING, NEW YORK

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

and Louise Hoff; the most athletic are Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The small assortment of perfectionists known as the José Greco dancers are once more in the Empire Room, where the guests' footwork is paced by the lush strains of Nat Brandwynne's tiptop big band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A segment of the vast complex called Peacock Alley has piano by Alex Fogarty from six to twelve and dancing to Michael Zarin's orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys go it alone from eight to midnight.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferryhouse, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's Rudy Timfield's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls, and a fairly French troubadour by the prankish name of L'Apache sings and chats. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts an adroit and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. ... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): From nine o'clock on, Eddie Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, manipulates his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Tommy Hughes does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.... **CHEZ CARLO,** 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): From five-thirty to ten, except Sundays, Norbert Faconi does swoon violin from table to table, and after that there is a meandering musicale.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Caribbean sun worshippers might like to know that this season Louis Hawkins, pianist and town crier, is wintering here instead of in the Virgin Islands. His establishment, a beachhead on the seacoast of Bohemia, offers his own perky music and the more romantic piano of Bob Printz from seven on. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now static, now perambulatory) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasonings for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch.

SUPPER CLUBS

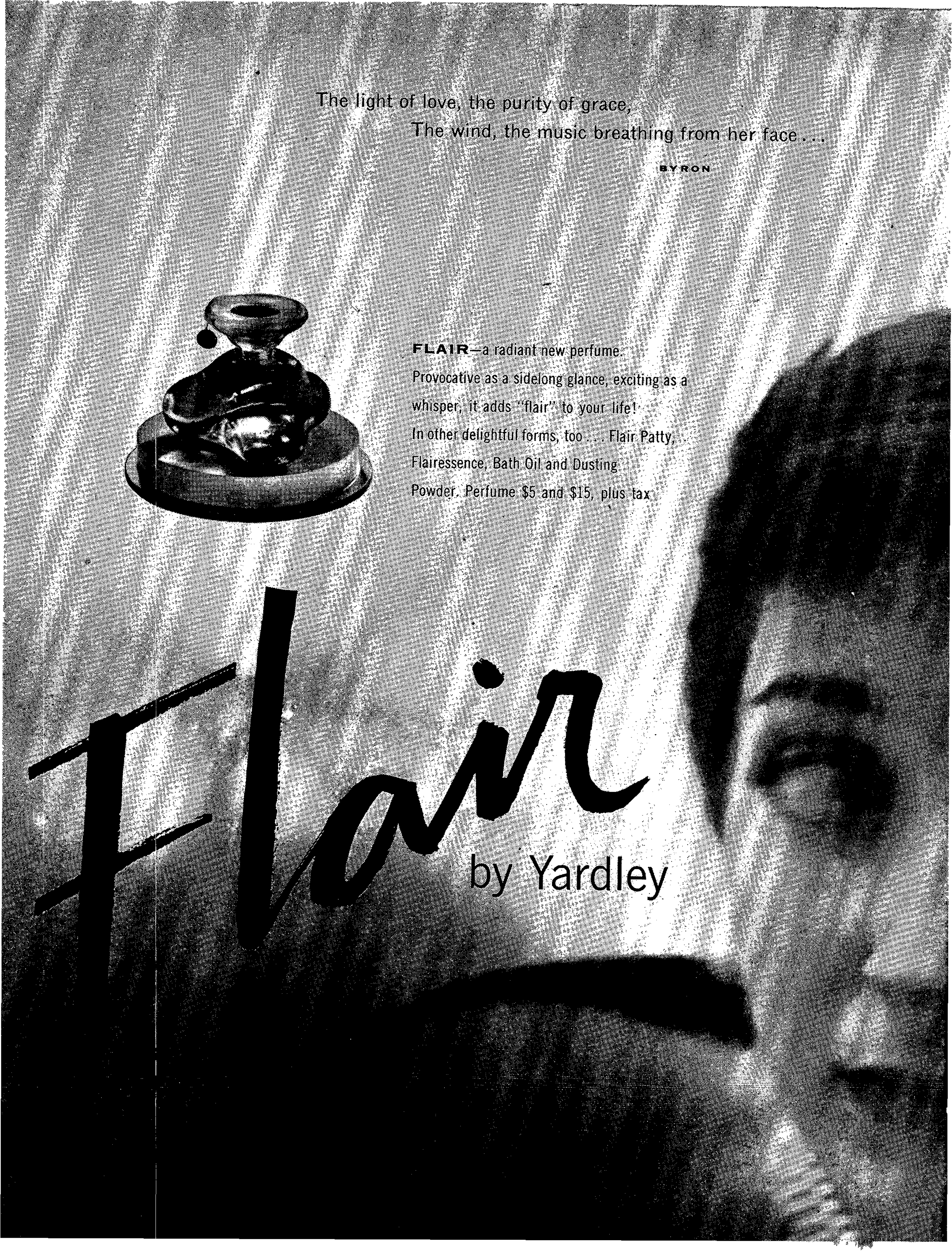
(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The back room is three deep in humorists—Pat Carroll, a campus cutup who should have gone on the stage and did; John Carradine, a handy compendium of adages ranging from Poe to Pushkin; and Mort Sahl, a cosmic thinker who comes to devastating conclusions. The nightingale is the cool, clear Susan Johnson, who will be succeeded on Tuesday, Dec. 21, by Portia Nelson, another deft singer. Behind them all is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The incomparable Irwin Corey utters his last hexameter of shattered Shakespeare on Friday, Dec. 17; next evening, the elfin Arte Johnson will become the funnyman. There is also Dorothy Loudon, who applies a wonderfully tongue-in-cheek treatment to some Tin Pan Alley sitting ducks, and the Turtlenecks, a new vocal quartet. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-of-a-kind Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays as well as Christmas Eve and Christmas. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sylvia Syms declaims her high-style blues and songs of renunciation as she roams the podium in battle-cruiser fashion; Stan Freeman, concert musician, parodist, and rapscallion wit, just sticks to his piano stool. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and contributions by visiting friends. Herb Corey, an old hand in these parts, indulges in joint horseplay with his new teammate, Mildred Cook, every night but Monday. Except Sundays, Betty O'Neil sings loud, distinct, and merry. Ancient silent movies (the sound track is spoken by Paul Killiam, a senior-grade punster) are added Sundays; Mondays are audition nights.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic review by Mabel Mercer. The words and music are the work of the Alec Wilder-Bart Howard school of lieder. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays and Christmas. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis runs off his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The atmosphere is catch-as-catch-can and audience-participation. The professional portion of the friskiness is produced by the ageless battering-ram named Mae Barnes, who goes through a song like Sherman through Georgia; by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by the *Walpurgisnacht* music of the Three Flames, led by Tiger Haines; by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town; by Lee Goodman, a mad rhetorician of many words and few sequiturs; and by Bruce Kirby, the local utility outfielder. Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, once of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain if sometimes tempestuous English. The chirping is done by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, girl and boy crickets with some great ideas about dual-tone jazz. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

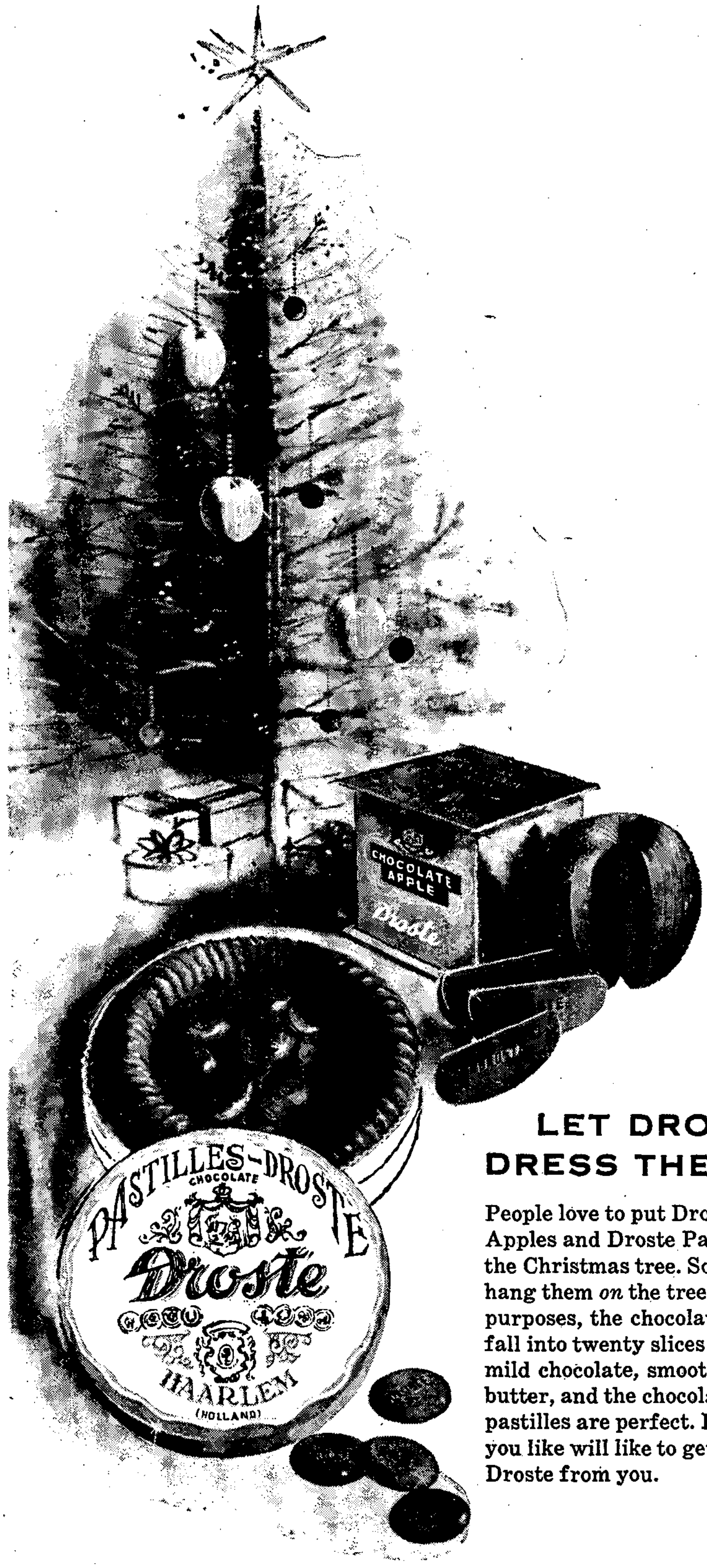
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials are blowing their tops without let or hindrance in a three-cheers-for-Dixie groove. They are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off Early American solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This comfortable music hall offers, after nine, the eminent Erroll Garner's trio and the Modern Jazz Quartet, which includes Milt Jackson and Kenny Clarke. The M.J.Q. will finish up on Saturday, Dec. 18, and on Monday, Dec. 20, Johnny Smith's quartet will step in. Sundays, Jack Elliot, a nimble modernist, has the piano to himself. He sports a two-man background. Cocktail and dinner piano every night.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Always the best of potluck here. Duke Ellington's band, replete with virtuoso veterans like Ray Nance and virtuoso youngsters like Louis Bellson, waxes hot, cool, mellow, and mournful in splendid succession. Alec Templeton, guest artist, pianist, and wit, departs on Sunday, Dec. 19; the band plays on. Tuesday, Dec. 21, Roy Hamilton will start singing. Don Shirley's stylized duo (piano and bass) does a neat job of the interlude music. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's acolytes, among them Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, and George Foster, play jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Sunday, Dec. 19, the Nassau Five and Don Frye will be in charge.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Cy Coleman and his new trio keep this amiable bandbox nice and cool from ten o'clock on. They're off Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The listening hipsters' temperatures often run as high as the performers'. The current debate involves Count Basie (the rich, warm, controlled fury of yesterday) and George Shearing (the taut, tantalizing abstractions of today). On Thursday, Dec. 23, Tito Puente will be bringing in one of the best big mambo bands to replace the Basie bombers. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, all good men and true, are on display after six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and after five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 19, Wild Bill Davison and his roughriders will be dropping in to serve as the afternoon guests. No music Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. Alternating with her on piano is Johnny Mehegan, a jazz poet with a complex turn of phrase quite his own.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison, seated at a concert grand, and two colleagues are turning out the slow, steady, easy jazz for which they are famous. They start at nine-thirty. Joe Moon is the intermission pianist. No music Sundays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A startlingly accurate replica of a prewar West Coast the-fleet's-in saloon, with a back-bar shelf from which issues, starting at 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) some of the jolliest, damnedest, most ear-splitting Dixieland ever heard. Five jazz bands, three of them loosely commanded by Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, and Bud Freeman (and in-



The light of love, the purity of grace,
The wind, the music breathing from her face . . .

BYRON

FLAIR—a radiant new perfume. Provocative as a sidelong glance, exciting as a whisper, it adds "flair" to your life! In other delightful forms, too . . . Flair Patty, Flairessence, Bath Oil and Dusting Powder. Perfume $5 and $15, plus tax



LET DROSTE
DRESS THE TREE!

People love to put Droste Chocolate Apples and Droste Pastilles under the Christmas tree. Some enthusiasts hang them *on* the tree. For eating purposes, the chocolate apples fall into twenty slices of pure, mild chocolate, smooth as butter, and the chocolate pastilles are perfect. People you like will like to get Droste from you.

DROSTE

Droste

CHOCOLATES *Imported from Holland*

IMPORTERS: H. HAMSTRA & CO., NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cluding Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, and Russell Moore), shuffle across this shelf during a rather long day that ends at 3 A.M. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Vic Dickenson, Snub Mosely, Pee Wee Russell, Hank D'Amico, Joe Sullivan, Teddy Roy, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, it is promised, the paeans to Dixie will be the work of Charlie Shavers, Tyree Glenn, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Henry Goodwin, and Art Trappier.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas, and some, as indicated, will be closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ALTOON—New paintings, semiabstract in style, by a young California artist; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Italy as seen in a group of oils, water colors, gouaches, pastels, and drawings; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Principally water colors, plus a few oils, depicting landscapes in New Hampshire; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

PETER BLUME—Recent paintings and drawings of Bali, Mexico, Italy, and other exotic scenes, in his first exhibition in close to six years; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New oils, ingenuously mixing in Surrealism, Expressionism, and realism with all his accustomed ebullience; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

VINCENT CAMPANELLA—Water colors of Monhegan Island, painted there last summer; through Dec. 31. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

WILLIAM CONGDON—Swirlingly patterned oils, mainly of landscapes and buildings, ranging from Bourges to the Taj Mahal; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Sixteen oils, along with about a dozen water colors and drawings illustrating Dante's "Divine Comedy;" through Jan. 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

RALPH DUBIN—Paintings, mostly of city subjects, pleasantly following the tradition of Ben Shahn; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

DUBUFFET—New oils, more sober in tone and more subtle in color than formerly, as well as some ventures into collage; through Dec. 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Twenty-four canvases recently done by this Austrian artist; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

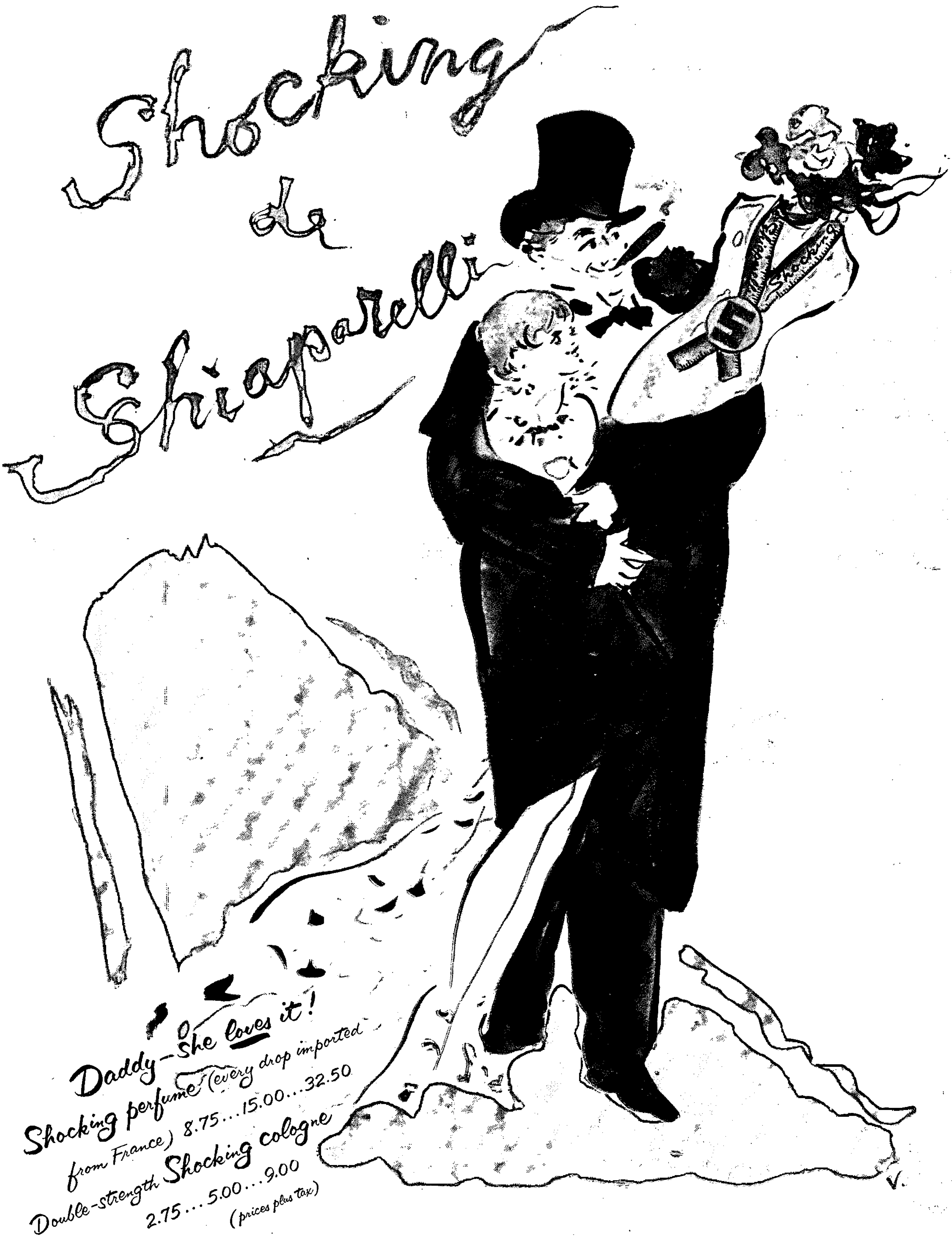
FREDERICK FRANCK—Landscapes are the dominant subjects of these semiabstract and abstract paintings; through Jan. 8. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LYMAN E. KIPP, JR.—Small sculptures in welded metal, gracefully attenuated in style; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Works dating from 1907 to 1932, including temperas, water colors, drawings, pastels, and some lithographs that were originally published as postcards; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Ceramic designs that are really bas-reliefs, highly glazed and brilliantly colored, in a bold, new stylistic venture on the part of this artist; through Dec. 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New sculptures, all with a charmingly oblique Oriental suggestion, in his first exhibition in some five years; through Jan. 8. (The Stable Gallery, 924


Shocking
de
Shiaparelli
Shocking
V.

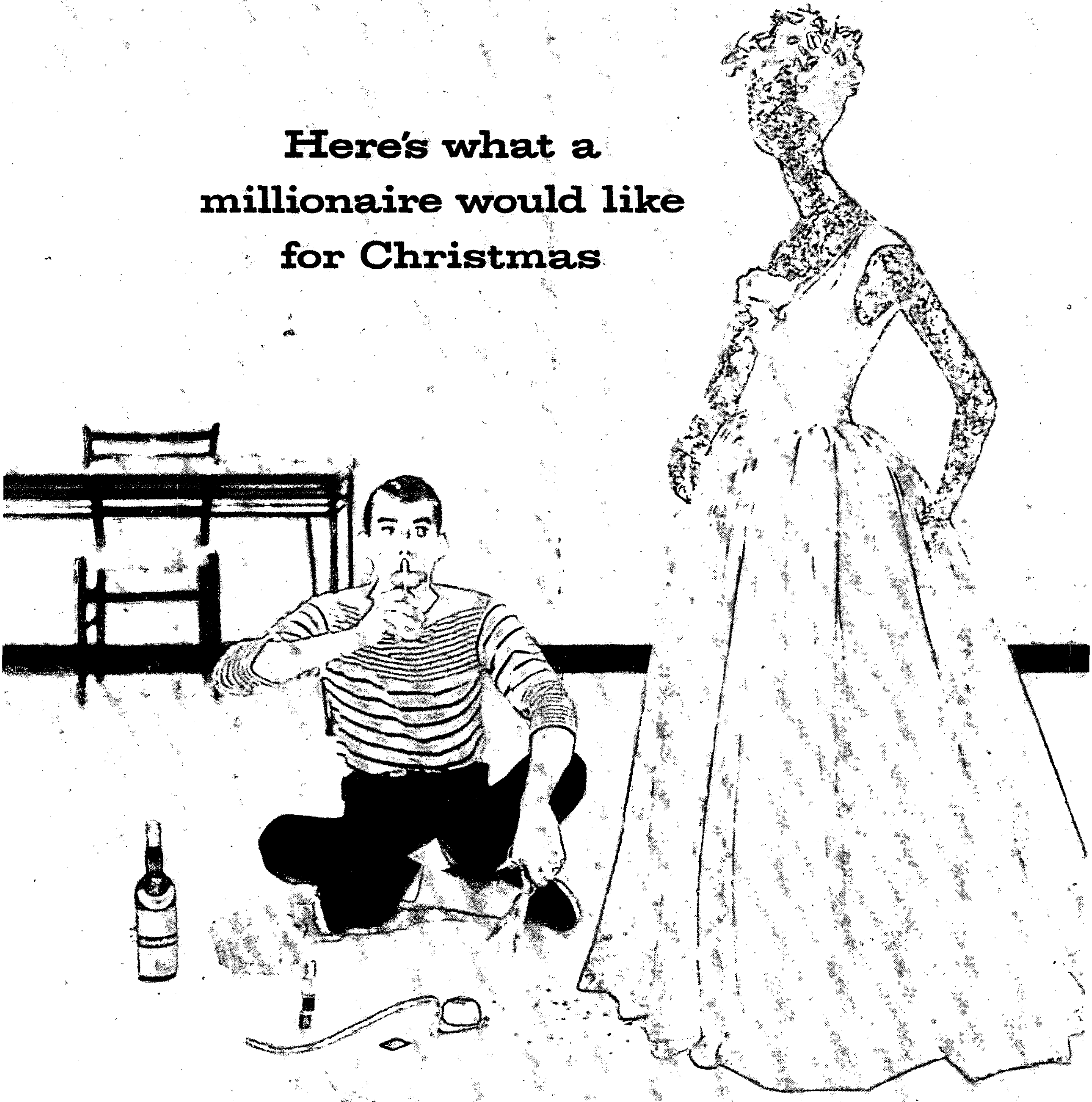
Daddy—She *loves* it!

Shocking perfume (every drop imported from France) 8.75 . . . 15.00 . . . 32.50

Double-strength Shocking cologne 2.75 . . . 5.00 . . . 9.00

(prices plus tax)

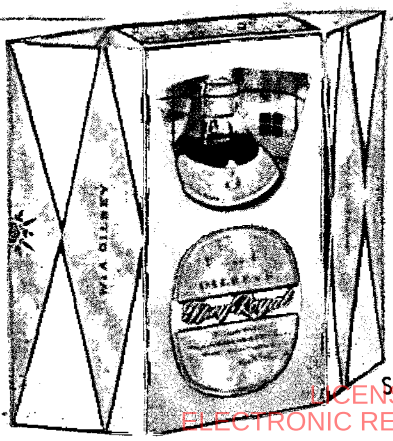
Here's what a millionaire would like for Christmas



Infanta pink satin ball gown with bouffant skirt and low neck emphasized in red roses by **Nettie Rosenstein**

By Appointment

Whisky Distillers
to the Late King George VI



In the cheerful
Christmas gift carton

GILBEY'S
Spey Royal
SCOTCH WHISKY

Sole Distributors: Bacardi Imports, Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Scotch Whisky—A Blend . . . 86.8 Proof

Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A selection of paintings, constructions, and collages; through Jan. 18. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Solman—Eighteen portraits in oil, including one of the artist Byron Browne; through Dec. 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

William Thon—New paintings, delicately stylized in manner, and ranging from Maine to Sicily in subject matter; through Dec. 31. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Vlaminck—Paintings, 1908 to 1914, in a handsome showing of what may turn out to be his most successful period; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—A show called "Rocks and Sea," comprising twenty-two recent oils; through Dec. 31. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Fritz Winter—The first full-scale exhibition in this country of oils, darkly powerful in effect, by one of the leading contemporary German abstractionists; through Dec. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings in gouache, many of them making extremely deft use of Northwest Indian designs as motifs; through Dec. 31. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Blue Rider Group—Paintings by Macke, Klee, Kandinsky, and others of this early German Expressionist group; through Jan. 8. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St. Closed after noon on Friday, Dec. 24.)

New York Society of Women Artists—The thirtieth annual exhibit, with works in all mediums by more than fifty members; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

African Sculpture—African sculptures compared with works by the insane; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Christmas Shows—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Robert Knipschild, Walter Meigs, Reuben Tam, and other contemporary artists have contributed works, ranging in price from $30 to $300, to this gallery's Christmas show; through Dec. 31. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Oils, sculptures, ceramics, and water colors (starting at $10) done by regular gallery members, including Frederic Taubes, Rafael Soyer, and Jane Miller; through Dec. 31. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Some sixty serigraphs and lithographs ($1 to $100), many with religious themes, by the students and members of the faculty of the Department of Fine Arts of the Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Works in all mediums ($25 to $250) by a large group of American artists from all over the country; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A wide selection of specially priced ($100 to $500) paintings and sculptures (by, among others, Charles Sheeler, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach), along with examples of American folk art; through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century primitive wooden sculptures, votive paintings, and clay and ceramic folkcrafts, by anonymous Mexican and Latin-American artists. The prices are from $30 to $200. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Portraits and landscapes in oils and water colors, plus sculptures and colored etchings, all of which run from $50 to $150; through Dec. 31. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: "Pictures for Presents," comprised of American paintings from many periods and ranging in price from $200 to $1500; through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 W. 57th St.: Harold Baumbach, Louis Ribak, and other members of the gallery, in a show of paintings that cost from $60 to $500; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of modern American and European oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, in addition to

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

Christmas luxuries, London style

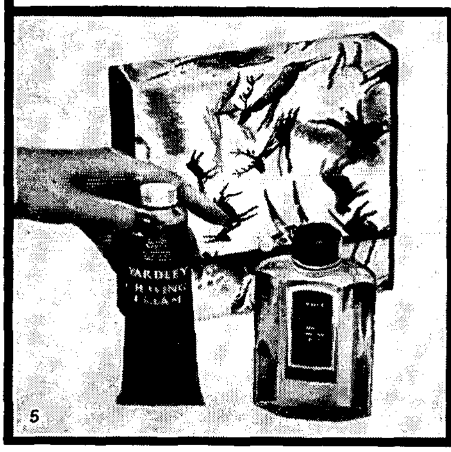
London is a man's town. Yardley preparations, here illustrated, reflect traditional English quality. They have a character of their own. They are handsomely packaged and are readily available for surprisingly little cost.

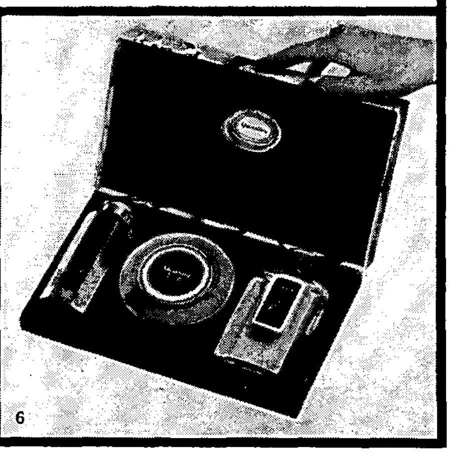
1. Shaving Bowl $1.25
2. Cologne $1.65*
   Invisible Talc $1.10*
3. After Shower Powder and Shaving Foam Set . . . $2.00*
4. After Shaving Lotion and Bowl Set $2.65*
5. Shaving Cream and After Shaving Lotion Set . . . $1.90*
6. Talc, Bowl and After Shaving Lotion Set . . . $3.75*

Many other fine gifts up to $9.50*

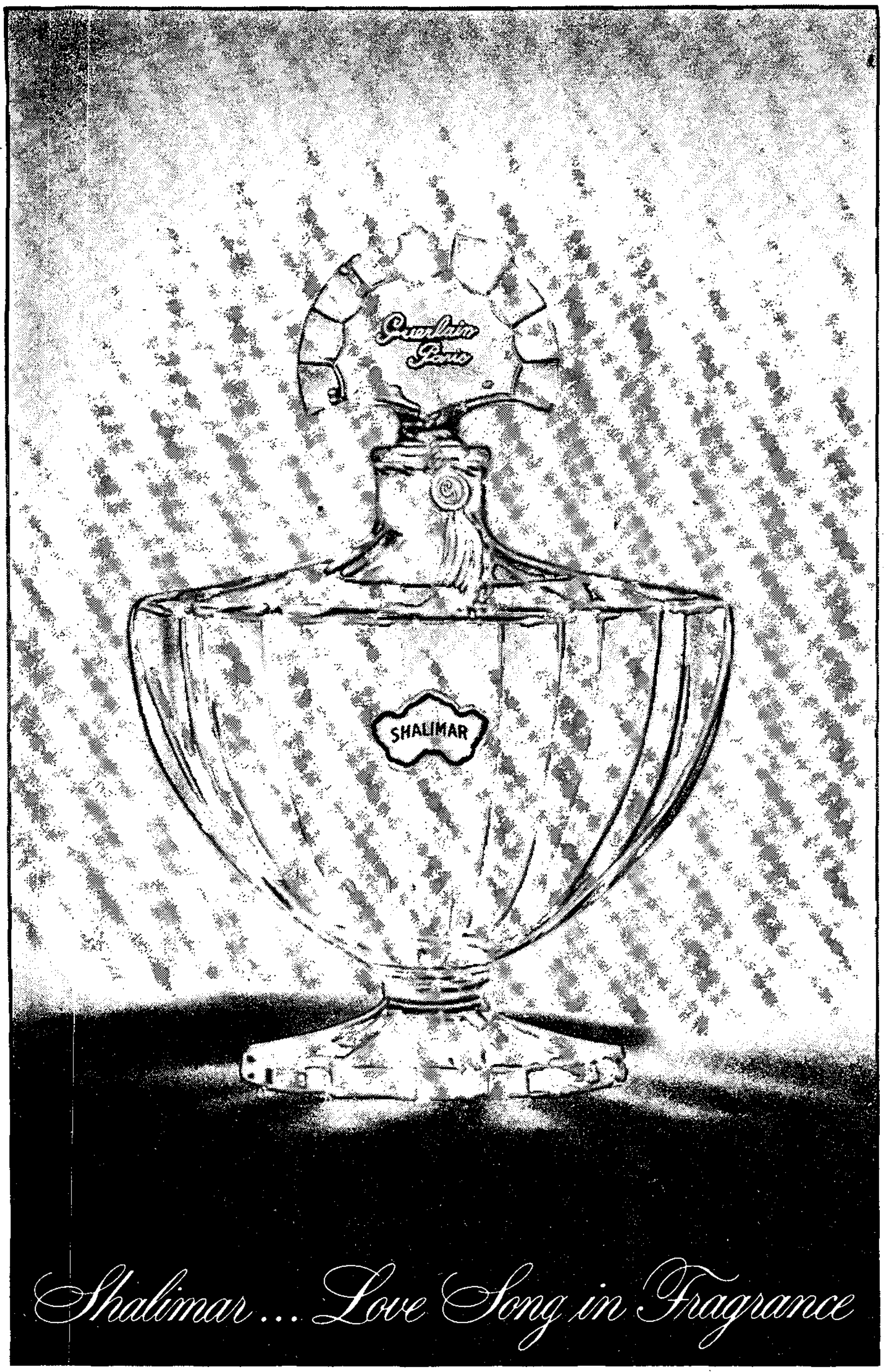
*plus Federal Tax

Yardley for Men





Makers and distributors for U.S.A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York



Shalimar Perfume $8. $14, $25, $45, plus tax

Guerlain
Parfumeur

Shalimar, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue,
Mitsouko, Liu, Fleur de Feu.

MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

books and folios containing original lithographs and serigraphs. The prices are from $2.50 to $250. Through Jan. 10.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: American and Italian contemporary paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by Joseph Glasco, Carlyle Brown, Leonardo Cremonini, and others, priced from $65 to $500; through Dec. 31.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by present-day French artists, among them Bonnard, Utrillo, and Chagall; through Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) ... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Mondrian, Severini, and Braque are three of the artists in this show of works in a variety of mediums; through Dec. 31.... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Graphics, including items by Picasso, Klee, and Miró; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others), loaned primarily by European museums and private collectors; through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30.... ¶ About a hundred prints, representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionism to the present; through Feb. 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas, and a number of other French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2.... ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—A loan exhibition of Spanish medieval art, with sculptures, paintings, metalwork, ivories, and manuscripts on view; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, except Dec. 19, and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, including a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder; through Dec. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Spiral Group's ninth anniversary show, with paintings by Hyde Solomon, Gertrude Shibley, Job Goodman, and thirteen other members; through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Over a hundred American paintings and sculptures, owned by Roy and Marie Neuberger, dating from 1910 to the present, and ranging in style from realistic to non-objective. Among the artists are Alexander Calder, Lyonel Feininger, and Charles Sheeler. Through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Lisa Della Casa, Margaret Roggero, Brian Sullivan, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Kurt Baum, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Le

Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:15: "Vittorio," a ballet, with Mia Slavenska and Zachary Solov; and "Salome," with Christel Goltz, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Paul Schoeffler, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Andrea Chenier," with Zinka Milanov, Herta Glaz, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Mildred Miller, Thelma Votipka, Giacinto Prandelli, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Christmas at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Christmas at 8:30: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Jan Peerce, George London, and Salvatore Baccaloni.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting programs featuring Brahms' Requiem on Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 (all with Irmgard Seefried, soprano; George London, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 (both with Joseph Szigeti, violin.) . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting an all-Gershwin program on Christmas at 8:45 (with Eugene List, piano).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Concert—The Juilliard Chorus and Orchestra, directed by Frederick Prausnitz, and a chamber orchestra, conducted by Arthur Winograd, with Robert Koff, violin, and Edward Steuermann, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas-carol concert, with Edna Phillips, harp. For the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Mount Holyoke Club of New York. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:45.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing "The Magnificat," in baroque settings by Monteverdi, Schuetz, Buxtehude, and Bach, with soloists and a baroque orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Trapp Family Singers—Two Christmas concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 5:30, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with an orchestra and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Buxtehude's "The Magnificat" and portions of Handel's "Messiah," with Janet Hayes, soprano; Belva Kibler, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; Stephen Douglass, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Branscombe Chorale—Gena Branscombe directing a candlelight service of Christmas music. (Broadway Tabernacle Church, Broadway at 56th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

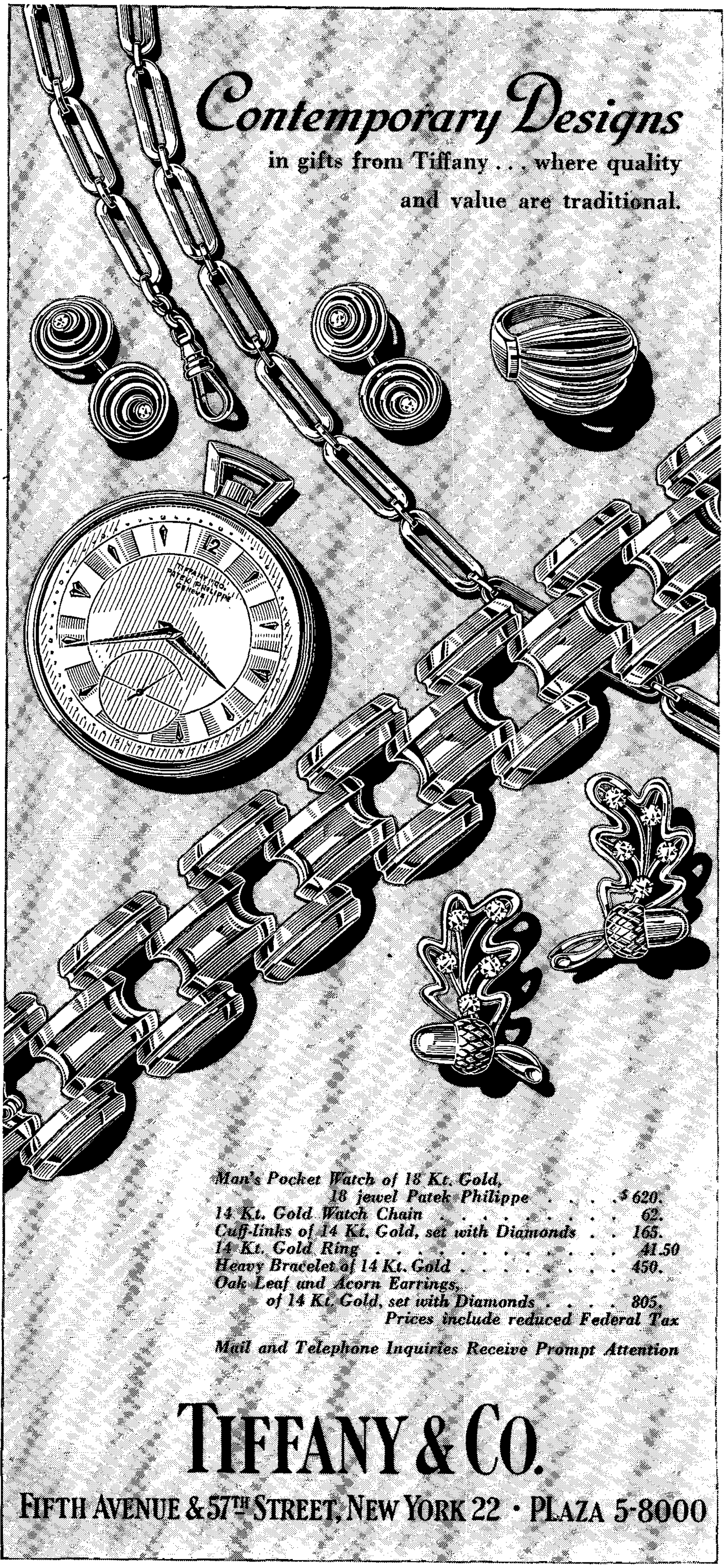
New York Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing a Christmas program, with the New York Concert Orchestra and vocal soloists; the first in a series of six concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Yale Glee Club—Fenno Heath directing. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

Note—On Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 21-22, at 5:30, about a hundred choristers, directed by John R. Jones, will take part in the annual candlelight concerts of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. Evelyn Sachs, mezzo-soprano, will be the soloist on Tuesday, and Jean Madeira, mezzo-soprano, and Norman Scott, bass, will be the soloists on Wednesday.

RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer; the fourth in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broad-



Contemporary Designs
in gifts from Tiffany . . . where quality
and value are traditional.

Man's Pocket Watch of 18 Kt. Gold, 18 jewel Patek Philippe	*$620.*
14 Kt. Gold Watch Chain	*62.*
Cuff-links of 14 Kt. Gold, set with Diamonds . .	*165.*
14 Kt. Gold Ring	*41.50*
Heavy Bracelet of 14 Kt. Gold	*450.*
Oak Leaf and Acorn Earrings, of 14 Kt. Gold, set with Diamonds	*805.*

Prices include reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000

ARPEGE
Lanvin
MY SIN
by
LANVIN
the best Paris has to offer

Bottled and packaged in France

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by a dozen composers, among them Eldin Burton, Howard Hanson, and Henry Hadley, performed by Floyd Worthington, baritone; Isabelle Byman and Arpad Sandor, pianos; and the Kohon String Quartet. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes-Gimpel-Silva Trio—With Eric Simon, clarinet; the second in a series of three programs. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 788. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Daniel Wayenberg—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Collegium Musicum—Fifteen instrumentalists under the direction of Fritz Rikko, with Russell Oberlin, tenor. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight. For tickets, call CO 5-4692.)

SPORTS

(The telephone number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Bob Baker vs. Coley Wallace, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 19: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night, except Christmas. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Vincent Abato, saxophone; the Trinity Church Choir; and vocal soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Burl Ives, narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **STRAWBRIDGE PRODUCTIONS:** "Tommy Tucker's Adventures in Outer Space," a play with magic, music, and dancing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabharata," an epic poem of ancient India. (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5.)

Variety Show—"The Boy Who Found Christmas," by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus dancers and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Christmas Round the World," views winter skies in different parts of the globe, as well as various Christmas scenes, including a pilgrimage to Bethlehem and a visit to Santa's toyshop. Through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 3:30; and Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Movies—"The Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn. A benefit for the Parents League of New York. (Trans-Lux 60th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 10. For tickets, call PL 3-3610.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays, except Christmas, and Friday, Dec. 24, at 11.) . . . ¶ A Christmas program, consisting of five short films. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2. Admission is free, but children under twelve must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . ¶ A program of five cartoons—"Carmen," "Mickey's Grand Opera," and such. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Monday through Friday, Dec. 20-24, at 1:30.)

Exhibits—Electric trains, laid out in a way to inspire awe in man or boy. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, from 9 to 5; Saturday, Dec. 18, from 9 to 3; and Friday, Dec. 24, from 9 to 1.) . . . ¶ American Flyer trains, Erector models (a Ferris wheel and a parachute jump, for instance), plus numerous scientific displays that young visitors can set in motion by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 to 5.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Friday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is now tentatively scheduled to adjourn Saturday, Dec. 18. Thereafter, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until late January; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene weekdays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3; no sessions on Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily, except Christmas, from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Illuminated Manuscripts—About forty manuscripts depicting scenes from the life of the Virgin and dating from the tenth through the sixteenth centuries; through Jan. 15. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"New York Comes of Age, 1789-1825," an exhibition covering the period from Washington's inauguration to the opening of the Erie Canal. Several completely furnished rooms are on view, along with costumes, books, newspapers, and letters; models of the U.S.S. Constitution and other ships; drawings and paintings; and objects illustrating the beginnings of the theatre here. . . . ¶ "Shipyards of New York," a display made up of ship models of all kinds from the past, and shipwrights' tools, building materials, and record books. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, Dec. 16, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 1:45: Sheraton, Chippendale, and other examples of eighteenth-century English furniture, along with paintings and drawings by Italian, French, and English artists; from various collectors, among them Diedrich Abbes.

"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Al Fargo, Jr.

On a recent train trip four of us were in a drawing room enjoying a bridge game and Old Smuggler. I had just picked up a small slam possibility when suddenly there was a crash followed by the sound of untracked wheels biting into wooden ties—and the car stopped with a jolt. As soon as I could check up on myself, I found I was still clutching my cards in one hand, and in the other was the bottle of Old Smuggler. Nobody was hurt, but salvaging that bottle sure made me the hero of the day. The bridge game was never resumed, so my small slam was completely wasted. But not that bottle of Old Smuggler. We didn't waste a drop.

Careful, don't waste a drop...

that's Old Smuggler

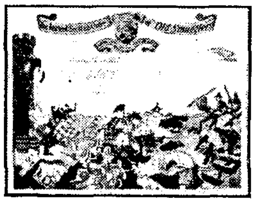
SCOTCH

with a HISTORY

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

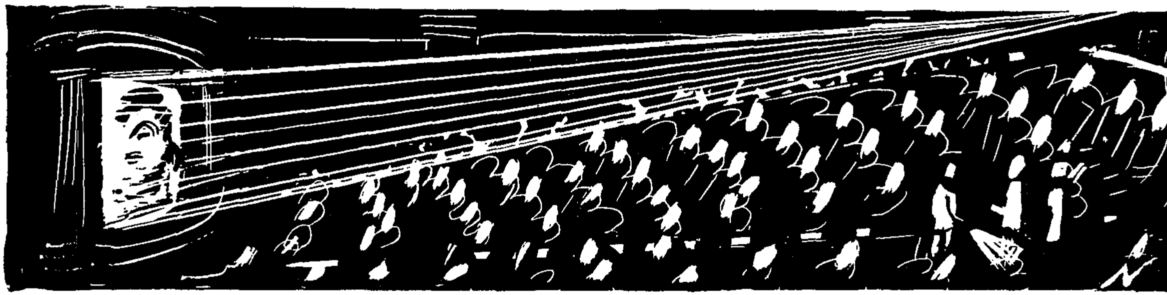
BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY
86
PROOF

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM
SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Old Smuggler
1835
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
86° PROOF
4/5 QUART
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to send us interesting stories about Old Smuggler or tell how they discovered it. Your letter will entitle you to a handsome membership certificate in THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean and inscribed with your name. Size, 14 x 17 inches. Send your letter to W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Dept. Y-5.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—An amusing Italian film that treats with levity the problem of a middle-aged marshal of the police who loses his head over a village doxy. Vittorio De Sica is wonderful as the smitten policeman, and Gina Lollobrigida makes a handsome foil for him as the maiden. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134).

Carmen Jones—An all-Negro cast in Oscar Hammerstein's relentlessly folksy version of the Bizet opera. The plot has been changed around quite a bit, often to no advantage. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers, but the voices they seem to be raising in song are really those of Marilynn Horne and LeVern Hutcherson, and they are splendid. The eminent Pearl Bailey is on hand, too, and singing for herself. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Dial M for Murder—Alfred Hitchcock's movie of the play about the tennis player who wants his rich wife strangled. A fairly interesting melodrama, if hardly up to Hitchcock's best efforts. Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams are very good in the leading roles. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Dec. 18.)

The Heart of the Matter—An English adaptation of the Graham Greene novel dealing with a British policeman in Africa who twists his principles out of shape in pity for his wife and his mistress. Not too long on logic but exciting a good deal of the time. Trevor Howard makes a fine, tense figure of the upset cop, Elizabeth Allan is admirable as his wife, and Maria Schell is quite persuasive as his mistress. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Dec. 16.)

High and Dry—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American transportation magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alec Mackenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Dec. 20.)

The Little Kidnappers—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold, Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 22.)

On the Waterfront—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, about love and brutality in New York's pier jungle. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Dec. 19.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Coyotes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, whooping cranes, and an extensive and active assortment of other wildlife, trying to make a go of it on the lonely American prairie. A Walt Disney nature film, and quite impressive. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 18.... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 21.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 19-20.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 22.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Dec. 16.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 18.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 20.)

Face to Face (1953)—A two-part film made up of Conrad's "The Secret Sharer," with James Mason, and Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," with Minor Watson. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 19-20.)

Jour de Fête (1952)—A French film about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Dec. 17.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 19-21.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 21-22.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 22.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 19-21.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 21-22.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. DeMille treatise on the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 20.)

Tarzan Escapes (1936)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan swinging along in the trees. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Dec. 18.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 21-22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 19, showings at 3: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry.... ¶ From Dec. 20, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite De La Motte. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 19: **ON THE WATERFRONT.**
Dec. 20-22: Theatre closed.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Last Time I Saw Paris," Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Country Girl," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, William Holden.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Dec. 20: "This Is Your Army," a documentary film.
From Dec. 21: "Athena," Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Edmund Purdom.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sitting Bull" (in CinemaScope), Dale Robertson, Mary Murphy.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Deep in My Heart," José Ferrer, Merle Oberon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Track of the Cat" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
From Dec. 16, at 8:30: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (in CinemaScope), Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Actors' Fund of America.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Dec. 22: "Companions of the Night" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin.

The Preferred Gift from Scotland

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

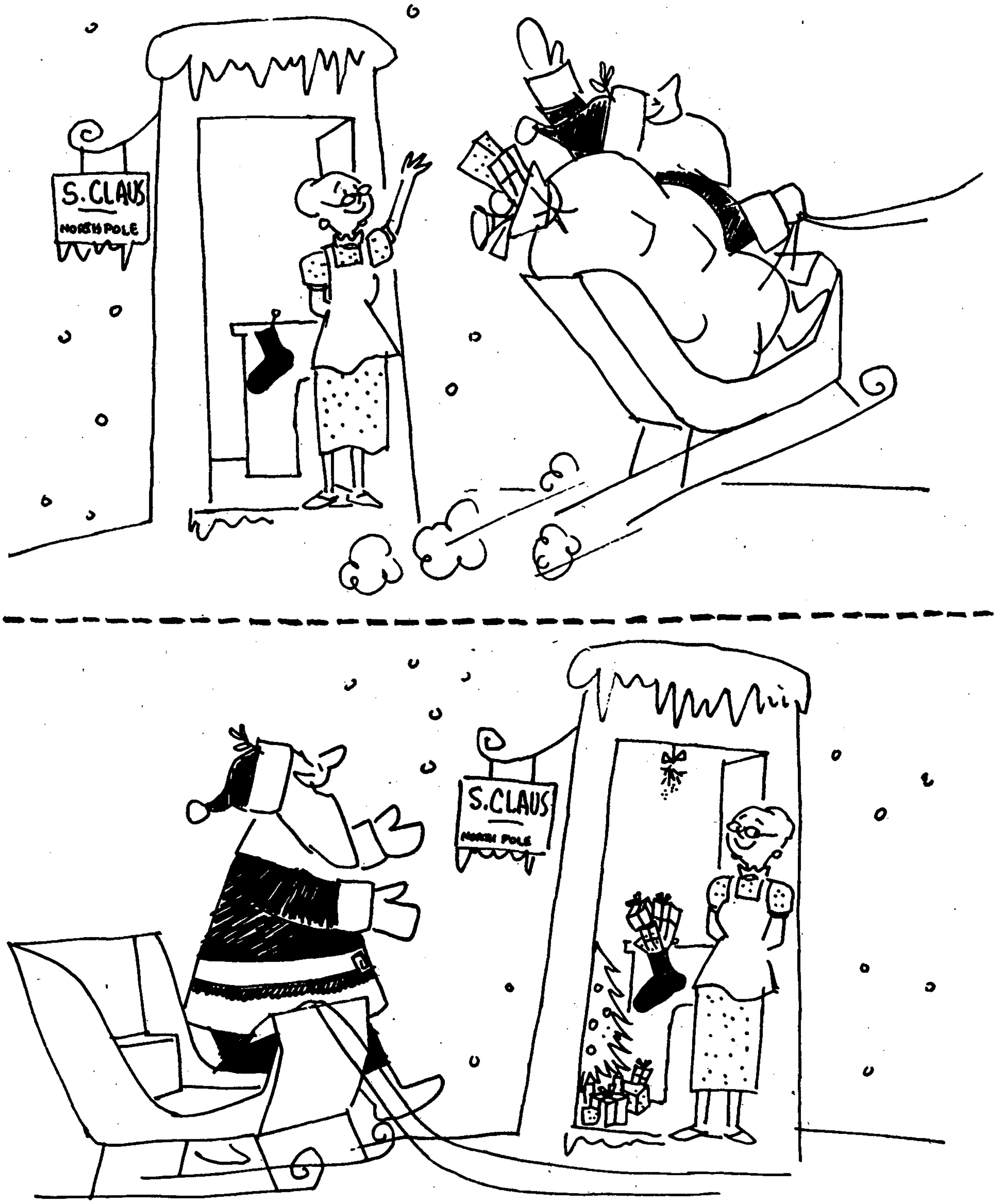
BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

"*Quality Tells!*"

A LIGHT, MILD Scotch

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


S. CLAUS
NORTH POLE
S. CLAUS
NORTH POLE

Nor the power of the magazine in which more than 5,000,000 women find more that glitters...and, for that matter, more that sparkles, twinkles, glimmers, shines and glows...than in any other magazine on earth!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

for
you
who
think
in
terms
of
mink

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1954

BLANKET FROM THE FABULOUS MINK COLLECTION OF RITTER

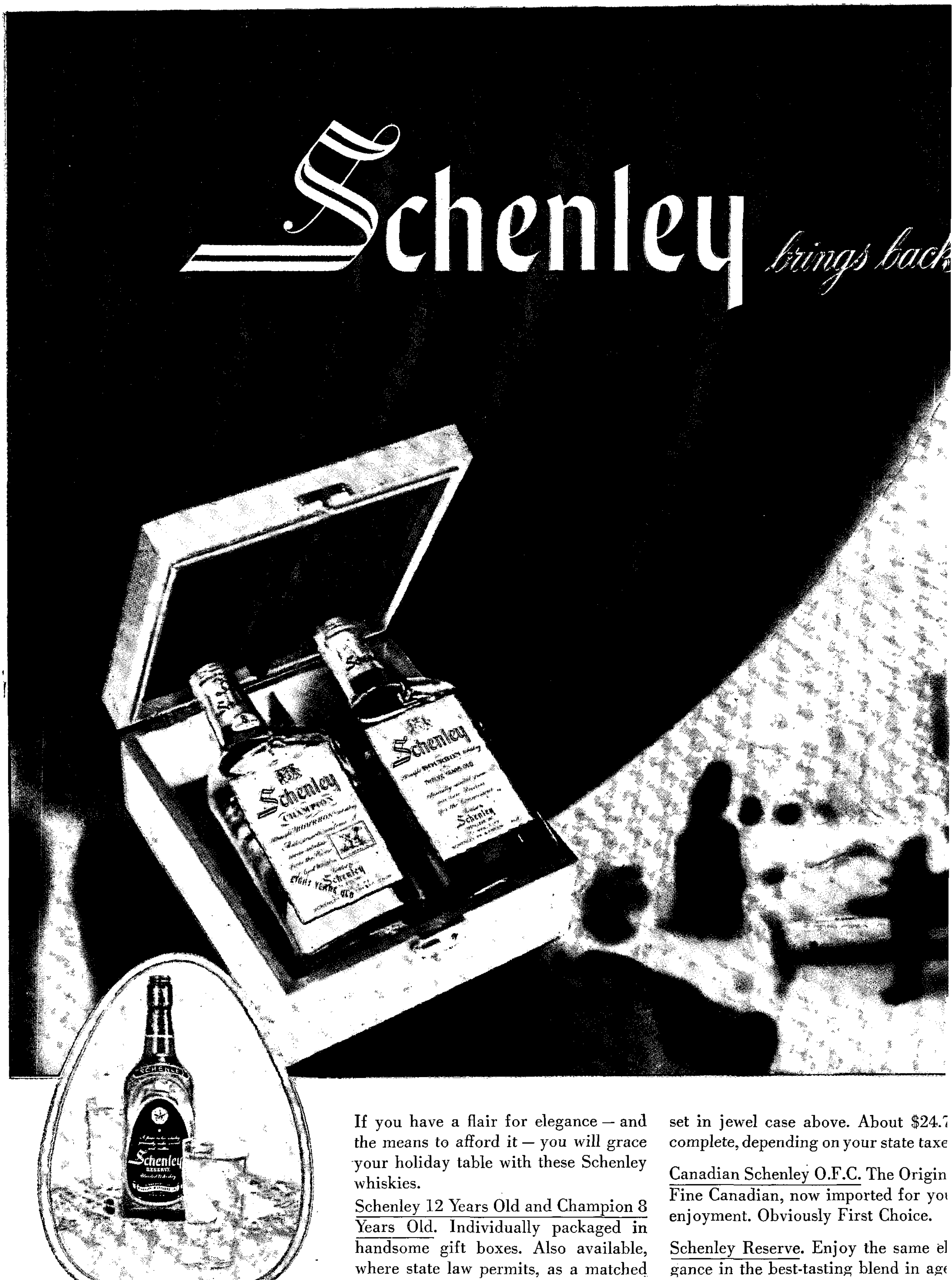
toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
FRANCE

toujours moi

(ALWAYS ME)

Conceived, born and bred in Paris for you whose instinct leads to the most alluring in everything you wear. No other perfume lingers so long and lovingly, especially on your furs...so seductively adds a new dimension to your charm. $125* to $5.50*. Purse size, $3.00*. Other famous Corday perfumes: Fame, Toujours Toi, Jet, Zigane and Possession. *plus 10% tax.

Parfums CORDAY *Paris*



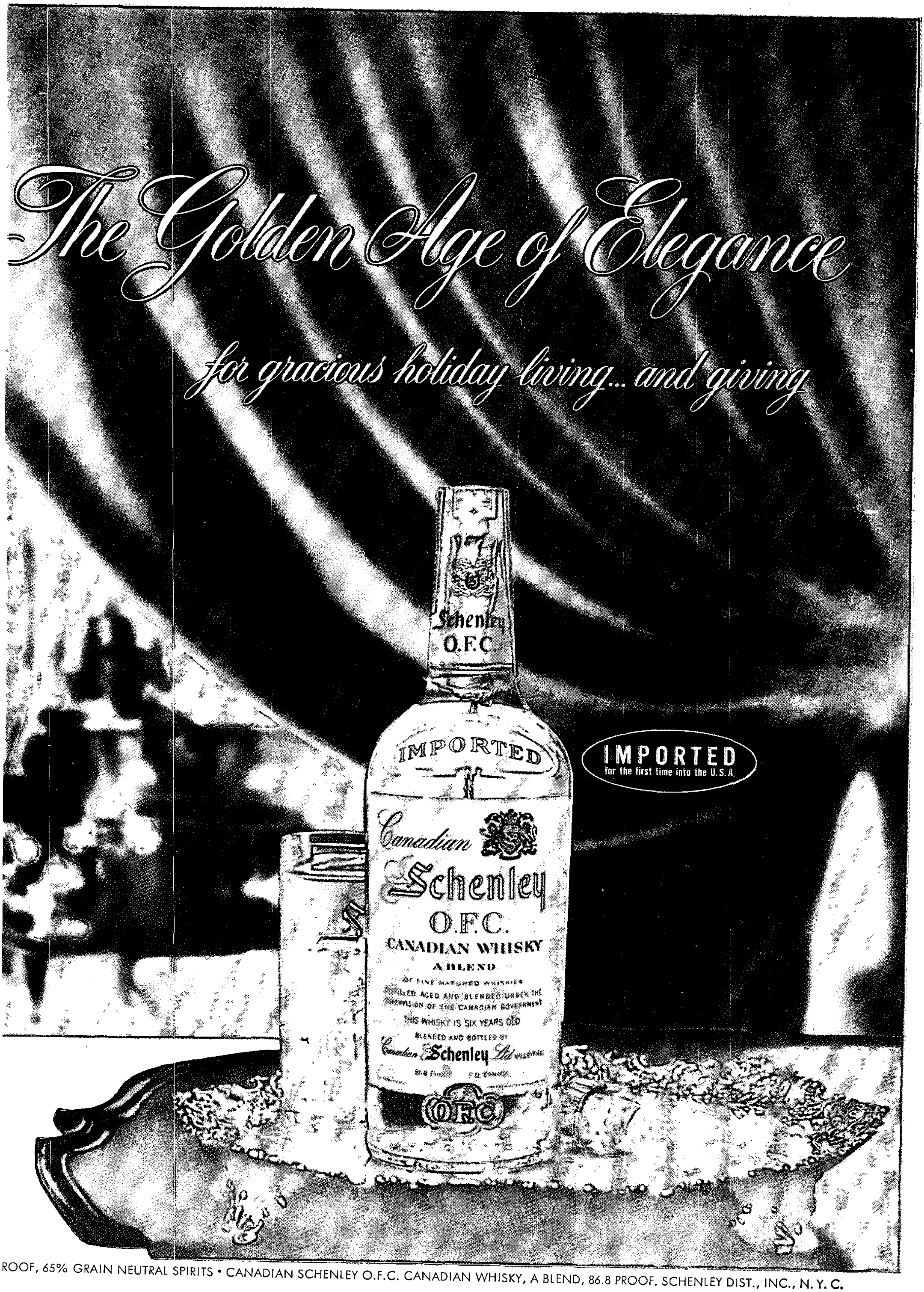
If you have a flair for elegance — and the means to afford it — you will grace your holiday table with these Schenley whiskies.

Schenley 12 Years Old and Champion 8 Years Old. Individually packaged in handsome gift boxes. Also available, where state law permits, as a matched set in jewel case above. About $24.7 complete, depending on your state taxe

Canadian Schenley O.F.C. The Origin Fine Canadian, now imported for yo enjoyment. Obviously First Choice.

Schenley Reserve. Enjoy the same el gance in the best-tasting blend in ag

SCHENLEY 12 YEARS OLD AND CHAMPION STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES, 86 PROOF • SCHENLEY RESERVE BLENDED WHIS


The Golden Age of Elegance
for gracious holiday living... and giving
IMPORTED
for the first time into the U.S.A.
Schenley
O.F.C.
IMPORTED
Canadian
Schenley
O.F.C.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF FINE MATURED WHISKIES
DISTILLED AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Canadian Schenley Ltd
86.8 Proof
P.Q. CANADA
OFC

ROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CANADIAN SCHENLEY O.F.C. CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N. Y. C.

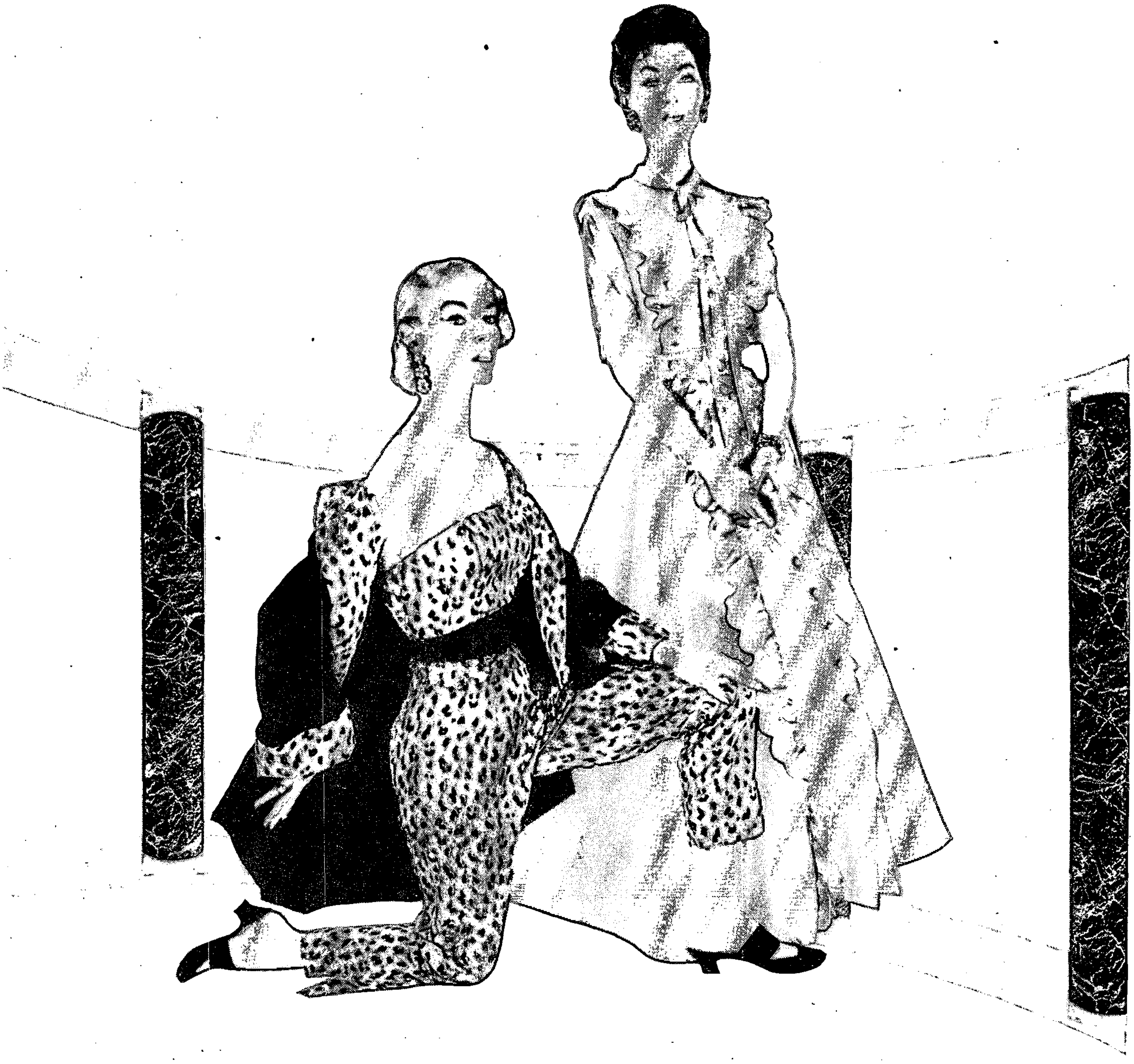
THE "AT HOME" NEWS FROM ABROAD

Whether you want to be feminine or frankly feline, European designers have come up with every kind of at-home clothes in the most extravagant fabrics of Celanese* acetate. Pertegaz of Madrid uses bountiful acetate satin, covered over and over with embroidery. Giovanelli-Sciarra of Italy takes acetate satin with velvety leopard markings for the world's slimmest trousers. Italy's Emilia Bellini puts ruffled scallops up and down the crispest acetate taffeta. The result is the most exhilarating series of at-home clothes in seasons, all from the Celanese "International Couture Collection." Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Celanese*

ACETATE, THE BEAUTY FIBER



Reproductions of these clothes all available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.

if you can afford the best

NOSTALGIA PERFUME

made in France by

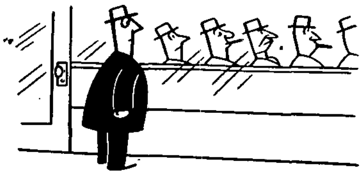
MONTEIL

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

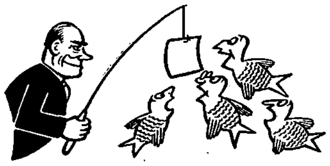
ON our way to work in the morning, we sometimes pass one of those temples where men sit meditating with their hats on, watching ticker reports projected on a screen. We stopped for a moment the other morning to kibitz: through the window we watched the watchers at their watching. The ticker was bringing news of cloudy conditions in the Middle West; rain was expected within forty-eight hours and might have an effect on winter wheat. The watchers, some of whom looked as though they were merely taking refuge indoors from a rain of their own making, absorbed this piece of information solemnly. One man, nursing a cigar, closed his eyes as he tried to conjure up the significance of distant rain on distant wheat. What a strange little band of tardy pioneers they seemed, sifting the wind that failed to touch their cheeks as it blew across prairies they would never see! How sad they looked, these early-morning waifs—no parents, no homes, only a lighted screen on which prices rose and fell amid tidings of great gain!



THE world of books is truly a fairy-tale world of unexpected adventure and enchantment. "The Power of Positive Thinking" has a sequel now, called "The Power of Positive Thinking for Young People." The very issuance of this sequel seems to illustrate beautifully the power of positive thinking on the part of publisher and author. We doubt that the subject has been exhausted, the world of enchantment being what it is, and we are waiting eagerly for the next development—"The Power of Positive Thinking on the Mississippi," perhaps, or "The View from Vincent's Head."

IT is odd that in a time when positive thinking commands such wide attention on the literary scene, the man to gain the greatest measure of public notice in politics (namely, Senator McCarthy) has gained it by negative thinking and negative action, which he manages to make look positive. His solution for the cold war is anti-Communism. The negative character of that solution should be apparent to all, but isn't. Because of his genius for making people mad and raising the national blood pressure (a negative sort of genius at best), the Senator has become the No. 1 waster of the nation's time and strength. He has even begun to waste his own time and strength, we notice. He complained that he'd been held up ten months in his work by ridiculous inquiries and unwitting handmaidens, yet the first day he was free to go back to work he decided that rooting Communists from defense plants was dull sport and he shifted to rooting Presidents from White Houses. After a few flashy minutes of that, he put on his hat and beat it, presumably to hire a powerboat and blockade the China coast.

JAMES RESTON, writing in the *Times* recently, came up with a statistic that we found enlightening. During the twenty-two days of the McCarthy special session, while our lawmakers were debating whether one of their boys should get a good mark in deportment, the population of the world increased at the rate of about 93,000 persons a day, or a total, for the session, of 2,046,000. Since most of these babies arrived in families that are either inside the Communist world or wavering on its rippling fringes, the session doesn't look to this observer like a very profitable twenty-two days' work for our side, or even a good example of positive thinking. The speedy way to censure a wayward, ambitious public servant is to quit rising to his bait. Senator McCarthy puts out a piece of delicious bait almost every morning of his life, and the press, the President, the Congress, all rise eagerly to take it, like a school of hungry fish. It seemed preposterous that the White House felt obliged to issue a response to McCarthy's committee oration—like issuing a statement on being stung by a horsefly.



THERE is a positive way to increase our chances of winning the cold war and securing the peace. It is for the free nations to devise a practical means by which they can act as one, in areas where their peoples agree, instead of acting as many. Today, the Soviet works briskly and boldly at Communizing the world, and it enjoys the unity that goes with tyranny. The free world works at *its* task in a diffuse manner, scattering its shots and dissipating its energies. To prevent the world from being Communized and degraded, it will be necessary to democratize the world and elevate it—in short, to think and act positively. Atoms for Peace is a gesture in that direction, but it is materialistic in its nature. Our great weapon is the spirit, not the stomach; it is justice, not a Waring mixer, though the mixer comes along in due course, as part of justice.

To work effectively for a world in which all men are free and peaceable, there must be a structure dedicated to that end. The structure need not have much power at first—or, indeed, any power at all, except the power of positive thinking and high resolve, which is very effective in itself. The structure must provide a roof for freedom and justice, precisely as the Soviet house stands for materialism and overlordship. There is no such structure in existence, of course, and there is no chance of converting the United Nations into such a structure, because the U.N. (which we regard as extremely valuable in its own way) accommodates two opposing worlds, like Madison Square Garden on a fight night. As for the risks and difficulties of creating such a union, they are obvious and need only be weighed against the dangers and difficulties of the semi-chaotic state that we all live in without the union. And even if the charter were only one sentence long, and granted not a single power, yet represented the aspirations of free men and housed their grand design, it would be a tremendous thing. And it would be positive.

●

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Holiday Restaurant, at 15 Stone Street, was closed on Thanksgiving Day, and will be closed on Christmas Day this year and on New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, and Labor Day next year.

Acting Happy

PSYCHOANALYSTS—fat ones, thin ones, short ones, tall ones, young ones, old ones, male ones, female ones, ones with Viennese accents, ones without Viennese accents—were all over the lobby, the Palm Terrace Room, the Small Ballroom, the Grand Ballroom, and adjacent areas of the Roosevelt when we went there late the other afternoon. The occasion was the annual winter meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, a professional society of five hundred and ninety-nine Freudians. "On my way down in the elevator, a hotel guest said, 'Look at all these mind-peepers,' " a short analyst remarked as we threaded our way through the throng. "I never heard that expression before." Outside the door of the Palm Terrace Room, we came on a pile of abstracts of the papers *being presented* at the meeting. "Some Regressive Phenomena Involving the Perceptual Sphere," we read, and "An Occupational Inhibition in Dental Practice," "On Smugness," and "On the Naming of 'Tom Sawyer' " ("Associations between the act of sawing and personal freedom appear in 'Huckleberry Finn' "). Finally, our eye became riveted on a paper entitled "On Inhibition of Scientific Productivity in Psychoanalysts," by Dr. Peter A. Martin, of Detroit, from which we read:

> Inhibition in scientific productivity is not infrequent in psychoanalysts. . . . Unresolved unconscious hostility, accompanied by fear of retaliation for it, can be attached to the presentation of a scientific paper.

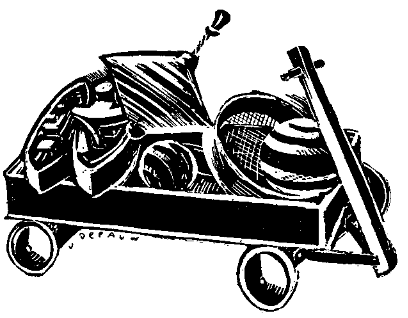
We decided to mingle with the analysts, many of whom were presenting papers, and to keep on the alert for any signs of hostility or fear of retaliation. First, we dropped in at the Small Ballroom.

"More than half of Freud's dreams contained color," said an analyst there.

"Freud often dreamed about Fliess at one period," retaliated another.

We left the Small Ballroom for the Grand Ballroom. On our way, we passed two analysts who were hailing each other like long-lost friends. "You look matured," said one, heartily. The other beamed his satisfaction at this greeting. We then encountered a handsome analyst with a lapel tag identifying him as O. Spurgeon English. We knew Dr. English was to present a paper. Did he fear retaliation, we asked. "Definitely," he replied. "I have stagefright."

Pressing on to the Grand Ballroom, we found a three-piece orchestra rattling out a samba, and a cocktail dance in progress. At the door, we were welcomed in a way that was anything but hostile by Dr. Robert T. Morse, of Washington, the Association's treasurer. "Join the party," said Dr. Morse. We thanked him, and presently found ourself at a table with Dr. Morse; Dr. Karl A. Menninger, of the Menninger Clinic, in Topeka, Kansas, who is an enormous, energetic analyst; and the two doctors' wives. A good many of the younger analysts were dancing the samba with their wives and smiling beatifically. "When analysts appear in public, they feel they have a responsibility to act happy," someone remarked. We looked around, and found that everyone seemed to be acting happy except Dr. Menninger, who had his hands pressed to his ears. "Can't stand that music! It's driving me batty!" he exclaimed.



"Empathize, Karl," urged Dr. Morse. "Try to empathize."

We asked Mesdames Menninger and Morse to describe the life of an analyst's wife, and after the two ladies had exchanged a glance, Mrs. Morse said, "Analysts aren't supposed to talk much during their sessions with patients. In general, the better the analyst, the less he talks. When he gets home or goes out socially, it's like a dam bursting."

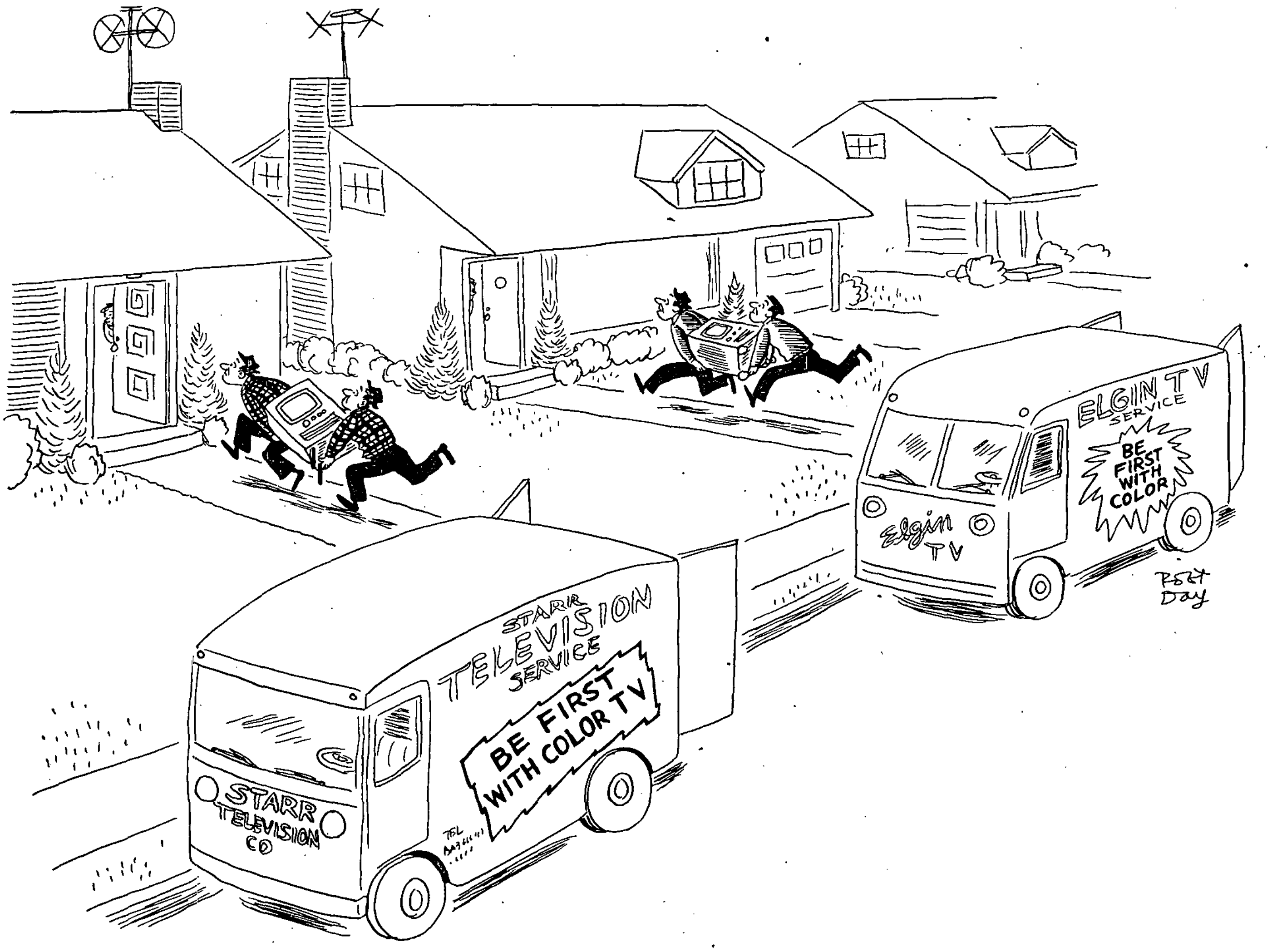
After a time, the orchestra swung into "The Blue Danube," whereupon the younger analysts left the floor and the older ones, their eyes bright with sentimentality, took it over. "Ah, our professional anthem," said Dr. Menninger, removing his hands from his ears.

Having bade the Morses and the Menningers goodbye, and begun making our way to the door, we ran into Dr. Martin himself, and asked him about the meeting's reaction to *his* paper. "No hostility, no retaliation," he answered, happily. "Just smiles—smiles of pure empathy."

"The Etruscan dreams are a turning point in Freud's self-analysis, of course" were the last words that fell upon our ears as we passed through the lobby on our way to the street.

Solution

"WANT to hear a timely tale, concerned with the recent grouse season in England?" a fellow asked our Madison Avenue man, whom he spotted on a bus. Our man said no, since it was after hours, but his interlocutor went right on. "I was over there, about to come back," he said, "and I wanted to bring back some presents for friends, so I bought four young Scotch grouse at Fortnum & Mason and had them sent to the boat, where I arranged to have them kept in the refrigerator. I declared them on the customs form. The inspector at the dock in New York stamped the form with a list of prohibited articles that started with the heading 'Meat and Meat Products,' and said he would have to confiscate the grouse. I remonstrated, so he got a higher-up inspector, who asked me what I intended to do with them. 'Eat them,' I said. He said I could keep them if their feet were cut off. He summoned a stevedore, who opened the package containing the birds, produced a knife, and carefully cut each foot off. I asked the reason for



this. 'Hoof-and-mouth disease,' said the senior inspector, handing me the mutilated birds. What do you think of that?"

"What happened to the feet?" our man asked.

"This is my stop," said his informant, and got off.

Second-Story Story

THE block on Seventy-fourth Street between York Avenue and the East River is coming to occupy a vivid, if peculiar, spot in our life. A couple of years ago, in the Board of Transportation's power station on the north side of the street, we watched a deep-sea diver ply his trade indoors. A couple of days ago, in the Department of Sanitation's incinerator on the south side of the street, we watched some demolition men excavate rock on the second floor of a building. That's East Seventy-fourth Street for you.

We were alerted to the second phenomenon by A. Holmes Crimmins, treasurer of the Thomas Crimmins Contracting Company, which is engaged in removing the rock—approximately ten thousand cubic yards of mica schist. We met Mr. Crimmins in his company's field office, which is located in an abandoned animal crematory a stone's throw from the incinerator (*what* a street it is!) and he escorted us to the singular scene. He explained the situation as follows: It seems that in 1928, when the incinerator was built, the city erected its walls right around a rocky spur, tunnelling into this at street level merely to provide some berths for ash trucks. (Trash trucks used ramps to get up above the rock pile and dump their loads into furnace hoppers.) Now a new incinerator is being constructed within the shell of the old plant. To increase its capacity over that of its predecessor, the city decided to get rid of most of the interior stone. The doomed palisade covered nearly half a square block, and rose to around twenty-four feet above street level. For more than a month, a crew of twenty men have been chopping away at it with pneumatic drills, explosives, steam shovels, cranes, and other equipment you'd normally associate with the razing of an *outdoor* rock pile. If all goes well, the building will be rock-free in another four months. The pigeons on the premises, we can attest from first-hand observation, seem mighty perplexed by the goings on.

The only thing that has perplexed the Crimmins people, Mr. Crimmins told us, was the discovery the other day of water fourteen feet down. Not enough water to justify borrowing any divers from the project across the street ("You'll be interested to hear they've got frogmen over there now, too," he told us) but enough to constitute a nuisance. "Nothing but water!" he exclaimed. "And here we had half hoped to find buried treasure!"

"Treasure?" we asked, catching our cue nimbly.

"This is a historic part of New York," Mr. Crimmins said. "The city's first sawmill was right around here somewhere. And toward the end of the seventeenth century the land we're standing on belonged to Sarah Bradley Cox."

We looked blank.

"The lady who married Captain Kidd!" cried Crimmins triumphantly. "They lived here for a while, and it's always been suspected that he may have buried something in the neighborhood. Oh, we've done a lot of— well, kidding about buried treasure. Not long ago, on another job near here, a foreman noticed one day that all his workmen seemed to have suddenly gone lame. They were limping something awful. He grabbed one of them and made him take his shoes off, and discovered, by golly, that they *had* found treasure and were stuffing it inside their shoes. But it was only a batch of copper pennies they'd come across. Well, there's still hope. Let's check the load that just got dumped over there."

With Mr. Crimmins, we peered intently at a heap of mica schist that a steam shovel had disgorged a few feet away, but all we got was dust in our eyes.

Fixit's Fix

At five o'clock the other evening, a lady chipped a piece of Lalique glass. She called Mr. Fixit ("We Mend All But Broken Hearts"), at 1300 Madison Avenue, and asked how late he stays open.

"Until nine o'clock," he said.

"That's nice," she said.

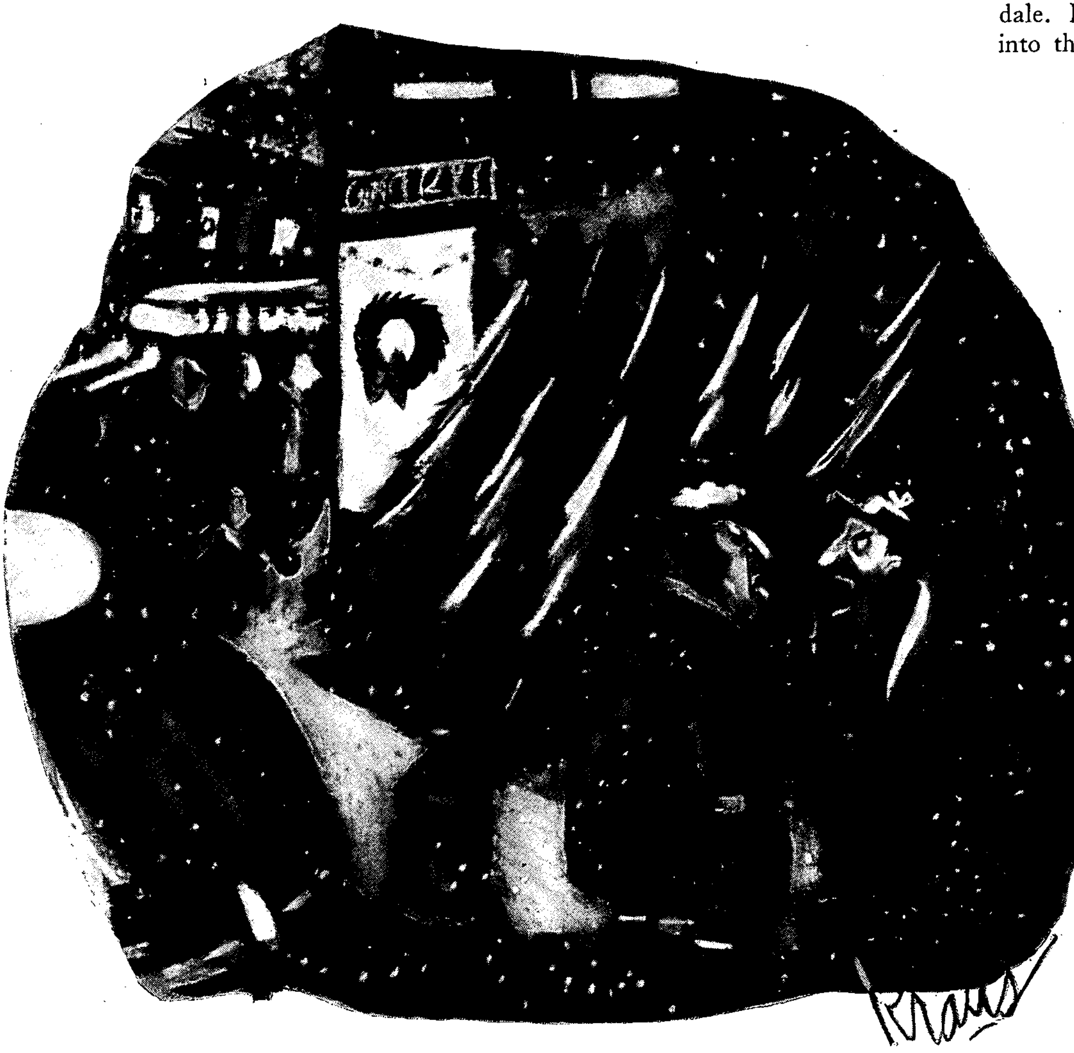
"That's debatable," said Mr. Fixit.

Bluebell Regained

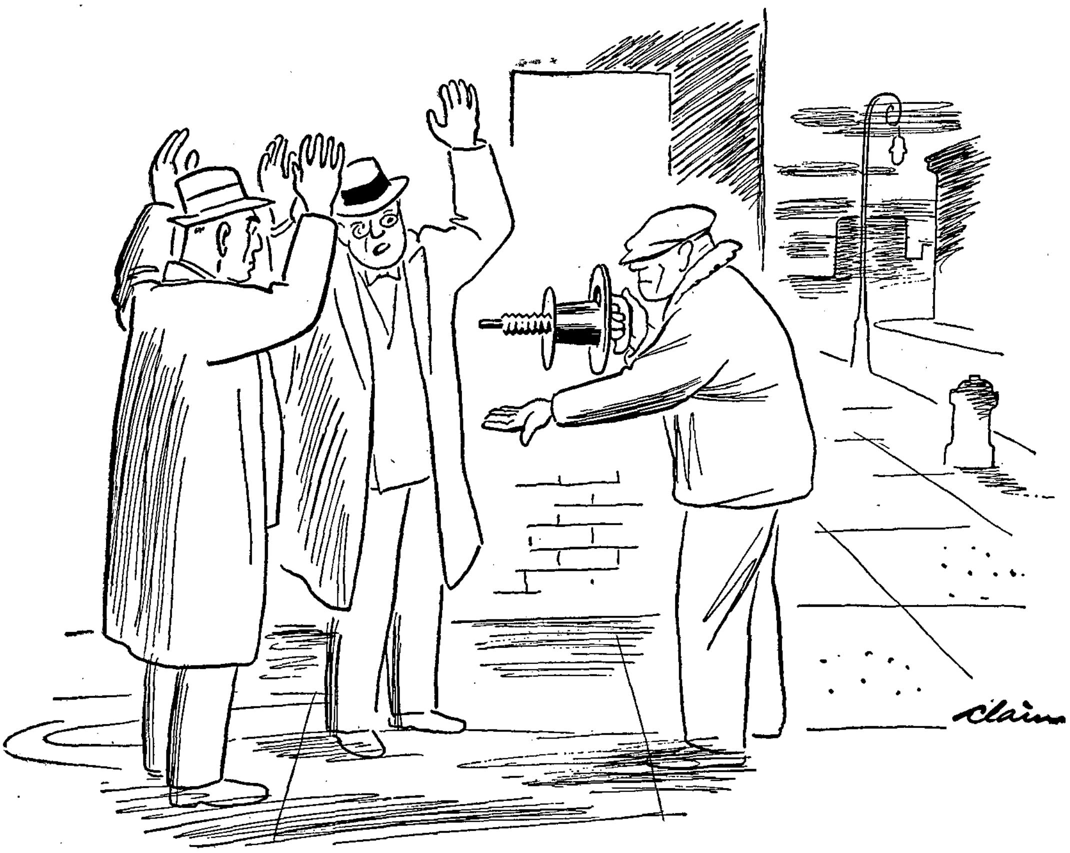
If, in the past, we've seemed partial to reports of the various kinds of misadventures that befall the human inhabitants of this city (what happens to a man who finds himself locked in an office building late at night, what happens to a couple marooned on a desert island in the East River), it isn't because we lack interest in the misadventures of the animal inhabitants. On the contrary, our curiosity about them mounts with every passing year, in proportion to our bewilderment at their managing to survive here at all. Surely, we've reasoned, if a city built by human beings for their own occupancy is so often a hazardous place for them to live in, it must be a hundred times more hazardous for dogs, cats, and other pets, who had no voice in designing the city and only dumbly consent to reside in it out of devotion to their masters. Yet how little we learn of the adventures, some with happy endings, others with sad, that the poor creatures go through! Had they the knack of speech, how instructive their reminiscences might be!

The above is by way of introducing what is, considering that it came from human beings, a fairly full account of an adventure that recently befell a cat named Bluebell. A three-year-old white cat who lives in Scarsdale but whose adventure took place on the upper East Side, Bluebell belongs to a girl named Jean, who is four years her senior and received her as a gift from the family butcher. Bluebell loves the cozy security of cars and often takes cat naps in them. Late the other afternoon, having spotted a secure-looking Oldsmobile outside a neighbor's house, she entered it through an open window and curled up on the back seat for a snooze. The car was owned by the neighbor's mother, who lives in New York but nearly always spends the day in Scarsdale. Her visit concluded, the lady got into the car and drove back to town, unaware of Bluebell on the back seat. She left the car in front of her apartment building, on East Seventy-ninth Street, between Lexington and Third. A garage attendant picked up the car that evening, and another attendant brought it around the next morning, in time for the day's run to Scarsdale. As the lady got into the car, she noticed Bluebell on the back seat, awake this time and hungry. Assuming that Bluebell lived in the vicinity and had hopped into the car a few moments before, the lady shooshed her out onto the sidewalk. Bluebell, who had never thought of New York as a nice place to visit, much less live in, reluctantly gave in to being shooshed.

Meanwhile, Jean was desolate. She had first missed Bluebell about seven the previous evening, when the cat failed to show up for her evening meal. After a hasty search of the neighborhood, Jean had gone home, had drawn a picture of Bluebell, to show to strangers, and, accompanied by



"I don't care if it is the Christmas season. The price is still ten bucks."



"I think it is, too, but which one of us is going to find out?"

her mother, had undertaken a second, and more thorough, search. No Bluebell. The next afternoon, Bluebell still having failed to show up, Jean drew a better likeness of her and, with her mother, made a third desperate search. Again no Bluebell. Early the morning after that, the lady in New York telephoned; she had just heard from her daughter that the little girl next door had lost a white cat, and was it possible that . . . ? Jean and her mother thought it was. Armed with the two dishes from which Bluebell was accustomed to eat and drink, they drove straight to Seventy-ninth Street. All they had to go on was that a certain cat had been shooshed out of a certain car on a certain block at a certain hour the day before. Gallantly, they set off along Seventy-ninth Street, Jean showing her drawing of Bluebell to apartment-house doormen, delivery boys, and the like, and her mother rattling Bluebell's two dishes—a sound that had always brought her racing. They came on a doorman across the street who remembered seeing the white cat shooshed out of the car. To the best of his recollection, the cat had headed east, so Jean and her mother headed east, too. In the very next block, they met a doorman who had made friends the day before with a cat that looked like Jean's drawing of Bluebell. He had given the cat a saucer of milk at lunchtime and, when he went off duty at four, had handed her over to a friend of his who ran a fruit-and-vegetable store on the corner of Eighty-first Street and York Avenue and who loved cats.

Jean and her mother hurried to the fruit store. The proprietor said yes, he'd been given the cat by his friend the doorman—a nice cat, just like Jean's picture—and had passed her along to a lady customer. He didn't know the lady's name, but he was pretty sure of where she lived. He marched Jean and her mother up and down Eighty-first Street between First Avenue and York Avenue, a block that consists mostly of old brownstone cold-water flats. At an upper window of one of the brownstones, he recognized the face of a lady who, he told Jean, was a friend of the lady he had given the cat to. He shouted up to the lady to ask her where her friend lived, and the lady pointed to the house next door. Entering the house next door, Jean and her mother learned that a new cat was in residence on the fourth floor. Up they dashed to the fourth floor, knocked on a door, and, when the door was opened, beheld, in a cardboard box by a kerosene stove, the cynosure of five entranced children, Bluebell. "She's just eaten a mouse!" the children cried. Bluebell, who, as far as Jean and her mother knew, had never eaten anything less dainty than chopped kidneys in her life, was looking extremely pleased with herself. Jean's mother explained the situation to the mother of the five children and gave the children as much change as she could find in her purse to help assuage the pain of their loss. Then Jean bent down and gathered up Bluebell. From the moment she and her mother started looking for a lost cat in the midst of the biggest city on earth until the moment they found her, exactly fifty-eight minutes had elapsed.

Visitor

HAVING always understood that the homes of many rich New Yorkers are on Long Island, a newly arrived visitor, an Australian staying at the Waldorf on an expense account, engaged a taxicab outside the hotel bright and early the other day and told the driver to take him to see "some typical Long Island homes," adding that when they got there, the driver could just wait while he walked about and looked at the homes. The driver, the Australian has since reported to some American friends, cheerfully drove across a bridge over a river and, in time, reached an outlying district near the seashore; there the driver seemed to know everybody, and kept waving at people on corners. Finally the driver pulled up in front of an undistinguished-looking dwelling, suggested that his passenger get out and walk around to his heart's content, and himself disappeared into the dwelling. After walking around and finding nothing to look at but other homes exactly like the one the driver had gone into, the visitor returned to the taxicab. The driver reappeared and, on the way back to the Waldorf, amiably answered many questions about Long Island, so that, among other things, the visitor was able to tell his friends exactly where he had been: a place called Far Rockaway.

OLD RHINO

FOR a long while now, for many months, I have been in the grip of an obsession. True, I have had periods of unconcern, but the fit always returns to plague me. Its latest flareup began at a football game. I had gone in the most free and cheerful spirit, but again and again, seeing the lines churn and the backs weave, I found myself trying to recall a scene I had witnessed a few evenings before, standing on a street corner in the rain. And then, eventually, I remembered a pair of Madison Avenue buses. One was running interference for the other.

The two of them were charging side by side down the avenue. The one near the curb was crowded, its companion on the outside empty. They pulled up at the Forty-fourth Street stop so close together that nobody could get into the empty one, though several prospective passengers—I among them—went out into the street and tried. Now, at the game, watching the fullback block a player trying to board the left halfback, I saw the scene once more. I saw people scattering like reluctant but scared pigeons from in front of the buses when, still together, they started up. I saw the buses jockeying furiously in the traffic to keep abreast for the next stop. And there it was again—the old question clanging obsessively in my brain. Why?

Why do buses do as they do? What is their purpose? What impels them? I have lately had a partial answer, but it is a doubtful one, and though I have doubtfully accepted it, I expect to go on, with diluted hope, reiterating these questions, which, I have learned, people will seldom face.

The most common response is to evade the question of motive and substitute the question of coexistence—of how to get onto buses at all. I have a friend, a young housewife, the mother of a four-year-old boy. She occasionally persuades him to good works by making him think she wants him not to do them, and she is convinced that buses have merely to be outwitted, like her son. She has faith that if, instead of signalling a bus, she will turn her back on it, it will stop—long enough, at least, for a spin and leap. As I say, she is young, perhaps sanguine, unquestionably sure-footed.

There are those who think that buses must be propitiated, like Norns. I once saw a man with a broken garter running for a bus that was standing at a corner. The bus hissed lightly—they are always hissing—and its door closed. The man reached down, tore the dangling garter off, threw it into the street, and ran on headlong at the bus. I have always thought this not only an act of rage and haste but an obscure kind of sacrifice. At any rate, the bus quivered and hissed, the door opened, and the man sprang aboard.

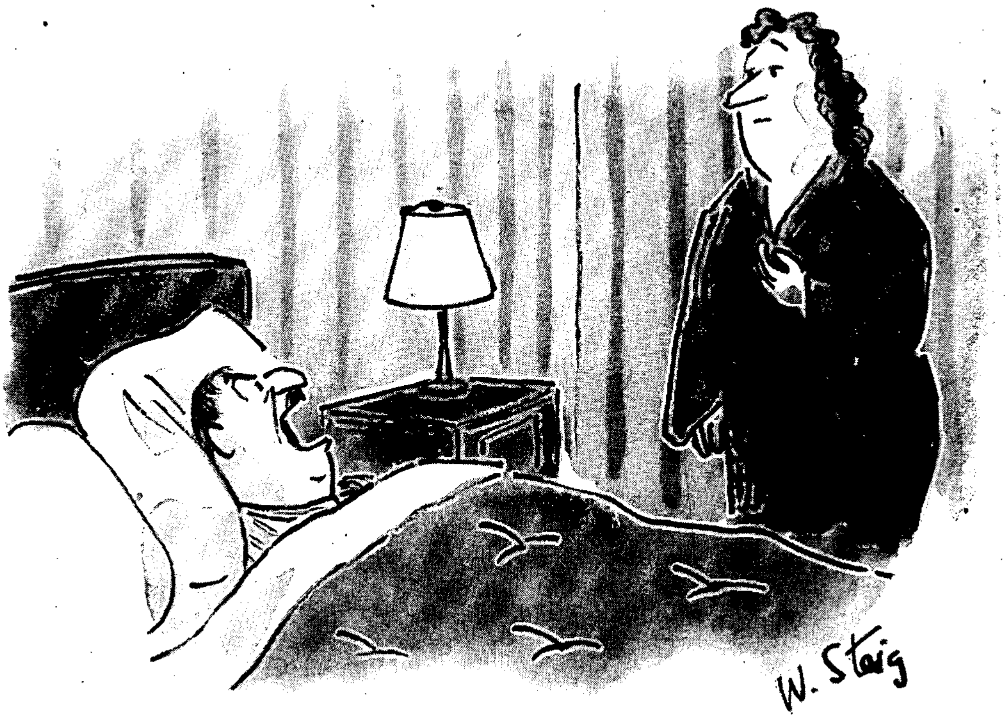
Among people who will discuss motive at all, ideas vary. Taxi-drivers, keenly articulate on most matters, often become quite otherwise when asked about buses, and I have grown cautious of bringing the topic up with any but the most nerveless. Among these, however, there is a striking unanimity. They say dogmatically that the one aim of the buses' behavior is to clog. They shrug off stop-skipping, passenger-evasion, passenger-blocking, asphyxiation, and pedestrian-frightening—motives that other groups consider paramount—as mere by-products of this central drive to clog. "They get five, ten blocks tied up, they're happy as a kid," a cabdriver told me not long ago.

I believe him, but his is not the whole answer. Clogging and the rest are only symptoms. I live a couple of blocks east of Fifth Avenue and go uptown to work each day—by bus if I can get one. And each day, as I turn westward into the block with my stop at the end of it, I see a line swing up the avenue. Sometimes eight or nine buses will flit by while I run, sometimes only four or five. Missing single buses again and again would seem merely one of the routine perversities that surround us, such as bringing on rain by going out without an umbrella. But regularly missing four to nine buses gives you a sense of being conspired against on a significant scale.

I pant in the blue air, there on the corner. I wait and wonder. (There is always time for thought before the next buses come.) Plainly, these strings, these tandems, are not accidental. I used to think they were. I lived uptown then, and I sometimes counted as many as fourteen in a row on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. And I supposed that these buses had started out well spaced, courteous, as inclined as not to take on passengers, and had somehow got bunched up in the traffic. But where I now take my morning bus, they come fresh from the starting point, six or seven blocks away, and they come hanging onto each other's tails like elephants in a circus.

It seems clear that the tandem is the basic maneuver. All the individual techniques can be ramified and infinitely combined within it—evasion *with* suffocation, clogging *cum* blocking *cum* skipping. And so on. The classic tandem has a crammed bus at the head and an empty one at the rear. Both of these are bound for the same place, and in between is at least one tandem-within-a-tandem, bound elsewhere. One evening last week, I saw a small but perfect specimen headed downtown. The requisitely bulging lead bus had stopped at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. It was going to Washington Square. Behind it came four buses headed for Pennsylvania Station. On the end was another Washington Square bus, visibly empty. The people on the corner who wanted to go below Penn Station divided into three groups. The first burrowed aboard the lead bus, the second waited for the empty one to come down to the stop, and the third ran to board it where it stood. Now, that bus was not *at* the bus stop, and so could take no passengers. But when the tandem started away—inches apart, as the custom is—the final bus was able to sweep past Forty-sixth Street with the others, for the tandem *had* stopped there.

WHY? I go on asking it. Many to whom I put the question toss it away as one raised by a man wasting his time on chimerical research. They talk instead about their own affairs. I once met a visiting Englishman and asked him if, as a fresh observer, he could guess why buses go in tandems. "Not possibly, old man," he said, and changed the subject to hunting wildebeest. "Run in great herds, you know," he said. "Astonishing sight. Off they go, all together, crashing along as if they'd the Devil in back of them, stopping for nothing, absolutely nothing."



"I don't know what I'm going to do. I only know I'm through getting up every morning and going to work!"

• •

I said that if he meant to draw a comparison with buses, I would think hippopotami an apt one, or perhaps rhinoceroses. "A comparison?" he said. "Not I. After all, rhinos don't come at you in herds, *do* they? One at a time is quite enough, let me tell you. Rogue elephant'll give you a bit of a lark, too, of course."

"Of course," I said. "But why do buses *do* as they do?"

"Old rhino gets a notion you're after him—something of the sort," the Englishman said. "He's in a flap, I suppose, really, and you get a rhino in a flap you *have* got something."

I imagine he is right. I have seen single buses, and they were always in flaps. One night last summer, it was raining (buses are at their most fractious in the rain), and I was on a half-empty one, southbound at a great pace on Fourth Avenue. It made no stops between Thirty-sixth Street and Eighteenth except when someone inside wanted to get out. Why it stopped then, I have no clear idea, although I suppose there may be something about the immediacy of a passenger already aboard—his yells and whimpers—that causes a bus to stop, whereas people waving subaqueously on street corners are only remote, inaudible, and wet, like seaweed.

Anyway, I mentioned this frantic bus to an old acquaintance of mine. His given name is Nelson, his close-cut hair makes him look a good deal younger and less astute than he is, and he returns to psychotherapy each autumn as a bird goes South. "Anxiety hysteria's a tricky thing," he said. "I know a man who can't stand to be alone. He's wild if he's not in some hot little huddle of people night and day. Five gets you ten he has expectant dread."

Well, I suppose a tandem is a kind of consecutive huddle, and though Nelson tends to be imaginative, I must grant that buses out of tandem behave with a special dementia. As I say, I have seen solitaries. I was inside one going up Fifth Avenue on a Saturday afternoon last May. It had got stopped in the middle of a block when an elderly man wearing a clerical collar and carrying an armload of books tapped on its door. The traffic moved, the bus moved; the man ran to the stop at the corner, the bus went past the stop. Traffic stalled the bus in the next block; the man caught up with it and tapped; the bus ground on. At the next stop, the man appeared just as the bus was moving away. He had time for one tap.

WHAT makes a bus behave as it does? Singly or in herd, rogue bus or bus-in-huddle, they roam the city hissing and unexplained. I think of the man with the broken garter; of a red-faced man I saw one summer evening solemnly hit each bus of a rolling tandem as hard as he could with his folded newspaper; of the man in the clerical collar, denied such expression, I suppose, by his cloth; of a dozen old women I have watched glowering on corners and talking to passing buses under their breath; of the young woman I once saw kick a bus.

All of them, surely, would like an answer. As I have said, I do have a partial one—or, rather, Nelson has. He dropped in at my apartment one night not long ago and told me that he'd been giving a lot of thought to buses. He said you came out the same, any way you looked at them: the reason they're the way they are is, they're afraid.

So there you are. It doesn't make sense in any accepted, know-it-all, rational way, but it's the only really solid, rock-bottom answer I've heard, and until someone can give me a better one, I'll string along with Nelson.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

• •

LAMENT FOR THE PASSING OF A PAIR OF WORDS

Prince, where is the Old World word called "languor"?
You never hear it these days in Bangor,
Or even in a drowsy Bombay hangar.

And what ever happened to its sister "dolor,"
First cousin to the long-lost "choler"?
It's gone for good, like a pulled-out molar.

Prince, where is the dolorous, languorous girl?
Where is the languorous, dolorous maid?
Gaze at every exceptional pearl;
The jewel is paste, the colors fade.

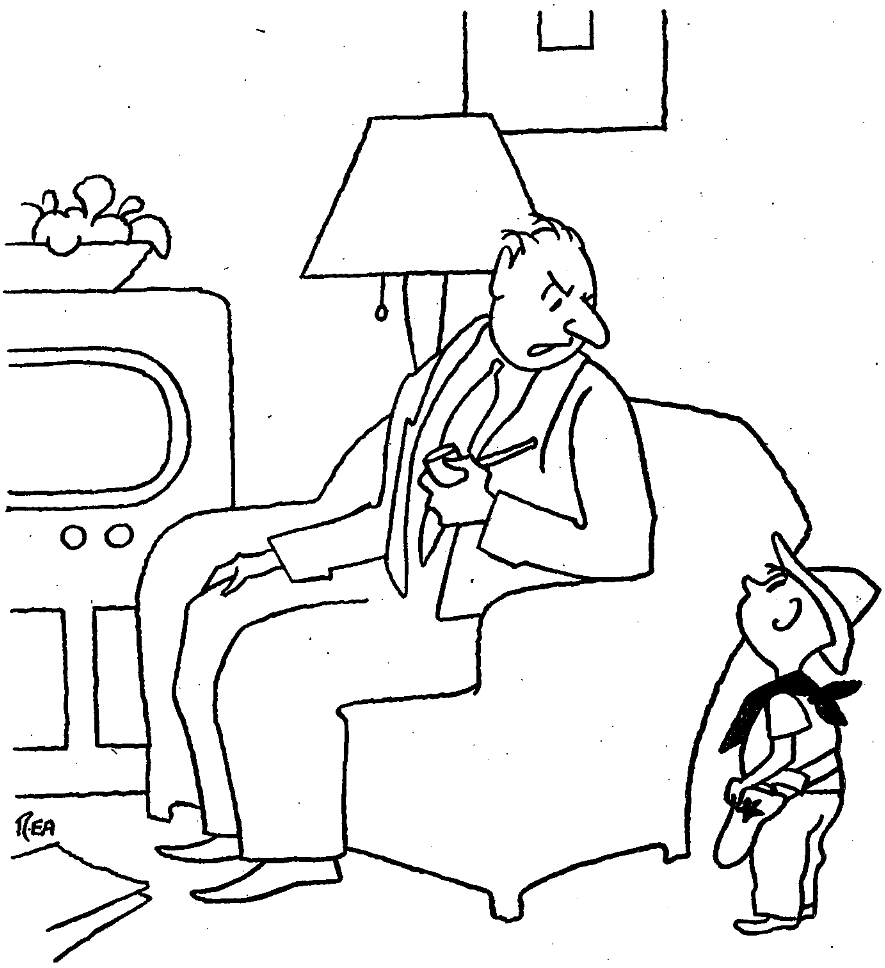
Prince, this is how far the world has gone:
Nowhere a damsel pale and wan. —HARVEY BREIT

GOING ASHORE

AT Tangier, it was surprisingly cold, even for December. The sea was lead, the sky cloudy and low. Most of the passengers going ashore for the day came to breakfast wrapped in scarves and sweaters. They were, most of them, thin-skinned, elderly people, less concerned with the prospect of travel than with getting through another winter in relative comfort; on bad days during the long crossing from the West Indies, they had lain in deck chairs, muffled as mummies, looking stricken and deceived. When Emma Ellenger came into the breakfast lounge barelegged, in sandals, wearing a light summer frock, there was a low flurry of protest. Really, Emma's mother should take more care! The child would catch her death.

Feeling the disapproval almost as an emanation, like the salt one breathed in the air, Emma looked around for someone who liked her—Mr. Cowan, or the Munns. There were the Munns, sitting in a corner, frowning over their toast, coffee, and guidebooks. She waved, although they had not yet seen her, threaded her way between the closely spaced tables, and, without waiting to be asked, sat down.

Miss and Mrs. Munn looked up with a single movement. They were daughter and mother, but so identically frizzy, tweedy, and elderly that they might have been twins. Mrs. Munn, the kindly twin, gazed at Emma with benevolent, rather popping brown eyes and said, "Child, you'll freeze in that little dress. Do tell your mother—now, don't forget to tell her—that the North African winter can be treacherous, very treacherous indeed." She tapped one of the brown-paper-covered guidebooks that lay beside her coffee tray. The Munns always went ashore provided with books, maps, and folders telling them what to expect at each port of call. They differed in every imaginable manner from Emma and her mother, who seldom fully understood where they were and who were, often, daunted and upset (particularly Mrs. Ellenger) if the people they encountered ashore were the wrong color or spoke an unfamiliar language.



"And stop calling me Stranger!"

"You should wear a thick scarf," Mrs. Munn went on, "and warm stockings." Thinking of the Ellengers' usual wardrobe, she paused, discouraged. "The most important parts of the—" But she stopped again, unable to say "body" before a girl of twelve. "One should keep the throat and the ankles warm," she said, lowering her gaze to her book.

"We can't," Emma said respectfully. "We didn't bring anything for the cruise except summer dresses. My mother thought it would be warm all the time."

"She should have inquired," Miss Munn said. Miss Munn was crisper, taut; often the roles seemed reversed, and it appeared that she, of the two, was the mother.

"I guess she didn't *think*," Emma said, cast down by all the things her mother failed to do. Emma loved the Munns. It was distressing when, as now, they failed to approve of her. With their tweeds, their pearls, their strings of fur that bore the claws and muzzles of small, flattened beasts, they were totally unlike the people she was accustomed to. She had fallen in love with them the first night aboard, during the first dinner out. The Munns and the Ellengers had been seated together, the dining-room steward having thought it a good plan to group, at a table for four, two solitary women and their solitary daughters.

The Munns had been so kind, so interested, asking any number of friendly questions. They wondered how old Emma was, and where Mr. Ellenger might be ("In Heaven," said Emma, casual), and where the Ellengers lived in New York.

"We live all over the place." Emma spoke up proudly. It was evident to her that her mother wasn't planning to say a word. *Somebody* had to be polite. "Most of the time we live in hotels. But last summer we didn't. We lived in an apartment. A big apartment. It wasn't our place. It belongs to this friend of my mother's, Mr. Jimmy Salter, but he was going to be away, and the rent was paid anyway, and we were living there already, so he said— he said—" She saw her mother's face and stopped, bewildered.

"That was nice," said Mrs. Munn, coloring. Her daughter looked down, smiling mysteriously.

Emma's mother said nothing. She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke over the table. She wore a ring, a wedding band, a Mexican necklace, and a number of clashing bracelets. Her hair,

"Every once in a while I write home for a little money. It keeps them from worrying."

which was long and lighter even than Emma's, had been carefully arranged, drawn into a tight chignon and circled with flowers. Clearly it was not for Miss or Mrs. Munn that she had taken such pains; she had expected a different table arrangement—one that included a man. Infinitely obliging, Mrs. Munn wished that one of them were a man. She bit her lip, trying to find a way out of this unexpected social thicket. Turning to Emma, she said, a little wildly, "Do you like school? I mean, I see you are not in school. Have you been ill?"

Emma ill? The idea was so outrageous, so clearly a criticism of her mother's care, that Mrs. Ellenger was forced, at last, to take notice of this pair of frumps. "There's nothing the matter with my daughter's health," she said, a little too loudly. "Emma's never been sick a day. From the time she was born, she's had the best of everything—the best food, the best clothes, the best that money can buy. Emma, isn't that right?"

Emma said yes, hanging her head and wishing her mother would stop.

"Emma was born during the war," Mrs. Ellenger said, dropping her voice. The Munns looked instantly sympathetic. They waited to hear the rest of the story, some romantic misadventure doomed by death or the fevered nature of the epoch itself. Mrs. Munn puckered her forehead, as if already she was prepared to cry. But evidently that part of the story had ceased to be of interest to Emma's mother. "I had a nervous breakdown when she was born," Mrs. Ellenger said. "I had plenty of troubles. My God, *troubles!*" Brooding, she suddenly dropped her cigarette into the dregs in her coffee cup. At the sound it made, the two ladies winced. Their glances crossed. Noticing, Emma wondered what her mother had done now. "I never took my troubles out on Emma," Mrs. Ellenger said. "No, Emma had the best, always the best. I brought her up like a little lady. I kept her all in white—white shoes, white blankets, white bunny coats, white hand-knitted angora bonnets. When she started to walk, she had little white rubbers for the rain. I got her a white buggy with white rubber tires. During the *war*, this was. Emma, isn't it true? Didn't you see your pictures, all in white?"

Emma moved her lips.

"It was the very best butter," Miss Munn murmured.

"She shows your care," Mrs. Munn said gently. "She's a lovely girl."

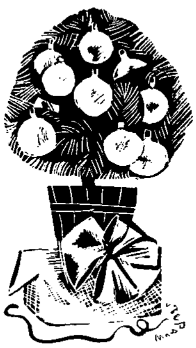
Emma wanted to die. She looked imploringly at her mother, but Mrs. Ellenger rushed on. It was important, deeply important, that everyone understand what a good mother she had been. "Nobody has to worry about Emma's school, either," she said. "I teach her, so nobody has to worry at all. Emma loves to study. She reads all the time. Just before dinner tonight, she was reading. She was reading Shakespeare. Emma, weren't you reading Shakespeare?"

"I had this book," Emma said, so low that her answer was lost. The Munns began to speak about something else, and Emma's mother relaxed, triumphant.

In truth, Emma had been reading Shakespeare. While they were unpacking and settling in, she had discovered among their things a battered high-school edition of "The Merchant of Venice." Neither she nor her mother had ever seen it before. It was in the suitcase that contained Mrs. Ellenger's silver evening slippers and Emma's emergency supply of comic books. Emma opened the book and read, "You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock." She closed the book and dropped it. "It must have come from Uncle Jimmy Salter's place," she said. "The maid must have put it in when she helped us pack."

"I didn't know he could read," Mrs. Ellenger said. She and Mr. Salter had stopped being friends. "We'll mail it back sometime. It'll be a nice surprise."

Of course, they had never mailed the book. Now, at Tangier, it was still with them, wedged between the comic books and the silver slippers. It had never occurred to Emma's mother to give the book to a steward, or the purser, still less take it ashore during an excursion; the mechanics of wrapping and posting a parcel from a strange port were quite beyond her. The cruise, as far as she was concerned, had become a series of hazards; attempting to dispatch a volume of Shakespeare would have been the last straw. She was happy, or at least not always *un*happy, in a limited area of the ship—the bar, the beauty salon, and her own cabin. As long as she kept to this familiar, hotel-like circuit, there was almost no reason to panic. She had never before been at sea, and although she was not sickened by the motion of the ship, the idea of space, of endless leagues of water, perplexed her, then frightened her, then, finally, made her ill. It had come to her, during the first, dismal dinner out, that her life as a pretty young woman was finished. There were no men on board—none, at least, that would do—and even if there had been, it was not at all certain that any of them would have desired her. She saw herself flung into an existence that included the Munns, censorious, respectable, prying into one's affairs. At that moment, she had realized what the cruise would mean: She was at sea. She was adrift on an ocean whose immenseness she could not begin to grasp. She was alone, she had no real idea of their route, and it was too late to turn back. Embarking on the cruise had been a gesture, directed against the person Emma called Uncle Jimmy Salter. Like any such gesture, it had to be carried through, particularly since it had been received with total indifference, even relief.



Often, even now, with twenty-four days of the cruise behind and only twenty more to be lived through, the fears she had experienced the first evening would recur: She was at sea, alone. There was no one around to tip stewards, order drinks, plan the nights, make love to her, pay the bills, tell her where she was and what it was all about. How had this happened? How ever had she mismanaged her life to such a degree? She was still young. She looked at herself in the glass at the dressing table in her stateroom and, covering the dry, darkening skin below her eyes, decided she was still pretty. Perplexed, she went to the beauty salon and had her hair washed by a sympathetic girl, a good listener. Then, in midmorning, drugged with heat, sated with shared confidences, she wandered out to the first-class bar and sat at her own special stool. Here the sympathetic girl was replaced by Eddy, the Eurasian bartender from Hong Kong. Picking up the thread of her life, Mrs. Ellenger talked to Eddy, describing her childhood and her stepmother. She told him about Emma's father, and about the time she and Emma went to California. Talking, she tried to pretend she was in New York and that the environment of the ship was perfectly normal and real. She played with her drink, smiling anxiously at herself in the mirror behind the bar. Eddy wasn't much of an audience, because he had other things to do, but after a time Mrs. Ellenger became so engrossed in her own recital, repeating and recounting the errors that had brought her to this impasse, that she scarcely noticed.

"I was a mere child, Eddy," she said. "A child. What did I know about life?"

"You can learn a lot about life in a job like mine," Eddy said. Because he was half Chinese, his customers expected him to deliver remarks tinged with Oriental wisdom. As a result, he had got into the habit of saying anything at all as if it were important.

"Well, I got Emma out of it all." Mrs. Ellenger never seemed to hear Eddy's remarks. "I've got my Emma. That's something. She's a big girl, isn't she, Eddy? Would you take her for only twelve? Some people take her for fourteen. They take us for sisters."

"The Dolly Sisters," Eddy said, ensconced on a reputation that had him not only a sage but a scream.

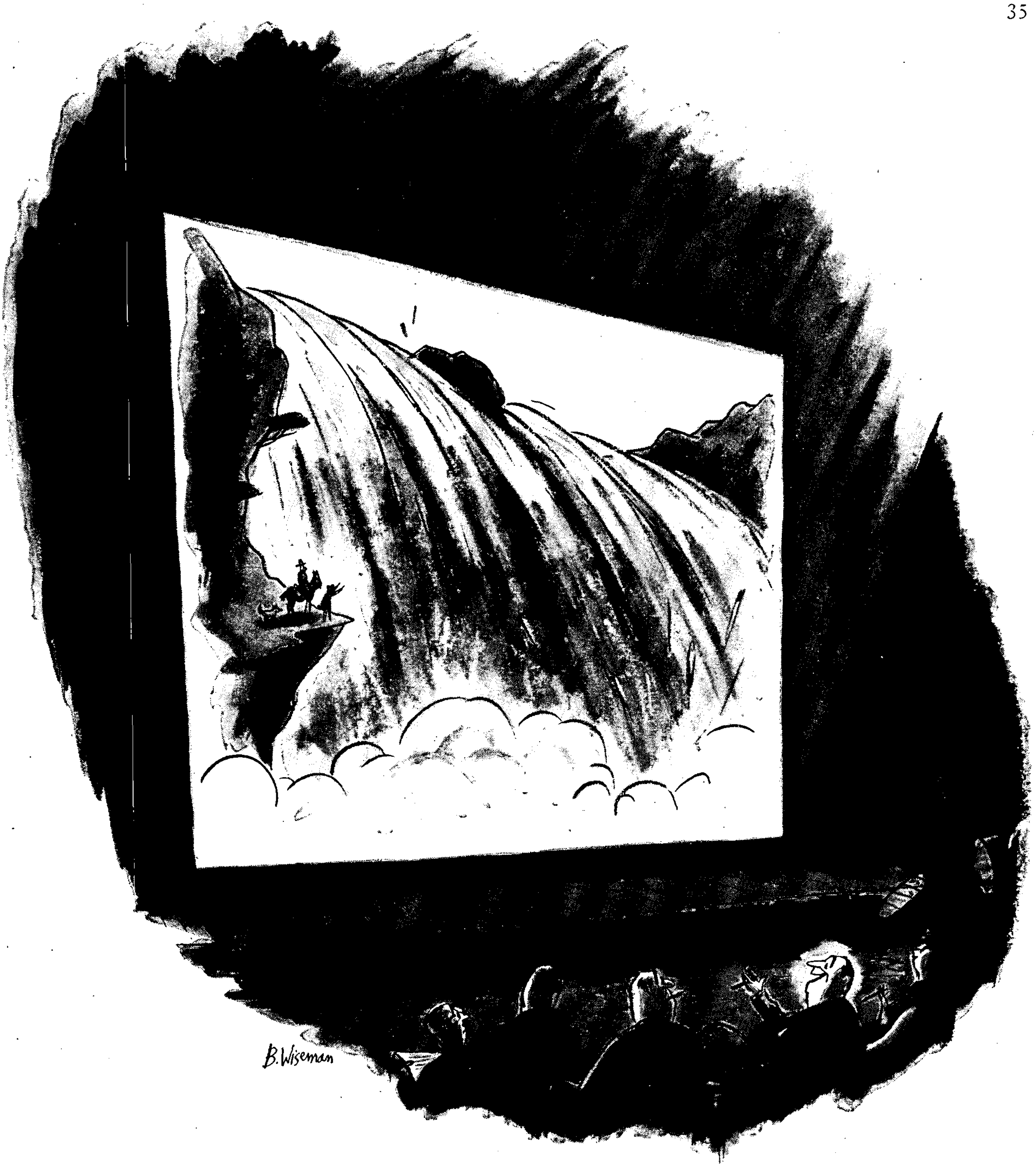
"Well, I never try to pass Emma off as my sister," Mrs. Ellenger went on. "Oh, it's not that I couldn't. I mean, enough people have told me. And I was a mere child myself when she was born. But I don't care if they know she's my daughter. I'm *proud* of my Emma. She was born during the war. I kept her all in white . . ."

Her glass slid away, reminding her that she was not in New York but at sea. It was no use. She thought of the sea, of travel, of being alone; the idea grew so enormous and frightening that, at last, there was nothing to do but go straight to her cabin and get into bed, even if it was the middle of the day. Her head ached and so did her wrists. She took off her heavy jewelry and unpinned her hair. The cabin was gray, chintzed, consolingly neutral; it resembled all or any of the hotel rooms she and Emma had shared in the past. She was surrounded by her own disorder, her own scent. There were yesterday's clothes on a chair, trailing, smelling faintly of cigarette smoke. There, on the dressing table, was an abandoned glass of brandy, an unstoppered bottle of cologne.

She rang the service bell and sent someone to look for Emma.

"Oh, Emma, darling," she said when Emma, troubled and apprehensive, came in. "Emma, why did we come on this crazy cruise? I'm so unhappy, Emma."

"I don't know," Emma said. "I don't know why we came at all." Sitting on her own bed, she picked up her doll and played with its hair and its little black shoes. She had outgrown dolls as toys years before, but this doll, which had no name, had moved about with her as long as she could remember. She knew that her mother expected something from this winter voyage, some miracle, but the nature of the miracle was beyond her. They had shopped for the cruise all summer—Emma remembered that—but when she thought of those summer weeks, with Uncle Jimmy Salter away, and her mother sulking and upset, she had an impression of heat and vacancy, as if no one had been contained in the summer season but her mother and herself. Left to themselves, she and her mother had shopped; they had bought dresses and scarves and blouses and bathing suits and shoes of every possible color. They had bought hats to



"Say, fellows, just for the hell of it, let's run it backward."

• •

match the dresses and bags to match the shoes. The boxes the new clothes came in had piled up in the living room, spilling tissue.

"Is he coming back?" Emma had asked once.

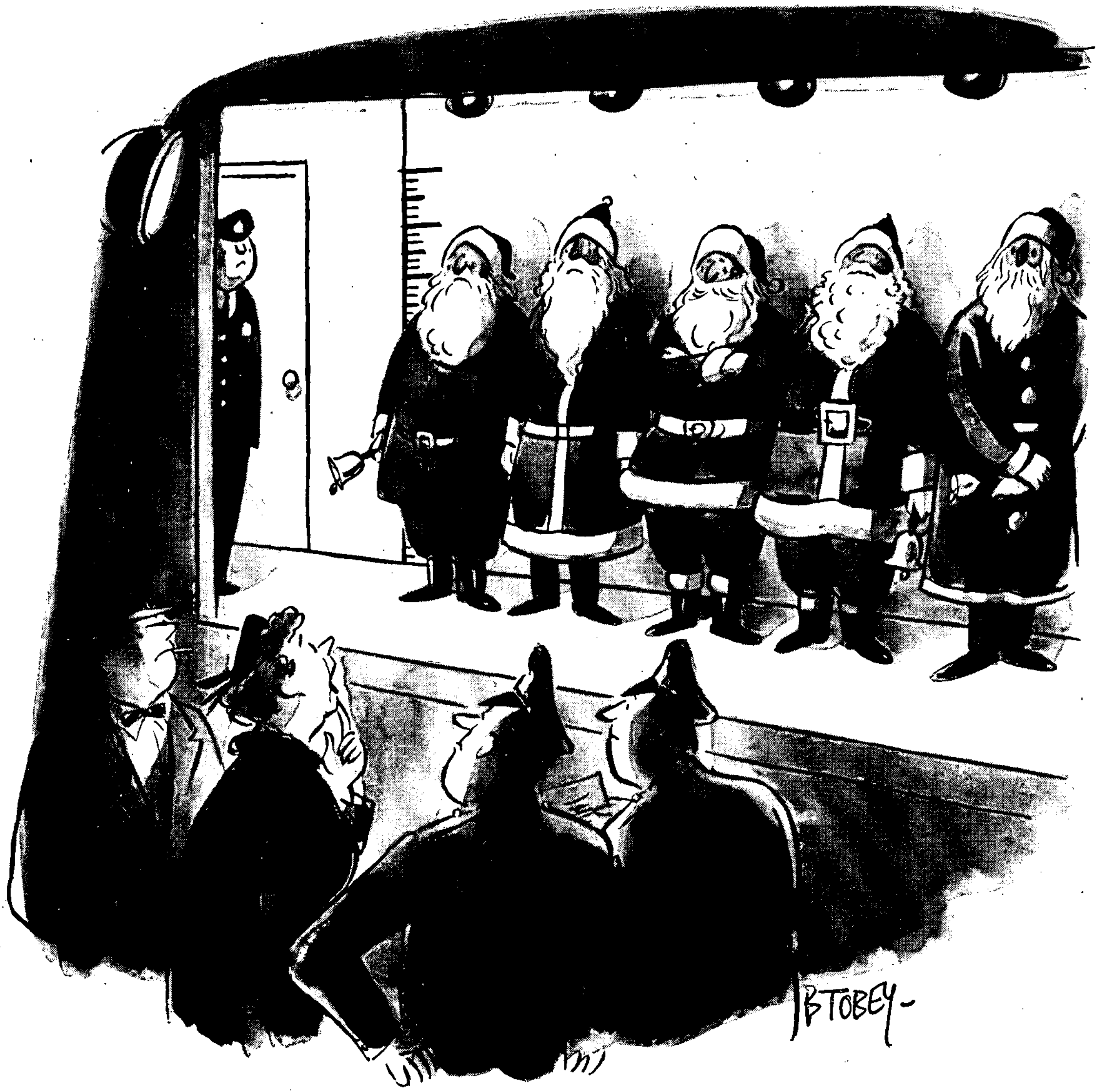
"I'm not waiting for *him* to make up *his* mind," her mother had said, which was, to Emma, scarcely an answer at all. "I've got my life, too. I mean," she amended, "we have, Emma. We've got a life, too. We'll go away. We'll go on a cruise or something."

"Maybe he'd like that," Emma had said, with such innocent accuracy that her mother, presented with the thought, stared at her, alarmed. "Then he could have the place all to himself."

In November, they joined the cruise. They had come aboard wearing summer dresses, confident in the climate promised by travel posters—the beaches, the blue-painted seas, the painted-yellow suns. Their cabin was full of luggage and flowers. Everything was new—their white bags, the clothes inside them, neatly folded, smelling of shops.

"It's a new life, Emma," said Mrs. Ellenger.

Emma had caught some of the feeling, for, at last, they were doing something together, alone, with no man, no Uncle Anyone, to interfere. She felt



"Oh dear, this is going to be harder than I thought."

intensely allied to her mother that day, and for several days afterward. But then, when it became certain that the miracle, the new life, had still to emerge, the feeling disappeared. Sometimes she felt it again just before they reached land—some strange and unexplored bit of coast, where anything might happen. The new life was always there, just before them, like a note indefinitely suspended or a wave about to break. It was there, but nothing happened.

All this Emma sensed without finding words, even in her mind, to give the idea form. When her mother, helpless and lost, asked why they had come, she could only sit on her bed, playing with her doll's shoe, and, embarrassed by the spectacle of such open unhappiness, murmur, "I don't know. I don't know why we came at all."

Answers and explanations belonged to another language, one she had still to acquire. Even now, in Tangier, longing to explain to the Munns about the summer dresses, she knew she had better not begin. She knew that there must be a simple way of putting these things in words, but when Mrs. Munn spoke of going ashore, of the importance of keeping the throat and ankles warm, it was not within Emma's grasp to explain how it had come about that although she and her mother had shopped all summer and had brought with them much more luggage than they needed, they now had nothing to wear.

"Perhaps we shall see you in Tangier, later today," said Mrs. Munn. "You must warn your mother about Tangier. Tell her to watch her purse."

Emma nodded vigorously. "I'll tell her."

"And tell her to be careful about the food if you lunch ashore," Mrs. Munn said, beginning to gather her guidebooks together. "No salads. No fruit. Only bottled water. Above all, no native restaurants."

"I'll tell her," Emma said again.

AFTER the Munns had departed, she sat for a moment, puzzled. Certainly they would be lunching in Tangier. For the first time, now, she remembered something. The day before (or had it been the day before that?), she had invited Eddy, the bartender, to meet them in Tangier for lunch. She had extended the invitation with no sense of what it involved, and no real conception of place and time. North Africa was an imaginary place, half desert, half jungle. Then, this morning, she had looked through the porthole above her bed. There was Tangier, humped and yellowish, speckled with houses, under a wintry sky. It was not a jungle but a city, real.

Now the two images met and blended. Tangier was a real place, and somewhere in those piled-up city blocks was Eddy, waiting to meet her and her mother for lunch.

She got up at once and hurried back to the cabin. The lounge was clearing; the launch, carrying passengers across the short distance that separated them from the shore, had been shuttling back and forth since nine o'clock.

Emma's mother was up, and—miracle—nearly dressed. She sat at the dressing table, pinning an artificial camellia into her hair. She did not turn around when Emma came in but frowned at herself in the glass, concentrating. Her dress was open at the back. She had been waiting for Emma to come and do it up. Emma sat down on her own bed. In honor of the excursion ashore, she was wearing gloves and a hat, and carrying a purse. Waiting, she sorted over the contents of her purse (a five-dollar bill, a St. Christopher medal, a wad of Kleenex, a comb in a plastic case), pulled on her small, round hat, smoothed her gloves, sighed.

Her mother looked small and helpless, struggling with the awkward camellia. Emma never pitied her when she suffered—it was too disgraceful, too alarming—but she sometimes felt sorry for some detail of her person; now she was touched by the thin veined hands, fumbling with flower and pins, and the thin shoulder blades that moved like wings. Her pity took the form of exasperation; it made her want to get up and do something crazy and rude—slam a door, say all the forbidden words she could think of. At last Mrs. Ellenger stood up, nearly ready. But, no, something had gone wrong.

“Emma, I can't go ashore like this,” her mother said. She sat down again. “My dress is wrong. My shoes are wrong. Look at my eyes. I look old. Look at my figure. Before I had you, my figure was wonderful. Never have a baby, Emma. Promise me.”

“O.K.” Emma said. She seized the moment of pensive distraction—her mother had a dreamy look, which meant she was thinking of her pretty, fêted youth—and fastened her mother's dress. “You look lovely,” Emma said rapidly. “You look just beautiful. The Munns said to tell you to dress warm, but it isn't cold. Please, let's go. Please, let's hurry. All the other people have gone. Listen, we're in *Africa*.”

“That's what's so crazy,” Mrs. Ellenger said, as if at last she had discovered the source of all her grievances. “What am I doing in Africa?”

“Bring a scarf for your head,” said Emma. “Please, let's go.”

They got the last two places in the launch. Mrs. Ellenger bent and shuddered and covered her eyes; the boat was a terrible ordeal, windy and smelling of oil. She felt chilled and vomitous. “Oh, Emma,” she moaned.

Emma put an arm about her. “It's only a minute,” she said. “We're nearly there now. Please look up. Why don't you look? The sun's come out.”

“I'm going to be sick,” Mrs. Ellenger said.

“No, you're not.”

At last, they were helped ashore, and stood, brushing their wrinkled skirts, on the edge of Tangier. Emma decided she had better mention Eddy right away.

“Wouldn't it be nice if we sort of ran into Eddy?” she said. “He knows all about Tangier. He's been here before. He could take us around.”

“Run into *who*?” Mrs. Ellenger took off the scarf she had worn in the launch, shook it, folded it, and put it in her purse. Just then, a light wind sprang up from the bay. With a little moan, Mrs. Ellenger opened her bag and took out the scarf. She seemed not to know what to do with it, and finally clutched it to her throat. “I'm so cold,” she said. “Emma, I've never been so cold in my whole life. Can't we get away from here? Isn't there a taxi or something?”

Some of their fellow-passengers were standing a short distance away in a sheeplike huddle, waiting for a guide from a travel bureau to come and fetch them. They were warmly dressed. They carried books, cameras, and maps. Emma suddenly thought how funny she and her mother must look, alone and baffled, dressed for a summer excursion. Mrs. Ellenger tottered uncertainly on high white heels.

“I *think* if we just walk up to that big street,” Emma said, pointing. “I even see taxis. Don't worry. It'll be all right.” Mrs. Ellenger looked back, almost wistfully, to the cruise ship; it was, at least, familiar. “Don't look *that* way,” said Emma. “Look where we're going. Look at Africa.”

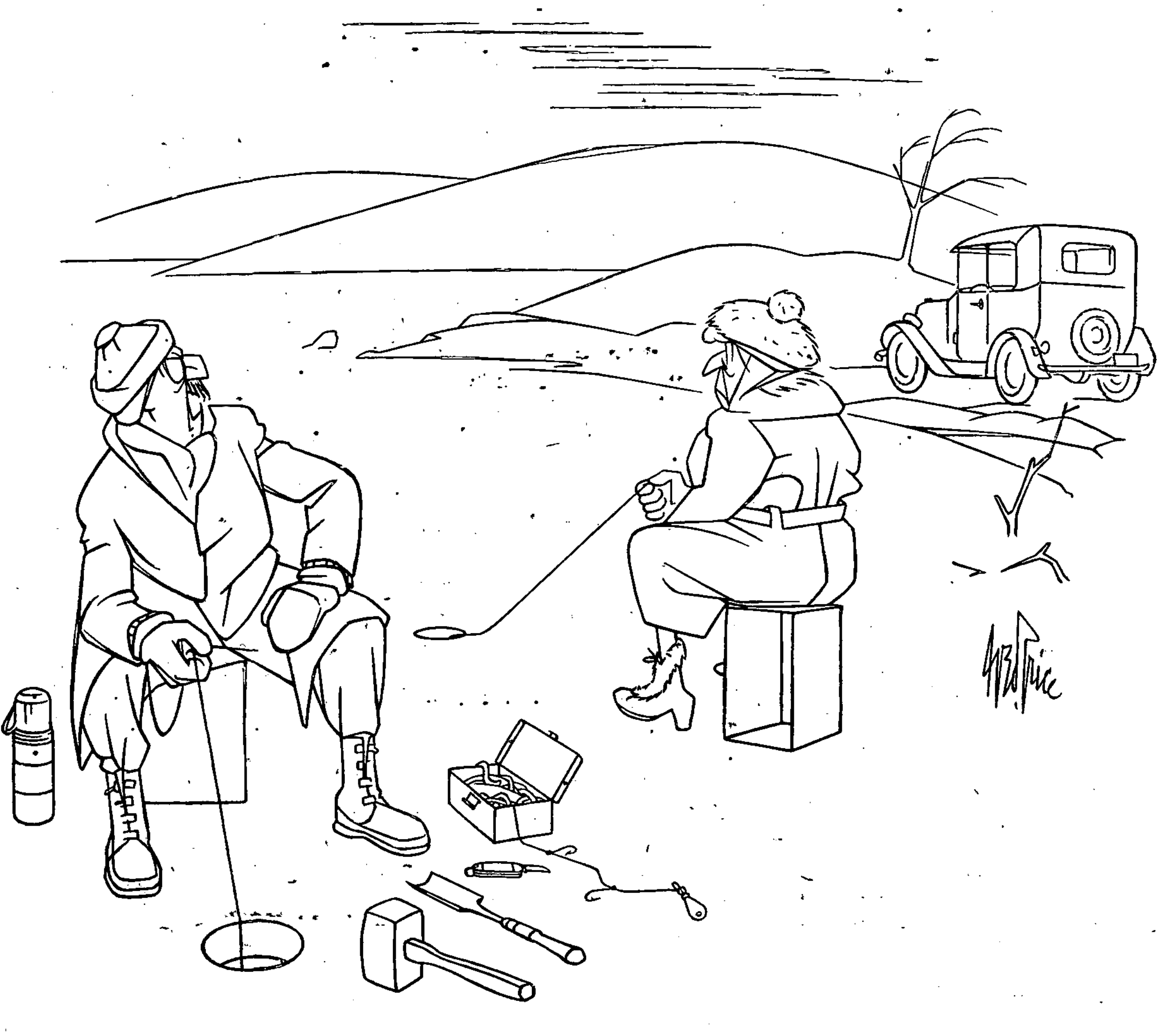
Obediently, Mrs. Ellenger looked at Africa. She saw hotels, an avenue, a row of stubby palms. As Emma had said, there were taxis, one of which, at their signals, rolled out of a rank and drew up before them. Emma urged her mother into the cab and got in after her.

“We might run into Eddy,” she said again.

Mrs. Ellenger saw no reason why, on this particular day, she should be forced to think about Eddy. She started to say so, but Emma was giving the driver directions, telling him to take them to the center of town.

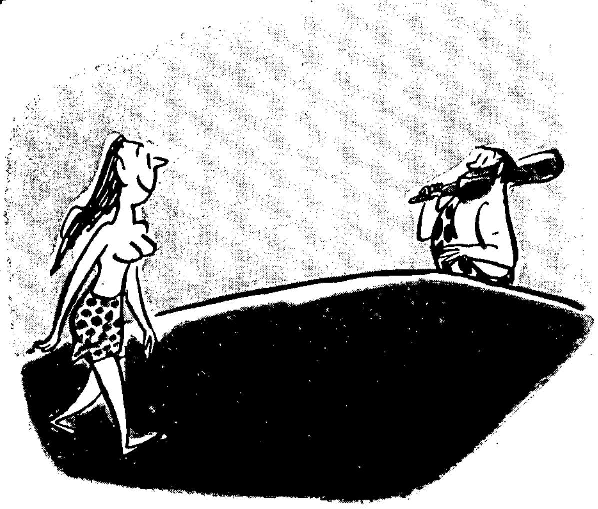
“But what if we *did* see Eddy?” Emma asked.

“Will you stop that?” Mrs. Ellen-



“Who asked you to share my interests?”

①



②

ger cried. "Will you stop that about Eddy? If we see him, we see him. I guess he's got the same rights ashore as anyone else!"

Emma found this concession faintly reassuring. It did not presage an outright refusal to be with Eddy. She searched her mind for some sympathetic reference to make about him—the fact, for instance, that he had two children named Wilma and George—but, glancing sidelong at her mother, decided to say nothing more. Mrs. Ellenger had admitted Eddy's rights—a point that could be resurrected later, in case of trouble. They were driving uphill, between houses that looked, Emma thought, neither interesting nor African. It was certainly not the Africa she had imaged the day she invited Eddy—a vista of sand dunes surrounded by jungle, full of camels, lions, trailing vines. It was hard now to remember just why she had asked him, or if, indeed, she really had. It had been morning. The setting was easy to reconstruct. She had been the only person at the bar; she was drinking an elaborate mixture of syrup and fruit concocted by Eddy. Eddy was wiping glasses. He wore a white coat, from the breast pocket of which emerged the corner of a colored handkerchief. The handkerchief was one of a dozen given him by a kind American lady met on a former cruise; it bore his name, embroidered in a dashing hand. Emma had been sitting admiring the handkerchief, and thinking about the hapless donor ("She found me attractive, et cetera, et cetera," Eddy had once told her, looking resigned) when suddenly Eddy said something about Tangier, the next port, and Emma had imagined the three of them together—herself, her mother, and Eddy.

"My mother wants you to go ashore with us in Africa," she had said, already convinced this was so.

"What do you mean, ashore?" Eddy said. "Take you around, meet you for lunch?" There was nothing unusual in the invitation, as such; Eddy was a great favorite with many of his clients. "It's funny she never mentioned it."

"She forgot," Emma said. "We don't know anyone in Africa, and my mother always likes company."

"I know *that*," Eddy said softly, smiling to himself. With a little shovel he scooped almonds into glass dishes. "What I mean is, your mother actually said"—and here he imitated Mrs. Ellenger, his voice going plaintive and high— " 'I'd just adore having dear Eddy as our guest for lunch.' She actually said that?"

"Oh, Eddy!" Emma had to laugh so hard at the very idea that she doubled up over her drink. Eddy could be so witty when he wanted to be, sending clockwork spiders down the bar, serving drinks in trick glasses that unexpectedly dripped on people's clothes! Sometimes, watching him being funny with favorite customers, she would laugh until her stomach ached.

"I'll tell you what," Eddy said, having weighed the invitation. "I'll meet you *in* Tangier. I can't go ashore with you—I mean, not in the same launch; I have to go with the crew. But I'll meet you there."

⑤

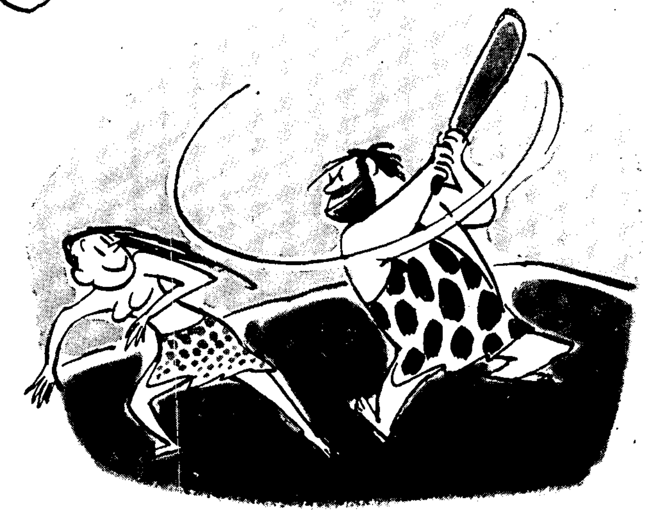
"Where'll you meet us?" Emma said. "Should we pick a place?"

"Oh, I'll find you," Eddy said. He set his plates of almonds at evenly spaced intervals along the bar. "Around the center of town. I know where you'll go." He smiled again his secret, superior smile.

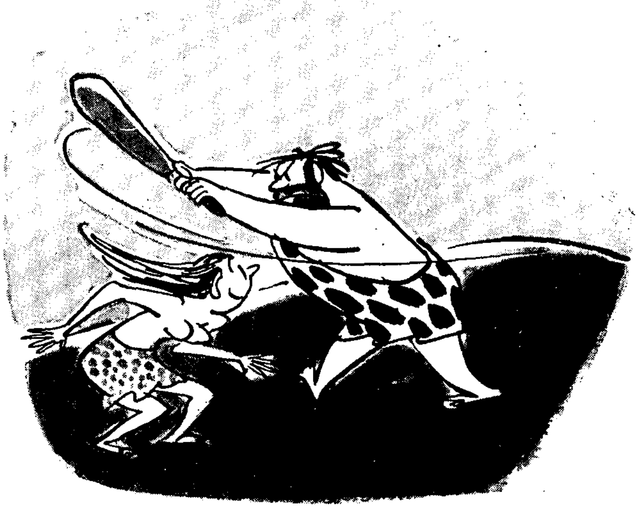
THEY had left it at that. Had Eddy really said the center of town, Emma wondered now, or had she thought that up herself? Had the whole scene, for that matter, taken place, or had she thought that up, too? No, it was real, for, their taxi having deposited them at the Plaza de Francia, Eddy at once detached himself from the crowd on the street and came toward them.

Eddy was dapper. He wore a light suit and a square-shouldered topcoat. He closed their taxi door and smiled at Emma's mother, who was paying the driver.

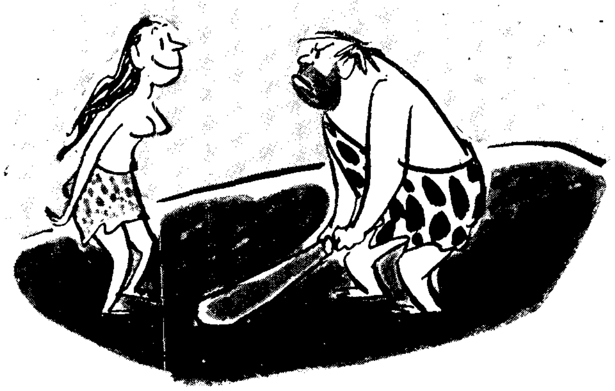
③



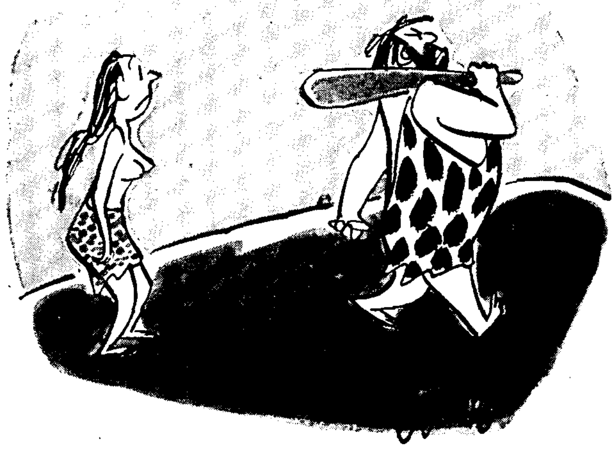
④



⑥



⑦



"Look!" Emma said. "Look who's here!"

Emma's mother moved over to a shopwindow and became absorbed in a display of nylon stockings; presented with a *fait accompli*, she withdrew from the scene—turned her back, put on a pair of sunglasses, narrowed her interest to a single stocking draped on a chrome rack.

Eddy seemed unaware of tension. He carried several small parcels, his purchases. Jauntily he joined Mrs. Ellenger at the window. "This is a good place to buy nylons," he said. "In fact, you should stock up on everything you need, because it's tax-free. Anything you buy here, you can sell in Spain."

"My daughter and I have everything we require," Mrs. Ellenger said. She walked off, and then quickened her step, so that he wouldn't appear to be walking with them.

Emma smiled at Eddy and fell back very slightly, striking a balance between the two. "What did you buy?" she said softly. "Something for Wilma and George?"

"Lots of stuff," said Eddy. "Now, this café right here," he called after Mrs. Ellenger, "would be a good place to sit down. Right here, in the Plaza de Francia, you can see everyone important. They all come here, the high society of two continents."

"Of two continents," Emma said, wishing her mother would pay more attention. She stared at all the people behind the glass café fronts—the office workers drinking coffee before hurrying back to their desks, the tourists from cruise ships like their own.

Mrs. Ellenger stopped. She extended her hand to Emma and said, "My daughter and I have a lot of sightseeing to do, Eddy. I'm sure there are things you want to do, too." She was smiling. The surface of her sunglasses, mirrored, gave back a small, distorted public square, a tiny Eddy, and Emma, anguished, in gloves and hat.

"Oh, Eddy!" Emma cried. She wanted to say something else, to explain that her mother didn't understand, but he vanished, just like that, and moments later she picked out his neat little figure bobbing along in the crowd going downhill, away from the Plaza. "Eddy sort of expected to stay with us," she said.

"So I noticed," said Mrs. Ellenger. They sat down in a café—not the one Eddy had suggested but a similar café nearby. "One Coca-Cola," she told the waiter, "and one brandy-and-water." She sighed with relief, as if they had been walking for hours.

Their drinks came. Emma saw, by the clock in the middle of the square, that it was half-past eleven. It was warm in the sun, as warm as May. Perhaps, after all, they had been right about the summer dresses. Forgetting Eddy, she looked around. This was Tangier, and she, Emma Ellenger, was sitting with the high society of two continents. Outside was a public square, with low buildings, a café across the street, a clock, and, walking past in striped woollen cloaks, Arabs. The Arabs were real; if the glass of the window had not been there, she could have touched them.

"There's sawdust or something in my drink," Mrs. Ellenger said. "It must have come off the ice." Nevertheless, she drank it to the end and ordered another.

"We'll go out soon, won't we?" Emma said, faintly alarmed.

"In a minute."

The waiter brought them a pile of magazines, including a six-month-old *Vogue*. Mrs. Ellenger removed her glasses, looking pleased.

"We'll go soon?" Emma repeated.

There was no reply.

The square swelled with a midday crowd. Sun covered their table until Mrs. Ellenger's glasses became warm to the touch.

"Aren't we going out?" Emma said. "Aren't we going to have anything for lunch?" Her legs ached from sitting still.

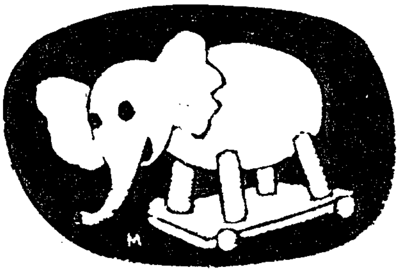
"You could have something here," Mrs. Ellenger said, vague.

The waiter brought Emma a sandwich and a glass of milk. Mrs. Ellenger continued to look at *Vogue*. Sometimes passengers from their ship went by. They waved gaily, as if Tangier were the last place they had ever expected to see a familiar face. The Munns passed, walking in step. Emma thumped on the window, but neither of the ladies turned. Something about their solidarity, their sureness of purpose, made her feel lonely and left behind. Soon they would have seen Tangier, while she and her mother might very well sit here until it was time to go back to the ship. She remembered Eddy, and wondered what he was doing.

Mrs. Ellenger had come to the end of her reading material. She seemed suddenly to find her drink distasteful. She leaned on her hand, fretful and depressed, as she often was at that hour of the day. She was sorry she had come on the cruise and said so again. The warm ports were cold. She wasn't getting the right things to eat. She was getting so old and ugly that the bartender, having nothing better in view, and thinking she would be glad of anything, had tried to pick her up. What was she doing here, anyway? Her life . . .

"I wish we could have gone with Eddy," Emma said, with a sigh.

"Why, Emma," Mrs. Ellenger said. Her emotions jolted from a familiar track, it took her a moment or so to decide how she felt about this interruption. She thought it over, and became annoyed. "You mean you'd have more fun with that Chink than with me? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"



"It isn't that exactly. I only meant we *could* have gone with him. He's been here before. Or the Munns, or this other friend of mine, Mr. Cowan. Only, he didn't come ashore today, Mr. Cowan. You shouldn't say 'Chink.' You should say 'Chinese person,' Mr. Cowan told me. Otherwise it offends. You should never offend. You should never say 'Irishman.' You should say 'Irish person.' You should never say 'Jew.' You should say—"

"Some cruise!" said Mrs. Ellenger, who had been listening to this with an expression of shock, as if Emma had been repeating blasphemy. "All I can say is some cruise. Some selected passengers! What else did he tell you? What does he want with a little girl like you, anyway? Did he ever ask you into his stateroom—anything like that?"

"Oh, goodness, no!" Emma said impatiently; so many of her mother's remarks were beside the point. She knew all about not going anywhere with men, not accepting presents—all

THE INSOMNIACS

The mystic finishes in Time,
The actor finds himself in Space,
And each, wherever he has been,
Must know his hand before his face,
Must crawl back into his own skin
As in the darkness after crime
The thief can hear his breath again,
Resume the knowledge of his limbs
And how the spasm goes and comes
Under the bones that cage his heart.

So, we are fairly met, grave friend—
The meeting of two wounds in man.
I, gesturing with practiced hand,
I, in my great brocaded gown,
And you, the fixed and patient one,
Enduring all the world can do;
I, with my shifting masks, the gold,
The awful scarlet, laughing blue,
Maker of many worlds, and you,
Worldless, the pure receptacle.

And yet your floating eyes reveal
What saint or mummer groans to feel:
That finite creatures finally know
The damp of stone beneath the knees,
The stiffness in the folded hands,
A duller ache than holy wounds,
The draught that never stirs the sleeve
Of glazed evangelists above
But drives men out from sacred calm
Into the violent, wayward sun.

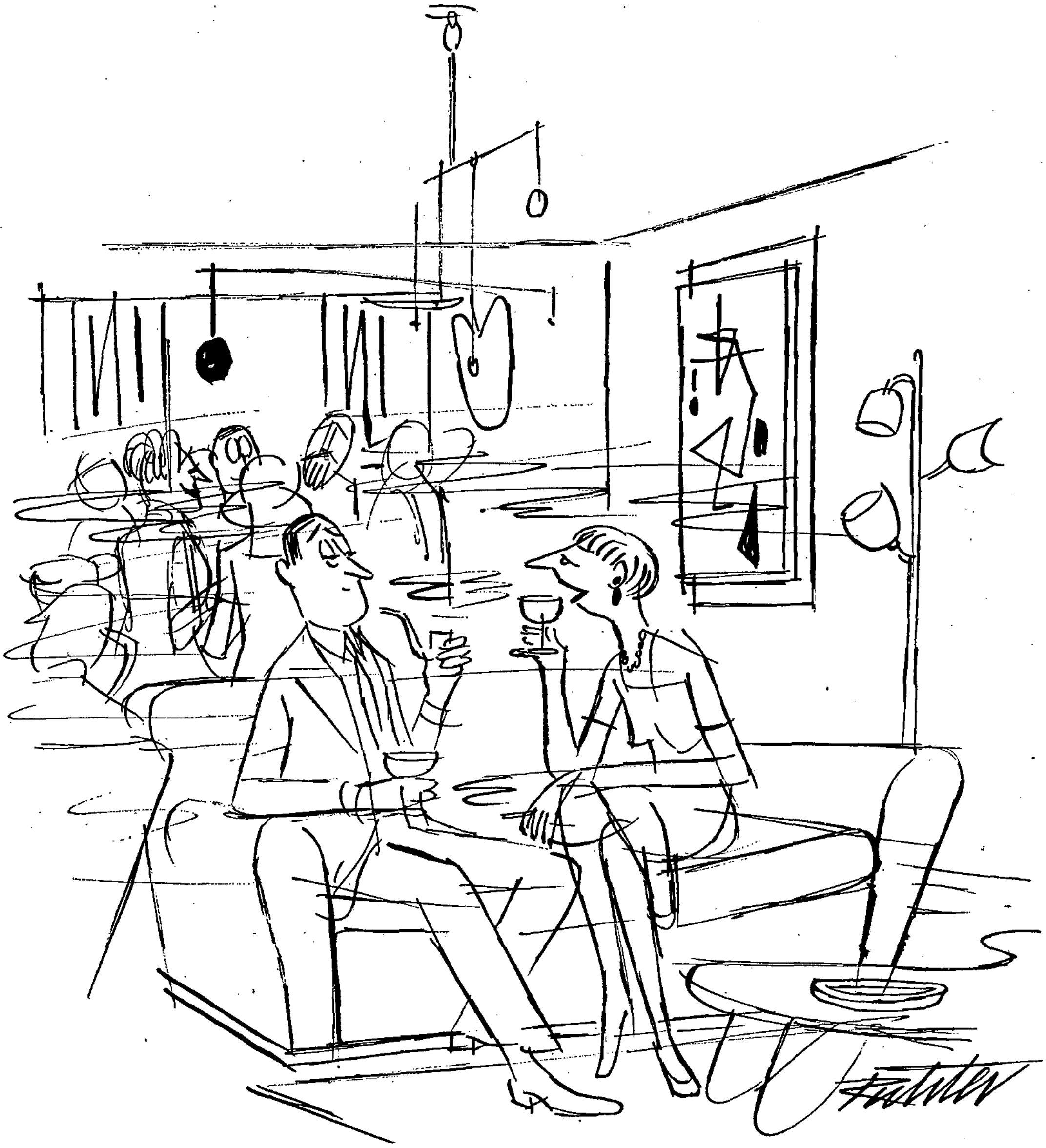
My voice commands the formal stage;
A jungle thrives beyond the wings—
All formless and benighted things
That rhetoric cannot assuage.
I speak a dream and turn to see
The sleepless night outstaring me.
My pillow sweats; I wake in space;
This is my hand before my face;
This is the headboard of my bed
Whose splinters stuff my nightmare mouth;

This is the unconquerable drouth
I carry in my burning head.
Not my words nor your visions mend
Such infamous knowledge. We are split,
Done into bits, undone, pale friend,
As ecstasy begets its end.
As we are spun of rawest thread,
The flaw is in us; we will break.
O dare you of this fracture make
Hosannas plain and tragical,

Or dare I let each cadence fall
Awkward as learning newly learned,
Simple as children's cradle songs,
As untranslatable and true,
We someday might conceive a way
To do the thing we long to do:
To do what men have always done,
To live in time, to act in space,
Yet find a ritual to embrace
Raw towns of man, the pockmarked sun.

—Adrienne Cecile Rich

• •



"Bart, you disappoint me. You used to be much more bored with everything."

• •

that kind of thing. "His stateroom's too small even for him. It isn't the one he paid for. He tells the purser all the time, but it doesn't make any difference. That's why he stays in the bar all day."

Indeed, for most of the cruise Emma's friend had sat in the bar writing a long journal, which he sent home, in installments, for the edification of his analyst. His analyst, Mr. Cowan had told Emma, was to blame for the fact that he had taken the cruise. In revenge, he passed his days writing down all the things at fault with the passengers and the service, hoping to make the analyst sad and guilty. Emma began to explain her own version of this to her mother, but Mrs. Ellenger was no longer listening. She stared straight before her in the brooding, injured way Emma dreaded. Her gaze seemed turned inward, rather than toward the street, as if she were concentrating on some terrible grievance and struggling to bring it into words.

"You think I'm not a good mother," she said, still not looking at Emma, or, really, at anything. "That's why you hang around these other people. It's not fair. I'm good to you. Well, am I?"

"Yes," said Emma. She glanced about nervously, wondering if anyone could hear.

"Do you ever need anything?" her mother persisted. "Do you know what happens to a lot of kids like you? They get left in schools, that's what happens. Did I ever do that to you?"

"No."

"I always kept you with me, no matter what anyone said. You mean more to me than anybody, any man. You know that. I'd give up anyone for you. I've even done it."

"I know," Emma said. There was a queer pain in her throat. She had to swallow to make it go away. She felt hot and uncomfortable, and had to do something distracting; she took off her hat, rolled her gloves into a ball and put them in her purse.

Mrs. Ellenger sighed. "Well," she said in a different voice, "if we're going to see anything of this town, we'd better move." She paid for their drinks, leaving a large tip on the messy table, littered with ashes and magazines. They left the café and, arm in arm, like Miss and Mrs. Munn, they circled the block, looking into the dreary windows of luggage and furniture stores. Some of the windows had been decorated for Christmas with strings of colored lights.

Emma was startled; she had forgotten all about Christmas. It seemed unnatural that there should be signs of it in a place like Tangier. "Do Arabs have Christmas?" she said.

"Everyone does," Mrs. Ellenger said. "Except—" She could not remember the exceptions.

It was growing cool, and her shoes were not right for walking. She looked up and down the street, hoping a taxi would appear, and then, with one of her abrupt emotional changes, she darted into a souvenir shop that had taken her eye. Emma followed, blinking in the dark. The shop was tiny. There were colored bracelets in a glass case, leather slippers, and piles of silky material. From separate corners of the shop, a man and a woman converged on them.

"I'd like a bracelet for my little girl," Mrs. Ellenger said.

"For Christmas?" said the woman.

"Sort of. Although she gets plenty of presents, all the time. It doesn't have to be anything special."

"What a fortunate girl," the woman said absently, unlocking the case.

Emma was not interested in the bracelet. She turned her back on the case and found herself facing a shelf on which were small pottery figures of lions, camels, and tigers. They were fastened to bases marked “*Souvenir de Tanger*,” or “*Recuerdo*.”

“Those are nice,” Emma said, to the man. He wore a fez, and leaned against the counter, staring idly at Mrs. Ellenger. Emma pointed to the tigers. “Do they cost a lot?”

He said something in a language she could not understand. Then, lapsing into a creamy sort of English, “They are special African tigers.” He grinned, showing his gums, as if the expression “African tigers” were a joke they shared. “They come from a little village in the mountains. There are interesting old myths connected with them.” Emma looked at him blankly. “They are magic,” he said.

“There’s no such thing,” Emma said. Embarrassed for him, she looked away, coloring deeply.

“This one,” the man said, picking up a tiger. It was glazed in stripes of orange and black. The seam of the factory mold ran in a faint ridge down its back; the glaze had already begun to crack. “This is a special African tiger,” he said. “It is good for ten wishes. Any ten.”

“There’s no such thing,” Emma said again, but she took the tiger from him and held it in her hand, where it seemed to grow warm of its own accord. “Does it cost a lot?”

The man looked over at the case of bracelets and exchanged a swift, silent signal with his partner. Mrs. Ellenger, still talking, was hesitating between two enamelled bracelets. “Genuine Sahara work,” the woman said of the more expensive piece.

When Mrs. Ellenger appeared certain to choose it, the woman nodded, and the man said to Emma, “The tiger is a gift. It costs you nothing.”

“A present?” She glanced toward her mother, busy counting change. “I’m not allowed to take anything from strange men” rose to her lips. She checked it.

“For Christmas,” the man said, still looking amused. “Think of me on Christmas Day, and make a wish.”

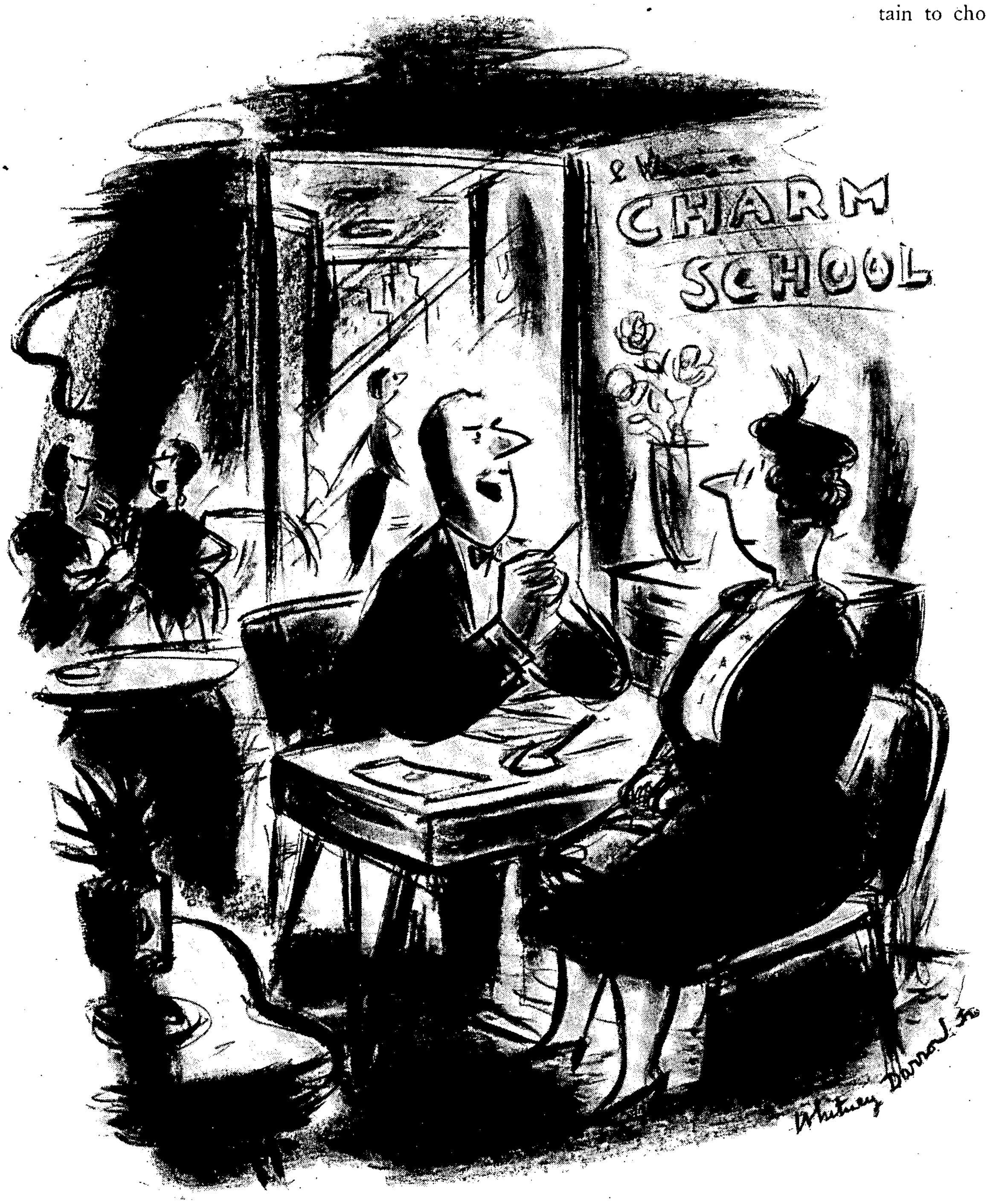
“Oh, I will,” Emma said, suddenly making up her mind. “Thanks. Thanks a lot.” She put the tiger in her purse.

“Here, baby, try this on,” Mrs. Ellenger said from across the shop. She clasped the bracelet around Emma’s wrist. It was too small, and pinched, but everyone exclaimed at how pretty it looked.

“Thank you,” Emma said. Clutching her purse, feeling the lump the tiger made, she said, looking toward the man, “Thanks, I love it.”

“Be sure to tell your friends,” he cried, as if the point of the gift would otherwise be lost.

“Are you happy?” Mrs. Ellenger asked, kissing Emma. “Do you really love it? Would you still rather be with Eddy and these other people?” Her arm around Emma, they left the shop. Outside, Mrs. Ellenger walked a few steps, looking piteously at the cars going by. “Oh, God, let there be a taxi,” she said. They



“And upon the completion of your course you will be driven to your home by a trusted employee, since it will no longer be safe for you to go about the streets alone.”

. . . the costliest in the world

JOY
EAU DE TOILETTE
JOY

THERE IS ONLY ONE

JOY

PERFUME

AND ONLY ONE

JOY

EAU DE TOILETTE

JEAN PATOU

PULITZER PRIZE • CRITICS' CIRCLE • TONY AWARDS

MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER
presents

DAVID WAYNE • JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.

Mon. thru Thurs. Evs. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.20; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Taxes Incl.

NATIONAL COMPANY • ON TOUR
starring
BURGESS MEREDITH • SCOTT McKAY
Hartman Theatre—Columbus, O.—Dec. 15-18
American Theatre—St. Louis, Mo.—Dec. 20-Jan. 1

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.

JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.

Peter Arno

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."—Atkinson, Times

COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT
present
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch"
SALLY FORREST
GEORGE KEANE
with Robert Emhardt • Rita Morley • Herbert Nelson
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $4.60-1.73; Sat. Evg. $5.75-1.73; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.45-1.15 (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.

found one and hailed it, and she collapsed inside, closing her eyes. She had seen as much of Tangier as she wanted to. They rushed downhill. Emma, her face pressed against the window, had a blurred impression of houses. Their day, all at once, spun out in reverse; there was the launch, waiting. They embarked and, in a moment, the city, the continent, receded.

Emma thought, confused, Is that all? Is that all of Africa?

But there was no time to protest. Mrs. Ellenger, who had lost her sunglasses, had to be consoled and helped with her scarf. "Oh, thank God!" she said fervently as she was helped from the launch. "Oh, my God, what a day!" She tottered off to bed, to sleep until dinner.

The ship was nearly empty. Emma lingered on deck, looking back at Tangier. She made a detour, peering into the bar; it was empty and still. A wire screen had been propped against the shelves of bottles. Reluctantly, she made her way to the cabin. Her mother had already gone to sleep. Emma pulled the curtain over the porthole, dimming the light, and picked up her mother's scattered clothes. The new bracelet pinched terribly; when she unclasped it, it left an ugly greenish mark, like a bruise. She rubbed at the mark with soap and then cologne, and finally most of it came away. Moving softly, so as not to waken her mother, she put the bracelet in the suitcase that contained her comic books and Uncle Jimmy Salter's "Merchant of Venice." Remembering the tiger, she took it out of her purse and slipped it under her pillow.

THE bar, suddenly, was full of noise. Most of it was coming from a newly installed loudspeaker. "O little town of Bethlehem," Emma heard, even before she opened the heavy glass doors. Under the music, but equally amplified, were the voices of people arguing—the people who, somewhere on the ship, were trying out the carol recordings. Eddy hadn't yet returned. Crew members, in working clothes, were hanging Christmas decorations. There was a small silver tree over the bar and a larger one, real, being lashed to a pillar. At one of the low tables in front of the bar, Mr. Cowan sat reading a travel folder.

"Have a good time?" he asked, looking up. He had to bellow because "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was coming through so loudly. "I've just figured something out," he said as Emma sat down. "If I take a plane from Madrid, I can be home in eighteen hours."

"Are you going to take it?"

"I don't know," he said, looking disconsolately at the folder. "Madrid isn't a port. I'd have to get off at Gibraltar or Málaga and take a train. And then, what about all my stuff? I'd have to get my trunk shipped. On the other hand," he said, looking earnestly at Emma, talking to her in the grown-up, if mystifying, way she liked, "why should I finish this ghastly cruise just for spite? They brought the mail on today. There was a letter from my wife. She says I'd better forget it and come home for Christmas."

Emma accepted without question the new fact that Mr. Cowan had a wife. Eddy had Wilma and George, the Munns had each other. Everyone she knew had a life, complete, that all but excluded Emma. "Will you go?" she repeated, unsettled by the idea that someone she liked was going away.

"Yes," he said. "I think so. We'll be in Gibraltar tomorrow. I'll get off there. How was Tangier? Anyone try to sell you a black-market Coke?"

"No," Emma said. "My mother bought a bracelet. A man gave me an African tiger."

"What kind of tiger?"

"A toy," said Emma. "A little one."

"Oh. Damn bar's been closed all day," he said, getting up. "Want to walk? Want to go down to the other bar?"

"No, thanks. I have to wait here for somebody," Emma said, and her eyes sought the service door behind the bar, through which, at any moment, Eddy might appear. After Mr. Cowan had left, she sat, patient, looking at the folder he had forgotten.

OUTSIDE, the December evening drew in. The bar began to fill; passengers drifted in, compared souvenirs, talked in high, excited voices about the journey ashore. It didn't sound as if they'd been in Tangier at all, Emma thought. It sounded like some strange, imagined city, full of hazard and adventure.

". . . so this little Arab boy comes up to me," a man was saying, "and with my wife standing right there, right there beside me, he says—"

"Hush," his wife said, indicating Emma. "Not so loud."

Eddy and Mrs. Ellenger arrived almost simultaneously, coming, of course, through separate doors. Eddy had his white coat on, a fresh colored handker-

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S EXTRA SUPERIOR GOLD BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S PALE DRY AMONTILLADO SHERRY
HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S FINE TAWNY HUNTING PORT
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S FINE GOLD CAP RUBY PORT
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.

for over 1[illegible]0 years favored in the

World's most Gracious Homes...

HARVEY'S

Foremost IMPORTED Gift

Sherries & Ports

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL CREAM" SHERRY

The world's greatest luxury Sherry. A full, pale *oloroso* — it is available only in limited quantities.

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL MILK" SHERRY

A rich tasting Wine similar in style to Bristol Cream. This is the only *alternative* luxury Sherry.

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL DRY" SHERRY

A superlative *fino*—the finest tasting *dry* Sherry in the world. Premium quality; superb value.

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO SHERRY

A moderately priced Sherry that is ideal for daily enjoyment. An Amontillado of rare, fine flavor.

HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY

A full bodied, fine *oloroso*... medium rich . . . favorably priced. A superior Wine for every occasion.

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT

A soft, fine, *tawny* Port whose excellent qualities have earned the esteem of connoisseurs.

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT

A distinguished *ruby* Port that can be trusted to truly enhance your reputation as a host.

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS

TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Give them.. enjoy them...
. . . on every occasion

A gift of Harvey's Sherries and Ports compliments the good taste of giver and receiver alike. These wines are the choice of connoisseurs . . . supreme in quality and value.

IMPORTED BY *Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. New York* chief in the pocket. He turned on the lights, took down the wire screen. Mrs. Ellenger had changed her clothes and brushed her hair. She wore a flowered dress, and looked cheerful and composed. "All alone, baby?" she said. "You haven't even changed, or washed your face. Never mind, there's no time now."

Emma looked at the bar, trying in vain to catch Eddy's eye. "Aren't you going to have a drink before dinner?"

"No. I'm hungry. Emma, you look a mess." Still talking, Mrs. Ellenger ushered Emma out to the dining room.

Passing the bar, Emma called, "Hey, Eddy, hello," but, except to throw her a puzzling look, he did not respond.

They ate in near silence. Mrs. Ellenger felt rested and hungry, and, in any case, had at no time anything to communicate to the Munns. Miss Munn, between courses, read a book about Spain. She had read aloud the references to Gibraltar, and now turned to the section on Málaga, where they would be in two days. "From the summit of the Gibralfaro," she said, "one has an excellent view of the city and harbor. Two asterisks. At the state-controlled restaurant, refreshments..." She looked up and said to Mrs. Munn, who was listening hard, eyes shut, "That's where we'll have lunch. We can hire a horse and *calesa*. It will kill the morning and part of the afternoon."

Already, they knew all about killing time in Málaga. They had never been there, but it would hold no surprise; they would make no mistakes. It was no use, Emma thought. She and her mother would never be like the Munns. Her mother, she could see, was becoming disturbed by this talk of Gibraltar and Málaga, by the threat of other ventures ashore. Had Emma not been so concerned with Eddy, she would have tried, helpfully, to lead the talk to something else. However, her apology to Eddy was infinitely more urgent. As soon as she could, she pushed back her chair and hurried out to the bar. Her mother dawdled behind her, fishing in her bag for a cigarette.

Emma sat up on one of the high stools and said, "Eddy, where did you

WOVEN GOLD . . . Distinguished Gifts for Men of Good Taste

PEN	$290*
PENCIL	$275*
LIGHTER, men's	$450*
ladies'	$375*
KNIFE, with pencil insert	$155*
WATCH	$700*
CUFF LINKS, rubies or sapphires	$225*

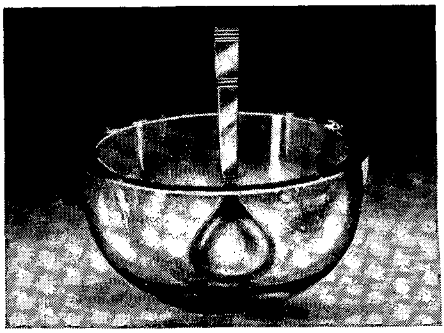
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · Dallas · Palm Beach
Paris · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville

*Prices include Fed. tax

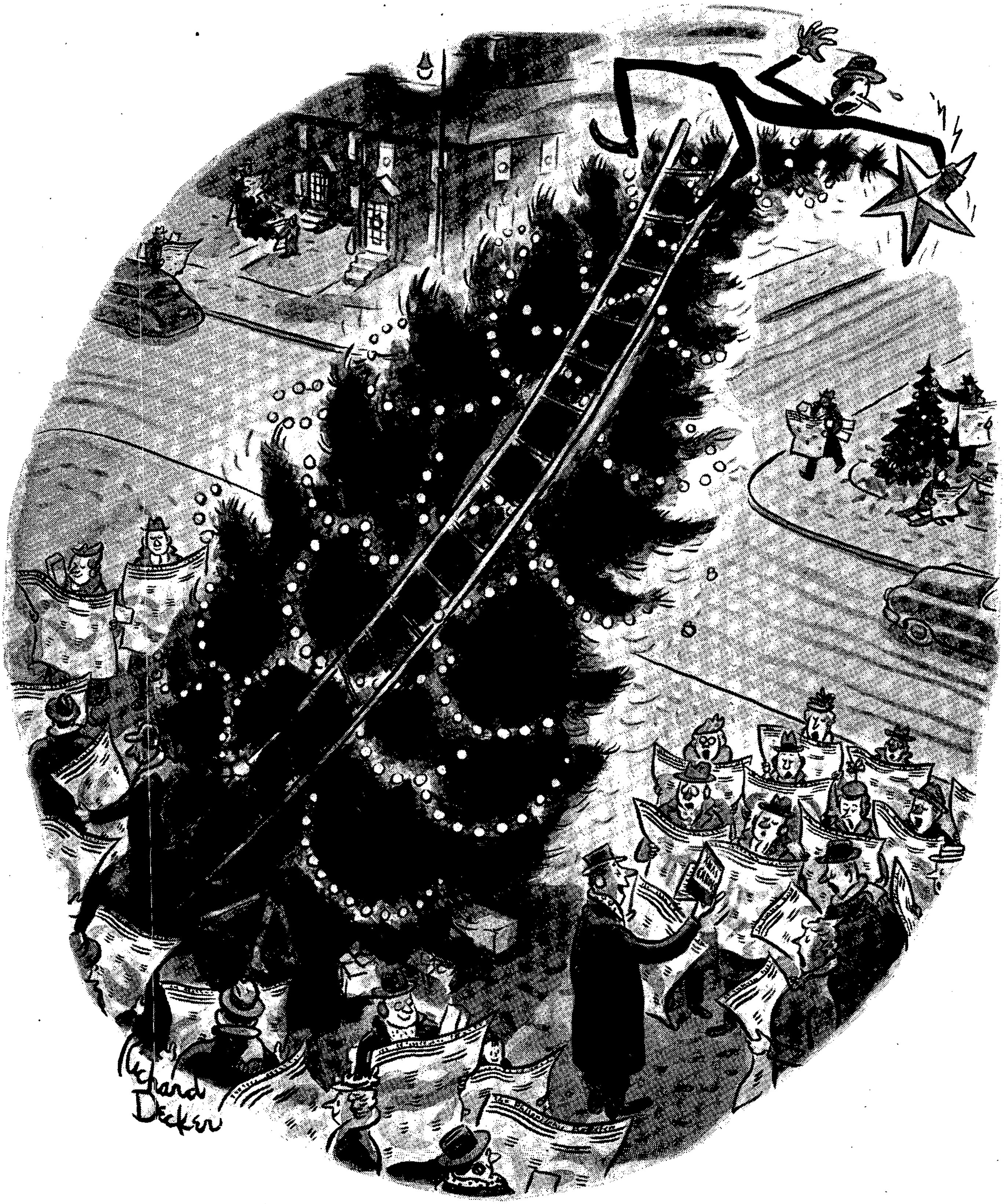
The International Golf Association
accepts with pleasure the invitation of
La Jolla Country Club
to hold the Fourth Annual
International P.G.A. Team Matches
between the United States and Canada
at La Jolla, California, January 18-19, 1955

John Jay Hopkins, President
International Golf Association

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

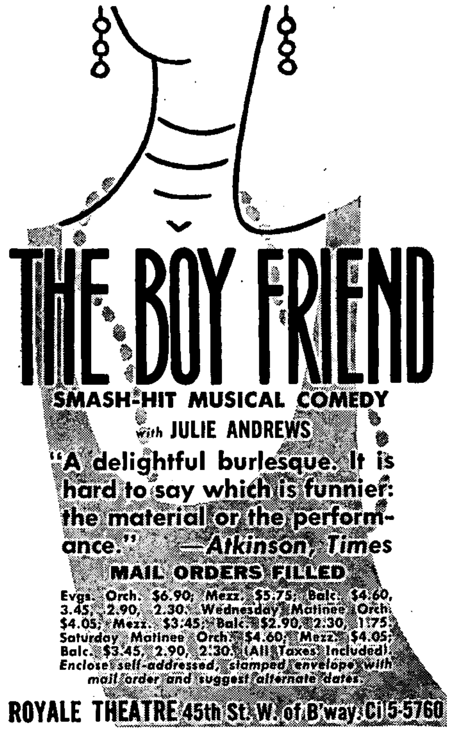

Heavy Swedish crystal bowl (10 oz.) with sterling dressing spoon, $13.50. Also available: Pair of salt dishes with spoons, $10.50; dessert bowl (1 qt.) with spoon, $29.50, and large bowl (2 qts.) with all-silver serving set, $59.00. Fed. Tax and shipping included.

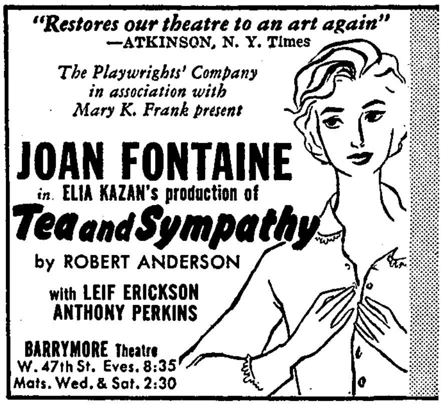
H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York 22. At the Savoy-Plaza


Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)


THE BOY FRIEND
SMASH-HIT MUSICAL COMEDY
with JULIE ANDREWS
"A delightful burlesque. It is hard to say which is funnier: the material or the performance." —Atkinson, Times
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Wednesday Matinee Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Saturday Matinee Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Included). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
ROYALE THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 5-5760


"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company
in association with
Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN's production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre
W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A funny comedy. Harry Kurnitz' wit is sharp, mordant and tonic."
—Brooks Atkinson, Times
MARTIN GABEL and HENRY M. MARGOLIS
(in association with Peter Cusick)
present
"Reclining Figure"
A Comedy by HARRY KURNITZ
Directed by ABE BURROWS
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'y.
Moves to Holiday Theatre, B'way & 47th St., Mon., Dec. 27th

"SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT"
—KERR, H. TRIBUNE
MARY MARTIN
as
Peter Pan
(A GAY NEW MUSICAL)
with
CYRIL RITCHARD
Production Directed & Staged by JEROME ROBBINS
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., CI 5-4878

go? What did you do? I'm sorry about the lunch."

At that, he gave her another look, but still said nothing. Mrs. Ellenger arrived and sat down next to Emma. She looked from Emma to Eddy, eyebrows raised.

Don't let her be rude; Emma silently implored an undefined source of assistance. Don't let her be rude to Eddy, and I'll never bother you again. Then, suddenly, she remembered the tiger under her pillow.

There was no reason to worry. Eddy and her mother seemed to understand each other very well. "Get a good lunch, Eddy?" her mother asked.

"Yes. Thanks."

He moved away from them, down the bar, where he was busy entertaining new people—two men and a woman, who had come aboard that day from Tangier. The woman wore harlequin glasses studded with flashing stones. She laughed in a sort of bray at Eddy's antics and his funny remarks. "You can't get mad at him," Emma heard her say to one of the men. "He's like a monkey, if a monkey could talk."

"Eddy, our drinks," Mrs. Ellenger said.

Blank, polite, he poured brandy for Mrs. Ellenger and placed before Emma a bottle of Coca-Cola and a glass. Around the curve of the bar, Emma stared at the noisy woman, Eddy's new favorite, and the two fat old men with her. Mrs. Ellenger sipped her brandy, glancing obliquely in the same direction. She listened to their conversation. Two were husband and wife, the third a friend. They had picked up the cruise because they were fed up with North Africa. They had been travelling for several months. They were tired, and each of them had had a touch of colic.

Emma was sleepy. It was too much—trying to understand Eddy, and the day ashore. She drooped over her drink. Suddenly, beside her, Mrs. Ellenger spoke. "You really shouldn't encourage Eddy like that. He's an awful showoff. He'll dance around like that all night if you laugh enough." She said it with her nicest smile. The new people stared, taking her in. They looked at her dress, her hair, her rings. Something else was said. When Emma took notice once more, one of the two men had shifted stools, so that he sat halfway between his friends and Emma's mother. Emma heard the introductions: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Timmins. Mr. Boyd Oliver. Mrs. Lila Ellenger. Little Emma Ellenger, my daughter.

"Now, don't tell me that young lady's your daughter," Mr. Boyd Oliver said, turning his back on his friends. He smiled at Emma, and, just because of the smile, she suddenly remembered Uncle Harry Todd, who had given her the complete set of Sue Barton books, and another uncle, whose name she had forgotten, who had taken her to the circus when she was six.

Mr. Oliver leaned toward Mrs. Ellenger. It was difficult to talk; the bar was filling up. She picked up her bag and gloves from the stool next to her own, and Mr. Oliver moved once again. Polite and formal, they agreed that that made talking much easier.

Mr. Oliver said that he was certainly glad to meet them. The Timminses were wonderful friends, but sometimes, travelling like this, he felt like the extra wheel. Did Mrs. Ellenger know what he meant to say?

They were all talking—Mr. Oliver, Eddy, Emma's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Timmins, the rest of the people who had drifted in. The mood, collectively, was a good one. It had been a wonderful day. They all agreed to that, even Mrs. Ellenger. The carols had started again, the same record. Someone sang with the music: "Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light . . ."

"I'd take you more for *sisters*," Mr. Oliver said.

"Really?" Mrs. Ellenger said. "Do you really think so? Well, I suppose we are, in a way. I was practically a child myself when she came into the world. But I wouldn't try to pass Emma off as my sister. I'm proud to say she's my daughter. She was born during the war. We only have each other."

"Well," Mr. Oliver said, after thinking this declaration over for a moment or so, "that's the way it should be. You're a brave little person."

Mrs. Ellenger accepted this. Mr. Oliver signalled for Eddy, and she turned to Emma. "I think you could go to bed now. It's been a big day for you."

The noise and laughter stopped as Emma said her good nights. She remembered all the names. "Good night, Eddy," she said, at the end, but he was rinsing glasses and seemed not to hear.

Emma could still hear the carols faintly as she undressed. She knelt on her bed for a last look at Tangier; it seemed different again, exotic and remote, with the ring of lights around the shore, the city night sounds drifting over the harbor. She thought, Today I was in Africa. . . . But Africa had become unreal. The café, the clock in the square, the shop where they had bought the bracelet, had nothing to do with the Tangier she had imagined or this present view from the ship. Still, the tiger was real; it was under her pillow, proof that she had been to Africa, that she had touched shore. She dropped the curtain, put out the light. To the sound of Christmas music, she went to sleep.

IT was late when Mrs. Ellenger came into the cabin. Emma had been asleep for hours, her doll beside her, the tiger under her head. She came out of a confused and troubled dream about a house she had once lived in, somewhere. There were new tenants in the house; when she tried to get in, they sent her away. She smelled her mother's perfume and heard her mother's voice before opening her eyes. Mrs. Ellenger had turned on the light at the dressing table and dropped into the chair before it. She was talking to herself, and sounded fretful. "Where's my cold cream?" she said. "Where'd I put it? Who took it?" She put her hand on the service bell, and Emma prayed: It's late. Don't let her ring. . . . The entreaty was instantly answered, for Mrs. Ellenger changed her mind and pulled off her earrings. Her hair was all over the place, Emma noticed. She looked all askew, oddly put together. Emma closed her eyes. She could identify, without seeing them, by the sounds, the eau de cologne, the makeup remover, and the lemon cream her mother used at night. Mrs. Ellenger undressed and pulled on the nightgown that had been laid out for her. She went into the bathroom, put on the light, and cleaned her teeth. Then she came back into the cabin and got into bed with Emma. She was crying. She lay so close that Emma's face was wet with her mother's tears and sticky with lemon cream.

"Are you awake?" her mother whispered. "I'm sorry, Emma. I'm so sorry."

"What for?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Ellenger said. "Do you love your mother?"

"Yes." Emma stirred, turning her face away. She slipped a hand up and under the pillow. The tiger was still there.

"I can't help it, Emma," her mother whispered. "I can't live like we've been living on this cruise. I'm not made for it. I don't like being alone. I need friends." Emma said nothing. Her mother waited, then said, "He'll go ashore with us tomorrow. It'll be some-

DIAMONDS BY CARTIER

SCOTCH BY The Grand Macnish

Grand Macnish
The Grand Macnish
Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

✓

Stubborn about Your Stocks?

In our business you naturally meet all kinds of investors—and some of them can be pretty stubborn about their stocks.

They're sure the stocks they own are the best ones they can buy. They don't seem to realize that investment values do change with the passage of time—that what was a good buy five or ten years ago might make an even better sale today.

To us, it only seems like good sense for an investor to check on his holdings from time-to-time . . . get an unbiased, up-to-date review of the stocks he owns in the light of today's conditions.

Where can you get such a review?

That's easy.

If you're *not* stubborn about the stocks you own, just list them for us with the prices you paid, tell us something about your over-all situation and investment objectives—and mail your letter to the address below.

I'll see that you get the most realistic report we can send you on your investment program.

There's no charge either, whether you're a customer or not, whether you own one stock or a hundred. Just address—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Department SB-40*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 106 Cities

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Tootal Linen Resorter

David Crystal's new Southern delight in that most magnificent of linens from the British Isles . . . Tebilized® for tested crease-resistance. The simple figure-moulding bodice is completely lined. The skirt is a circle of charm. Side pockets, 2-way contour belt. Black, coconut, French blue or orange ice. 10 to 18. **39.95**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Address Section 6
Order by Style Number N-1
Please include postage beyond
our motor delivery areas.

AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

one to take us around. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Who's going with us?" Emma said. "The fat old man?"

Her mother had stopped crying. Her voice changed. She said, loud and matter-of-fact, "He's got a wife someplace. He only told me now, a minute ago. Why? Why not right at the beginning, in the bar? I'm not like that. I want something different—a *friend*." The pillow between their faces was wet. Mrs. Ellenger rubbed her cheek on the cold damp patch. "Don't ever get married, Emma," she said. "Don't have anything to do with men. Your father was no good. Jimmy Salter was no good. This one's no better. He's got a wife and look at how— Promise me you'll never get married. We should always stick together, you and I. Promise me we'll always stay together."

"All right," Emma said.

"We'll have fun," Mrs. Ellenger said, pleading. "Didn't we have fun today, when we were ashore, when I got you the nice bracelet? Next year, we'll go someplace else. We'll go anywhere you want."

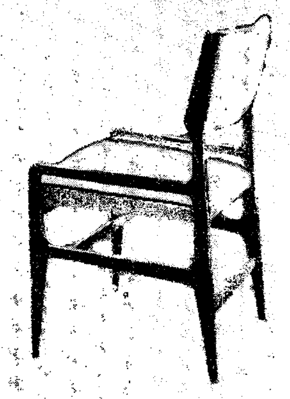
"I don't want to go anywhere," Emma said.

But her mother wasn't listening. Sobbing quietly, she went to sleep. Her arm across Emma grew heavy and slack. Emma lay still; then she saw that the bathroom light had been left on. Carefully, carrying the tiger, she crawled out over the foot of the bed. Before turning out the light, she looked at the tiger. Already, its coat had begun to flake away. The ears were chipped. Turning it over, inspecting the damage, she saw, stamped in blue: "Made in Japan." The man in the shop had been mistaken, then. It was not an African tiger, good for ten wishes, but something quite ordinary.

She put the light out and, in the dim stateroom turning gray with dawn, she got into her mother's empty bed. Still holding the tiger, she lay hearing her mother's low breathing and the unhappy words she muttered out of her sleep.

Mr. Oliver, Emma thought, trying to sort things over, one at a time. Mr. Oliver would be with them for the rest of the cruise. Tomorrow, they would go ashore together. "I think you might call Mr. Oliver Uncle Boyd," her mother might say.

Emma's grasp on the tiger relaxed. There was no magic about it; it did not matter, really, where it had come from. There was nothing to be gained by keeping it hidden under a pillow. Still, she had loved it for an afternoon, she

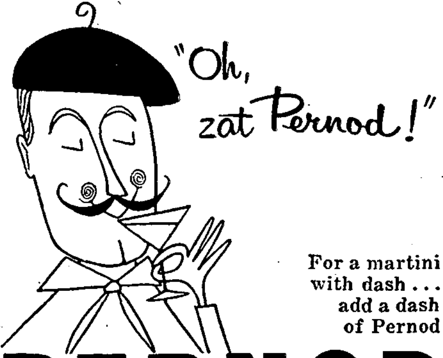


AP 1676 SIDECHAIR BY
Architect Gio Ponti sculptured wood, in ash, walnut, maple, and ebony finish upholstered in imported fabrics or washable Vipla

Altamira carries the largest collection of modern Italian furniture in America by the foremost architects of Italy.
Through dealers and decorators

altamira

18 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.


"Oh, zat Pernod!"

For a martini
with dash . . .
add a dash
of Pernod

PERNOD
liqueur • 100 proof
PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
SOLE U.S. AGENT CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD.

THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILET WATER

The Essence of Good Grooming

Toilet Water
3½ oz. $6.75
7 oz. $10.00
plus tax

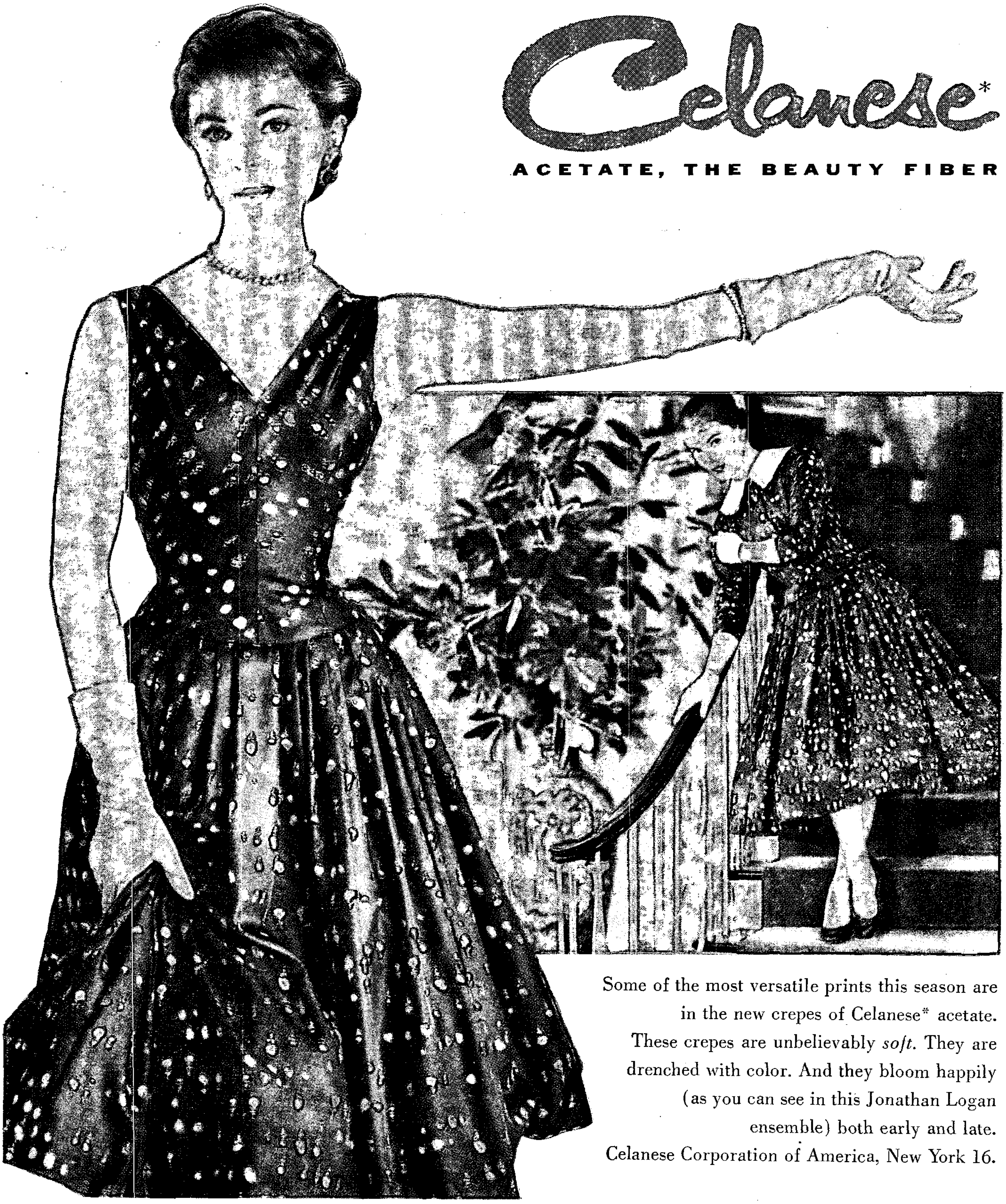
THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILETRIES

At fine stores
Mauvel Ltd. N.Y.C. Distributor

"TWO FOR THE SHOW" PRINT IN

Celanese*

ACETATE, THE BEAUTY FIBER



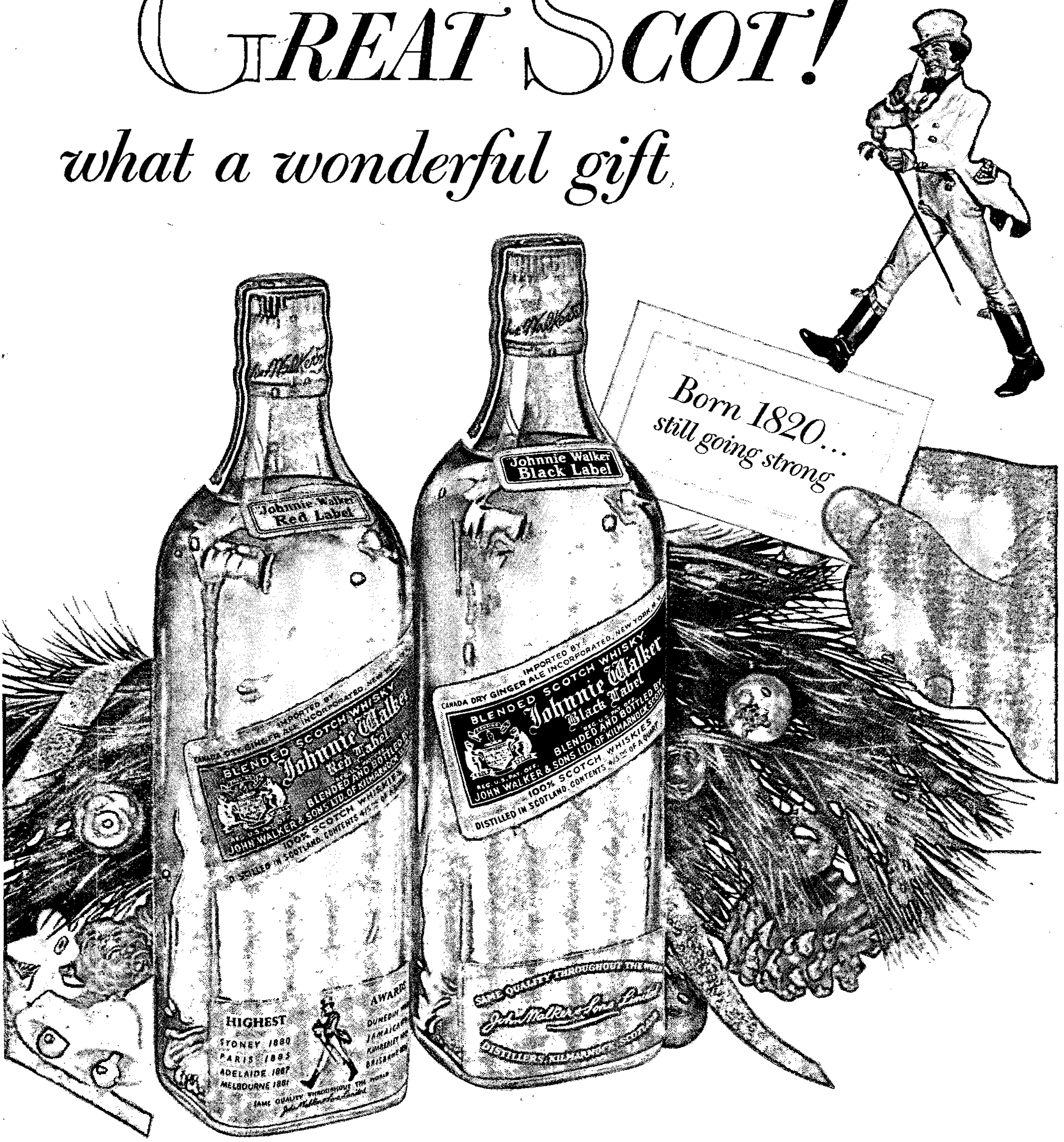
Some of the most versatile prints this season are in the new crepes of Celanese* acetate. These crepes are unbelievably *soft.* They are drenched with color. And they bloom happily (as you can see in this Jonathan Logan ensemble) both early and late. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Jonathan Logan designs the jacket dress in Hess Goldsmith's "Velura" crepe of Celanese acetate. The big white collar is detachable. The petticoat is bright net. Multicolor print on bright navy, Dior blue, or slate gray. Sizes 5 to 15. About $23 at Lord & Taylor, New York City, and fine stores everywhere.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

GREAT SCOT!

what a wonderful gift


Born 1820... still going strong
Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Black Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Black Label
Highest Awards

GIVE JOHNNIE WALKER... the gift of quality that people of good taste choose for other people of good taste. Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky is distilled and bottled in Scotland... the same high quality the world over. *Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER

Blended Scotch Whisky

would not throw it away, or inter it, like the bracelet, in a suitcase. She put it on the table by the bed and said softly, trying out the sound, "I'm too old to call you Uncle Boyd. I'm thirteen next year. I'll call you Boyd or Mr. Oliver, whatever you choose. I'd rather choose Mr. Oliver." What her mother might say then, Emma could not imagine. At the moment, she seemed very helpless, very sad, and Emma turned over with her face to the wall. Imagining probable behavior was a terrible strain; this was as far as she could go.

Tomorrow, she thought, Europe began. When she got up, they would be docked in a new harbor, facing the outline of a new, mysterious place. "Gibraltar," she said aloud. Africa was over, this was something else. The cabin grew steadily lighter. Across the cabin, the hinge of the porthole creaked, the curtain blew in. Lying still, she heard another sound, the rusty cri-cri-cri of sea gulls. That meant they were getting close. She got up, crossed the cabin, and, carefully avoiding the hump of her mother's feet under the blanket, knelt on the end of her bed. She pushed the curtain away. Yes, they were nearly there. She could see the gulls swooping and soaring, and something on the horizon—a shape, a rock, a whole continent untouched and unexplored. A tide of newness came in with the salty air: she thought of new land, new dresses, clean, untouched, unworn. A new life. She knelt, patient, holding the curtain, waiting to see the approach to shore. —MAVIS GALLANT

•

NOVEMBER 1, 1954

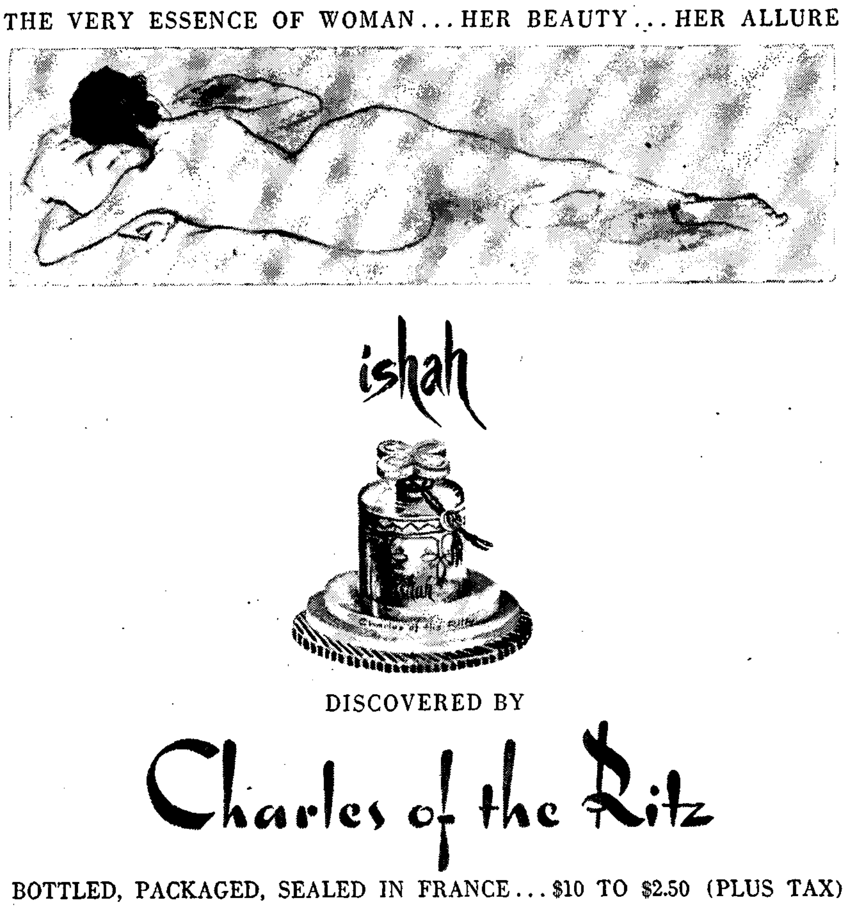
DEAR DOCTOR,

THIS IS THE DENTAL CHARM BRACELET!

This is the ideal gift for your assistant or secretary, your wife or daughter, your favorite little girl patient . . . or just any woman or girl you'd like to give a present to. They're the ones we thought of when we made the bracelets, and they're the ones hundreds of dentists were thinking of when they ordered them . . . and when they reordered them.

But this bracelet isn't just a clever idea, it's a fine product of jewelers' craft, CUSTOM DESIGNED FOR THE DENTAL PROFESSION. It's composed of fifteen accurate dental miniatures like the precision partial denture, three different impression trays, mirror, half-round explorer, college pliers, toothbrush, upper molar, chip blower, plaster spatula, wax spatula, plaster knife, dental chair with attached cuspidor, and a full set of dentures that actually bite! Gift boxed at ONLY $4.98 including tax and postage.—*Letter received by a dentist.*

Deck the hall with upper molars, fa la la la la, la la la la!



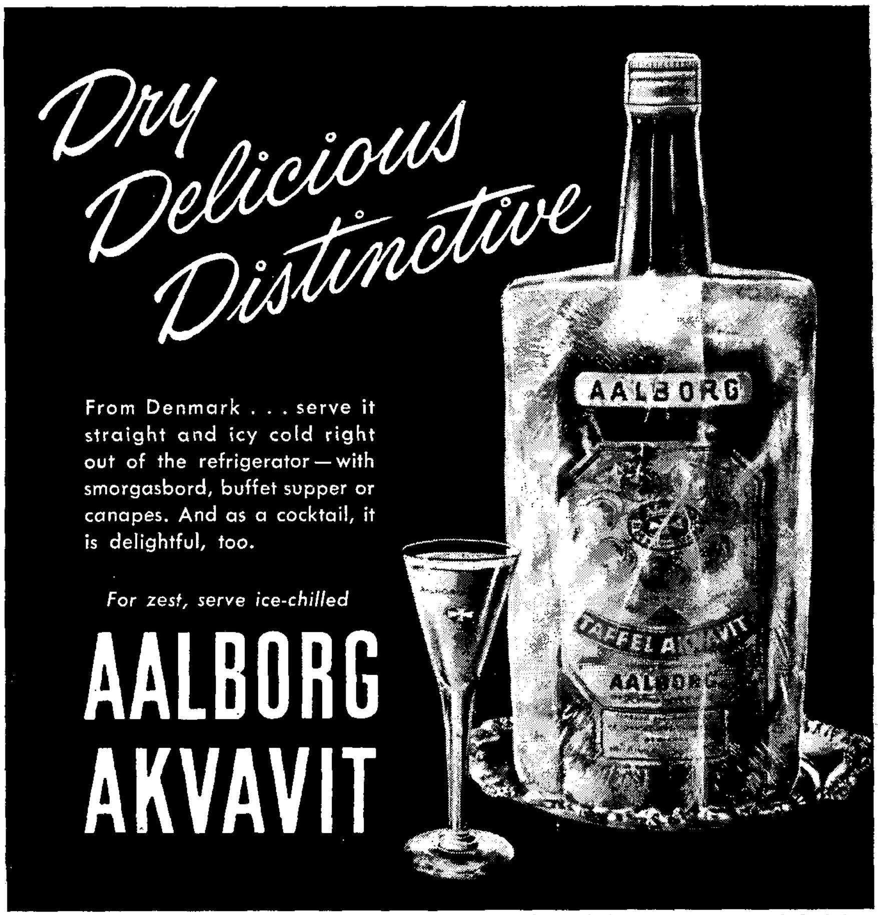
THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOMAN . . . HER BEAUTY . . . HER ALLURE

ishah

DISCOVERED BY

Charles of the Ritz

BOTTLED, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE . . . $10 TO $2.50 (PLUS TAX)



Dry Delicious Distinctive

From Denmark . . . serve it straight and icy cold right out of the refrigerator — with smorgasbord, buffet supper or canapes. And as a cocktail, it is delightful, too.

For zest, serve ice-chilled

AALBORG AKVAVIT

BRIONES & CO., NEW YORK 4, N. Y. 90 Proof — 100% Potato Neutral Spirits

THE THEATRE

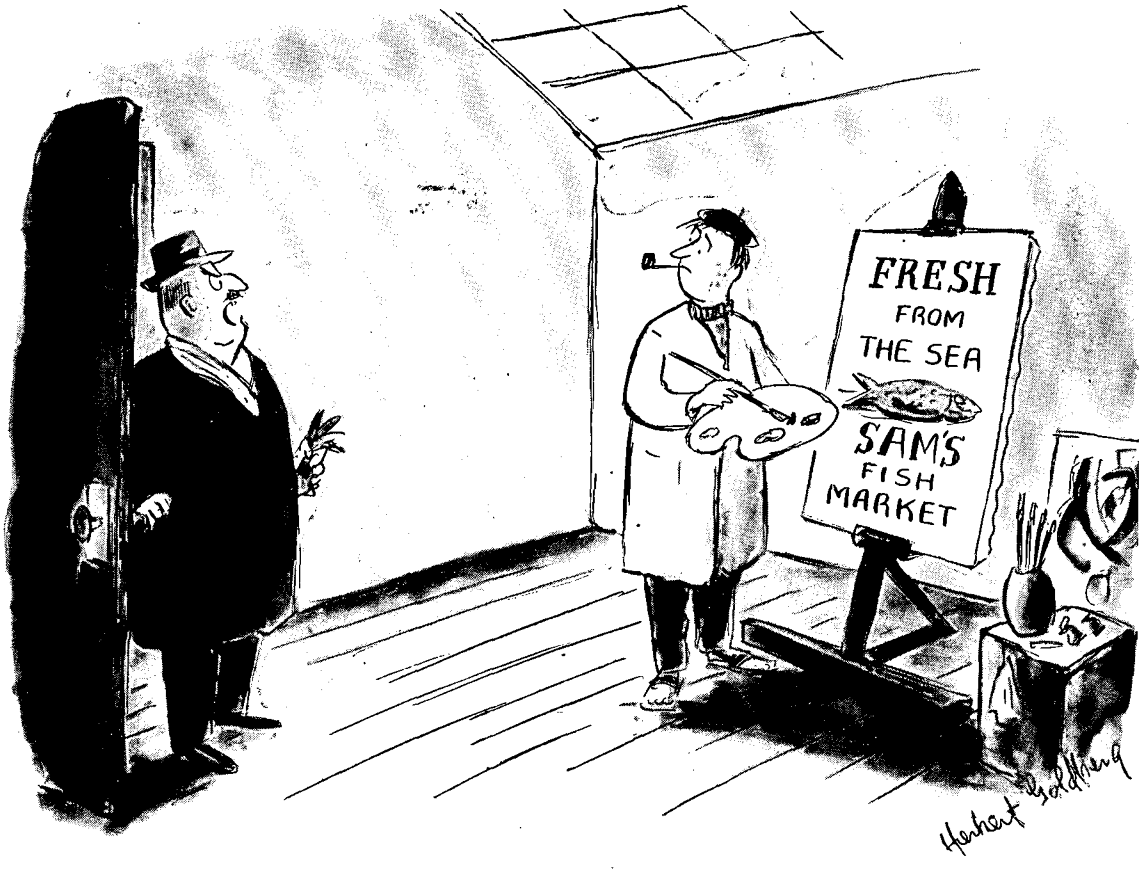
NAUGHTY GIRL

RHODA PENMARK, the baby Gorgon whose activities are chronicled in "The Bad Seed," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is the author of three cold-blooded and reasonably professional murders before she reaches her ninth birthday, and she is personally responsible for one more death, since her mother's suicide can also be laid directly at her door. Even for a public familiar with the mounting record of senseless juvenile violence, as reported in the press, these horrors may appear a little excessive, and there will surely be a good many people who will quarrel with the central premise of the play, which is that totally amoral behavior is just as likely to be the product of heredity as of environment.

In addition to this tax on its audiences' credulity, there is another thing that operates against making "The Bad Seed" a completely satisfactory melodrama. This is the circumstance that none of the real dirty work of the evening is accomplished on the stage but is instead brought out exclusively in conversation. I am not suggesting that the child should have been shown in the actual execution of her bloody mischief, which would certainly be a fairly gruesome spectacle for the tender-minded, but I think it might have been effective for dramatic purposes if she had been placed on the scene of at least one of them, in immediate and deadly relation to her victim. In the William March novel from which Maxwell Anderson adapted his script, the murders, it is true, are also confined to discussion, but the stage is essentially a visual medium, and its impact depends a good deal on the amount of action that can be shown rather than merely talked about. Mr. Anderson's problem here was probably insoluble, owing to current financial considerations in the theatre, which make more than one set almost unthinkable except in musical comedy, but the fact remains that no amount of emotional acting or literary ingenuity can render the narration of dark deeds quite as stirring as their flesh-and-blood enactment. Incidentally, while we're on this aspect of the production, I would like to remark that the hard, brilliant lighting employed by the management seemed a bit unfortunate to me. Most of the time, the stage is either bathed in sunlight or sharply illuminated by more electric fixtures than are customarily found outside a lamp shop, and I can't believe that this cheerful glow is helpful in sustaining the sombre atmosphere of the play. The expressions on the actors' faces should, of course, be always clearly defined, but there ought to be menacing shadows elsewhere in the room. Total visibility is fine for comedy; tragedy and melodrama call for murky corners, to be peopled with whatever terrors the spectator's imagination can call up.

In spite of these complaints, which may be captious, or at least technical, I still found "The Bad Seed" a highly competent piece of work, shocking enough, in its fabricated and deliberately implausible fashion, to suit all but the most exacting taste. The chances are that you won't really believe in the malignant little heroine, or even in her tortured and noble mother, who sees no way out of her terrible dilemma except death for herself and her daughter (psychiatry is laughed off the stage quite early in the first act), but I'm sure your attention will be held and your emotions lacerated, though never to any very strong or disagreeable extent.

The major performances are all thoroughly admirable. Nancy Kelly, as the conventional housewife who learns almost simultaneously that she is the daughter of a celebrated mass murderess and the mother of a child who promises to be an even more accomplished killer, leads up to these shattering discoveries with extraordinary skill and restraint, and her behavior in the subsequent scenes of shock and despair and final desolate resolution is a remarkable



"*Emile! You've compromised!*"

Pedro Domecq

IMPORTED

SHERRIES AND BRANDIES

Here are liquid treasures . . . the choicest of all sherries, the rarest of brandies . . . right from the very heart of the district which produces Spain's finest wines. Each makes a gift to be cherished. Each is a host's prized possession.

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
La Ina
VERY PALE DRY BRILLIANT COCKTAIL SHERRY
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

LA INA
Dry Sherry

World's foremost "extra dry" sherry . . . . delicately pale, extremely delicious . . . for cocktail time or any time.

Marqués de
DOMECQ
SPECIAL RESERVE
Celebration
CREAM
Sherry
"The Choice of a Connoisseur"
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

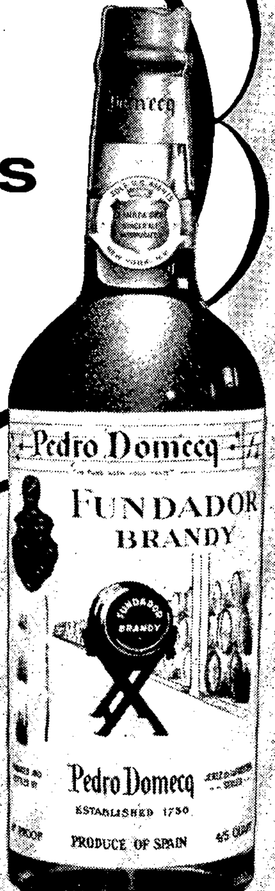
CELEBRATION CREAM
Cream Sherry

Pure liquid gold from Spain . . . the world's finest, golden-rich, "luxury cream" sherry. A superb dessert wine.

AMONTILLADO PRIMERO
Medium Sherry

Versatile, flavorful . . . the happy "medium" type sherry and the best of its class. A delightful "all-purpose" wine.

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
Amontillado
Primero
PALE DRY NUTTY DINNER WINE
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
PRODUCE OF SPAIN


Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
BRANDY
FUNDADOR BRANDY
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

FUNDADOR
Spanish Brandy

The classic brandy of Spain . . . richness and flavor beyond compare . . . and an inimitable bouquet. There is no finer brandy! 86 proof

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
Guitar
Pedro Domecq

GUITAR

Pale and dry, soft and fragrant . . . a perfect "dry" sherry at an attractive price.

DOUBLE CENTURY

An excellent modestly sweet "cream" sherry . . . rich in body but not in price.

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
DOUBLE CENTURY
OLOROSO
Pedro Domecq

The House of Pedro Domecq

World famous since 1730

Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
Ideal Pale
Pedro Domecq

IDEAL PALE

A modestly priced, all-purpose "medium" sherry of standard Domecq quality.

THREE VINES

Brandy — A light, bright brandy of true Domecq quality . . . try it straight, or in a highball. 86 proof

Pedro Domecq
Three Vines
IMPORTED BRANDY
Pedro Domecq

SOLE U. S. IMPORTER: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

A—Brown Hand-Sewn Seam $11.95
B—Brown Top Deck Platform $12.95
C—Low Tie Golden Grain $16.95

Gifts Afoot... the Season's most acceptable leathers for holiday and year-round satisfaction. To give smartly, get a Gift Certificate at your Freeman dealer's. From $9.95 to $23.95*

Wonderful feeling **FREEMAN'S**

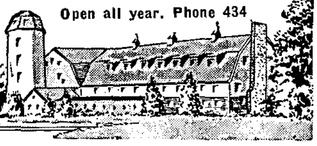
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKIES • FREEMAN SHOE CORPORATION, BELOIT, WISCONSIN • WRITE FOR DEALER'S NAME

1000 GIFTS FOR FOLKS WHO RIDE!

Give a Kauffman Gift Certificate or Send for Xmas Catalog NY

KAUFFMAN
America's Great Riding Goods Store
141 EAST 24th STREET
Betw. 3rd & Lex. Aves. · FREE PARKING
Telephone MU 4-6060 Est 1875

JUG END BARN
NEW ENGLAND'S MOST popular Club-Hotel resort
FOR A PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
Enjoy the Barn's Merry Festivities
Year-round sports, dancing, entertainment.
BOX A, GREAT BARRINGTON 31, MASS.
Write for Booklet
Open all year. Phone 434



Dorset Room
is open daily and Sunday for
BREAKFAST LUNCHEON and DINNER
THE POPULAR
DORSET BAR-CAFE
is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

exhibition of passion under firm and intelligent control. The part, as noted, is far from credible, but Miss Kelly's efforts to make it so are magnificent. As the reincarnation of pure evil, Patty McCormack, who is nine years old herself, is alternately fiendish and angelic, and is, I should say, almost equally bloodcurdling in both aspects; Henry Jones, as a giggling, degenerate handyman, is also a chilly thing to watch, especially in the paralyzing moment when he realizes that little Rhoda, whom he has facetiously accused of assassinating a young playmate, has done precisely that and, furthermore, is obviously determined to mete out the same punishment to him; Evelyn Varden, as a boisterous matron who reduces Freud to some private balderdash of her own, is properly exasperating; and there are interesting, if occasionally somewhat overstated, contributions by Thomas Chalmers, as a troubled literary antique, and Eileen Heckart, as the drunken mother of a murdered boy. Except for his judgment in the matter of the lights, Reginald Denham's direction seems neat and resourceful, and while I wished that the action hadn't been confined to a single set, George Jenkins' living room is attractive and ingeniously designed.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE LEGAL SENSIBILITIES AT BAY

[*New York Supreme Court, New York County* (*McGivern, J.*); *Maguire v. Monaghan, September 27, 1954*]

In common with all lawyers this court recoils from such a maladroit use of the word "sell," which we prefer to believe has no relevancy to the dedicated pursuits of the men and women of our noble calling. However, of necessity lawyers do render their services in return, or in anticipated return, for valuable consideration. So we reluctantly conclude that the Legislature apparently applied the word "sell" to all services, including those of attorneys without a nice regard for the sensibilities of the profession. Although in its present context the word is indelicate and offensive to the profession's aesthetic sense the court sees no escape from the conviction that the Legislature intended no distinction between lawyers and others who "sell" their services to groups engaged in the operation of race tracks.

•

...no one can go wrong with a humor reader. One can't go wrong with inclusion of Ogden Nasheries, Thurberism, Ring Lardner, Will Rogers, Mark Twain, Mark Sullivan, O. Henry, Don Marquis, Phyllis McGinley and fifty-nine others.—*The Times Book Review.*

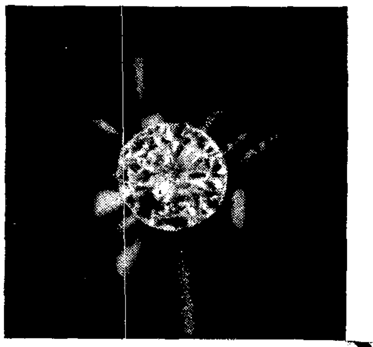
You certainly can't go wrong with Mark Sullivan.

a man's great moments

Out of the sum of a man's experiences, the moments which, more than any others, define for him the true worth of his life, are those he shares with the woman who loves him. How appropriate it is, then, that on an anniversary, he may express his remembered feelings at the altar . . . or on the birth of a child, the thoughts that stirred him in a hospital corridor . . . in the clear, bright flames of diamonds. Diamonds are his most imperishable records of his love and pride and devotion. They reflect, for many generations, the great moments of his life for all to see. He seeks, of course, the counsel of a trusted jeweler in making his selection.

The value of a diamond is determined by color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight. A two-carat diamond, for instance, ranges from $1365 to $3315, plus tax, at representative jewelers. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



Most treasured gift—the diamond ring that marks an anniversary, or other great occasion.

a diamond is forever

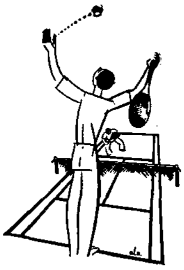
Paging Mr. Whoosis

We are seeking a man. Just one, single, solitary man. We know his name, but it wouldn't be cricket to put it in print. We can tell you whom he works for—General Electric. We can tell you where, too—up at Schenectady. We even know his title—he's a Vice-President. Here's our problem: When we check off, name for name, the executives at G-E Schenectady, who get Nation's Business every month, we find the Chairman, the President, all 30 Vice-Presidents (minus you know whom) and top administrative executives, all 15 Directors, and 20 other influential managers and the like. Sixty-five fine names in all, excepting only Mr. Whoosis. We wish he'd borrow a copy of Nation's Business from one of his neighbors and see what he's missing. Why, there are two pieces in the December issue—Clarence Randall on "Foreign Trade" and another on the possible "AFL-CIO Merger" that alone are worth the price of a three-year subscription. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

ON THE COURTS

And/Or



NOW is the time of year when the captains of surviving Davis Cup teams must wish they were in some other line of work, as far removed as possible from tennis and Australia. This weekend, in Brisbane, Captain William Talbert's United States forces, consisting of Victor Seixas, Tony Trabert, and/or Hamilton Richardson, meet Captain Gunnar Galin's Swedish team of Lennart Bergelin, Sven Davidson, and/or Stefan Stockenberg in the Inter-zone final. Two days after Christmas, in Sydney, the winner of that contest—it consists of one doubles match and four singles matches—takes on Captain Harry Hopman's defending Australian club of Lewis Hoad, Kenneth Rosewall, and/or Rex Hartwig to determine which country will hold the Cup for the next year. Since each team is permitted to name only two men for the singles, all three captains were facing much the same sort of dilemma early this week. Talbert, of course, would like to use Seixas, the United States champion, and Trabert, the world's top-ranking amateur. He surely will use Seixas, who is at the top of his form, but Trabert's game has been way below par since he arrived in Australia in November. He lost to Hartwig in straight sets in the Victorian championship, and Richardson, who is reported to be playing better than ever before, beat him in a practice match last week. What to do? Galin's problem is perhaps somewhat less acute. Stockenberg, at twenty-three, is the Swedish champion, but he's never experienced the pressures of Davis Cup matches. Davidson and Bergelin have played on several Cup teams and will probably get the nod. Galin has conceded that the odds are about five to one against beating the United States; whatever happens, though, he will return to Sweden a popular captain, because his team won the European Zone championship.

Hopman's position is slightly different from Talbert's or Galin's, for Australia has a Selection Committee that makes the final decision as to who will play. Although the committee naturally listens intently to the captain's opinions, it sometimes ignores them; last year, for example, it substituted Hartwig for Rosewall in the doubles over Hopman's strenuous objections, and Seixas and Trabert unexpectedly won in three sets, doubtless to the committee's chagrin. Hopman, however, is far from being the most popular man in Australia at the moment. Australians take their tennis about as seriously as the residents of Brooklyn take baseball. When Hoad, their No. 1 idol, played so listlessly in the Victorian championships that he was almost beaten by Davidson (he later declared he was fed up with tennis and didn't give a hoot), and then lost to Seixas in straight sets, the fans first booed Hoad and then, along with practically the entire Australian press, turned their wrath on Hopman's Spartan methods of disciplining his charges. (Last summer, he fined one of them two dollars for coming to breakfast unshaved.) A Melbourne paper ran a full-page open letter to him headed "WAKE UP TO YOURSELF" and urging him to let Hoad "off your apron strings."

Hopman has an uncanny way of getting the most out of his players in important matches, though, and perhaps he'll have Hoad clicking again before the challenge round. Hopman has already predicted, in a recent magazine article, that Australia will win the challenge round by a greater margin than last year, when it won three matches to two.

NOT long ago, through the good graces of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, I viewed the official films of the 1953 Davis Cup finals, in Australia (they were privately sponsored by a British sporting-goods company), and if any better tennis movies have ever been made, I have yet to see them. Everything about the production—the camera work, the editing, and the commentary—was so vivid and exciting that I somehow kept thinking the United States had a chance to pull out ahead. It's a pity that, for some reason no one seems able to explain, the Association has managed to obtain only three prints for the whole country. Tennis clubs all over the place must surely be panting to see them.—P. W. W., Jr.

•

> Aboard ship, bells divide the day into four-hour segments. Twelve o'clock is eight bells; 12:30 is two marked by one bell; 1 o'clock by bells, and so on until eight bells at 4 o'clock and again at 8 o'clock.
> —*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

Or you can carry an inexpensive watch.

Greetings
Best Wishes for the Holidays
Merry Christmas
Best Wishes
From Us To You
Happy New Year
Greetings
Scotch Black & White James Buchanan Glasgow, Scot
By Appointment to H M The King
Product of Scotland
"Black & White"
Blended Scotch Whisky
Scotch Whisky Distillers, Glasgow, Scotland
Sole Distributors for U.S.A. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation New York, N.Y.

"The Same to You . . . and Many of Them"

BLACK & WHITE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

A map,
A candle snuffer,
A party

tell you about
Duff Gordon Cream Sherry

Only on a little piece of land in Andalucia, Spain can genuine Sherry be made. It is this province that produces Duff Gordon Cream Sherry.

Duff Gordon wine experts use this taster, shaped like a cathedral candle snuffer, to select the perfect blends for Duff Gordon Cream Sherry.

The matchless flavor and aroma of Duff Gordon Cream Sherry will be much enjoyed at your next party. Also try: Duff Gordon No. 28 (moderately sweet), Nina (moderately dry), Pinta (very pale, very dry) and Amontillado (a *true* Amontillado). Sole U. S. representatives, Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

José the Protean

"DEEP IN MY HEART" is alleged to be the life story of Sigmund Romberg, the minstrel from Hungary who, in the course of his career, lined out the staggering total of seventy-nine operettas and musical comedies, comprising some two thousand songs. His neat packaging of Franz Schubert airs in "Blossom Time" did much to make amateur harmony in this country tolerable, and hardly a man is now alive who has not at some time sailed into one or another of his melodies. Mr. Romberg arrived here in 1909, started work at fifteen dollars a week, playing dinner piano in a Hungarian restaurant, and eventually joined up with the Shubert theatrical organization and presumably lived happily ever after. Just what conflicts Mr. Romberg had on his way to rapid glory—his first success occurred in 1914—I can't say, but in "Deep in My Heart" it appears that he had a hard time persuading J. J. Shubert to give his serious music a chance to be heard, and also convincing his beloved that she ought to marry him. These dilemmas may, for all I know, have beset Mr. Romberg, but they are rather thin strands on which to construct a plot—even the plot of a venture that is inevitably going to boil down to a good deal of singing and dancing and *Gemütlichkeit.*

The Lord only knows how many musical biographies I've sat through over the years, but most of the ones I can recall were consistently handicapped by the fact that their subjects either were so well heeled at the beginning of their careers—witness Kern, Porter, and Rodgers—as to make any Horatio Alger effects preposterous or were so quick to grasp the apple of success that their subsequent doings proved about as suspenseful as a discussion of whether to invest in A. T. & T. or government bonds. In the present enterprise, our hero is first encountered in a Second Avenue *Heuriger*, giving a sensitive piano rendition of "You Will Remember Vienna" while the proprietress does a spot of vocalizing. That justice will be done to the song is assured by the presence of Helen Traubel as the proprietress, and that the piano playing will be dramatic is guaranteed by the employment of José Ferrer in the role of Romberg. Mr. Ferrer, who has previously demonstrated in every medium of entertainment except wrestling that he is a multiple-threat man, here undertakes a bit of soft-shoe, sings a song or two, conducts an orchestra, and even gets around to running through a whole play by himself, acting both male and female roles with equal confidence. As it happens, this play involves a part for the late Al Jolson, and Mr. Ferrer has a fine time getting into blackface and imitating him. Confronted by their colleague's myriad aptitudes, some of the other members of the cast seem a trifle hesitant about interrupting him, but because Romberg's career is described as running along without a ripple, room *has* to be made for some specialty numbers, and these are presented by entertainers like Gene Kelly and his brother Fred, Jane Powell and Vic Damone, Cyd Charisse and James Mitchell, Howard Keel, Tamara Toumanova, and Tony Martin. In the course of events, Walter Pidgeon turns up as J. J. Shubert, Paul Henreid as Florenz Ziegfeld, and Merle Oberon as Dorothy Donnelly (who collaborated with Romberg on "The Student Prince"). Obviously, it takes a lot of doing to achieve a musical portrait of any man with two thousand songs behind him, and "Deep in My Heart" runs to about two solid hours. This is a good deal of Romberg to take straight.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

One of the West 25th St. cafe owners phoned in. Kerr knew him: he had repeatedly co-operated with the police in their fight against law and order.—*Toledo Blade.*

As though they needed help.

•

Mr. Long and Bud Moore went deer hunting and shot a deer at Jonesboro. Also their guest, Alan Hancock, from Ashland, Maine.—*Machias Valley (Maine) News-Observer.*

One of those quick, happy inspirations?

•

LETTERS OUR PHYSICIAN NEVER FINISHED READING

PANDORA PRODUCTS COMPANY
929 ETON ROAD
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

DEAR DOCTOR:
This letter will not be of the slightest interest to you—but . . .

Photographed in Sherry's Bar at the Metropolitan Opera.

Look where they're drinking Schweppes Club Soda now!

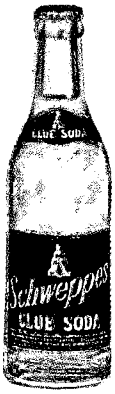
"WHAT a jolly good show they're giving us," said Commander Whitehead, "although I do think the drinking scene in Act One might be vastly improved by the addition of *Schweppes Club Soda.*"

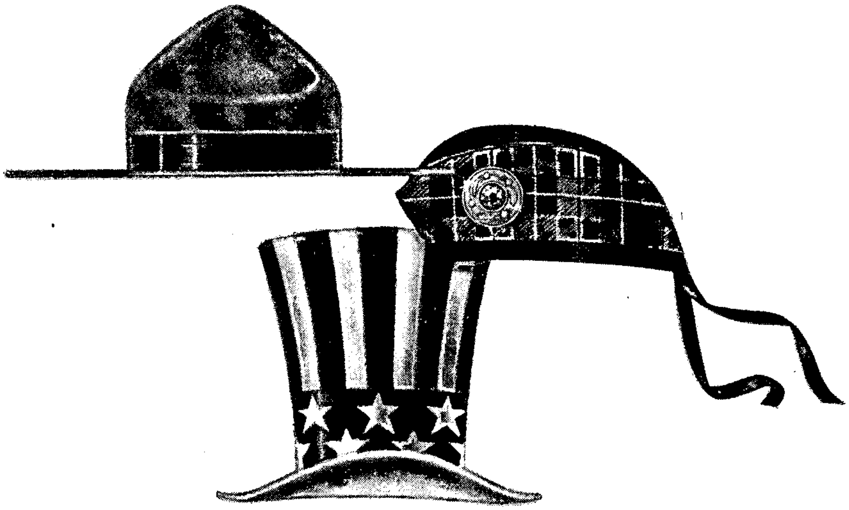
The setting of this conversation was the baroque Bar of the Metropolitan Opera House. The time? First entr'acte. And the personages were two: Commander Whitehead and a celebrated young lady, whose name you would recognize instantly.

"Schweppes Club Soda," continued the Commander, "has the most felicitous way of *blending* with whisky. I believe it's a matter of bubbles—those delightful little bubbles I call Schweppervescence."

Schweppes bubbles, you will notice, never waste themselves exploding in the *bottle.* Or even in your *glass,* as long as you don't disturb it. But when you drink a whisky-and-soda made with Schweppes, you will find that each little bubble bursts upon your *tongue,* heightening the flavor of your drink. Schweppervescence, what is more, *lasts the whole drink through.*

A punctilious barman (or butler) will always serve you Schweppes Club Soda for highballs. Your grocer also sells Schweppes incomparable Soda, for about the same price as *ordinary* mixers. No extra charge for Schweppervescence!





"Gentlemen—

nowhere in the world—not even in Scotland, Canada, or the United States— is a more gentle tasting whisky distilled"

90.4 PROOF
Embassy Club
Fine Whisky
DISTILLED FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED GRAINS TO ACHIEVE SUPERIOR QUALITY AND RARE FLAVOR
THIS WHISKY IS 8 YEARS OLD
FULLY MATURED
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Embassy Club

Fine Whisky 8 years old

90.4 PROOF • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

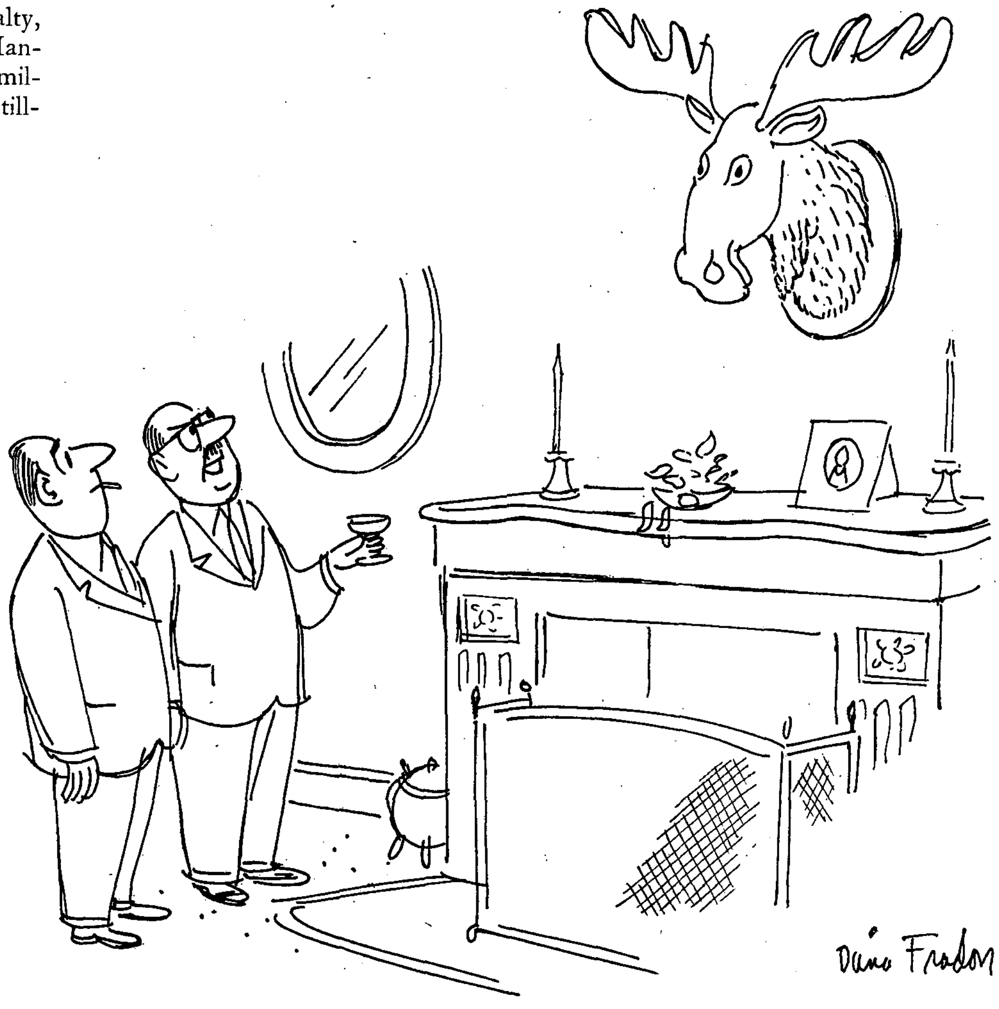
THE NEUTRAL CORNER ART GROUP

IN the year 1814, the Castle Tavern, a pub in Holborn, came under the management of Tom Belcher, a scientific pugilist whose "mildness of deportment and gentlemanly behavior entitled him to the peculiar consideration and attention of the *fancy* in general." (I quote, as I do so often, from Pierce Egan's "Boxiana," the "Mille et Une Nuits" of the London prize ring.) The institution from then on became a resort of the cognoscenti, or knowing coves. Of the Castle while Belcher held the license, Egan wrote, "Propriety is the order of the day, and no man appears more scrupulously exact in exerting his rights as a landlord . . . than Tom Belcher. . . . The inquiring stranger, whom curiosity might have tempted to take a *peep* at the scientific pugilists, feels not the least restraint in visiting the Castle Tavern."

I am reminded of Egan's puff whenever I visit a bar at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street known as the Neutral Corner Cocktail Lounge and Restaurant, Steaks and Chops Our Specialty, Meet Your Favorite Fighters and Managers Here. The Neutral, as its familiars call it, is a few doors north of Stillman's gymnasium and is patronized chiefly by fight managers, trainers, and boxers, who are locked out of Stillman's between three and five o'clock every afternoon, and by ex-boxers, who favor a place where somebody is likely to recognize them. There are two training sessions a day at Stillman's—from noon to three and from five-thirty to seven. The second one is a concession to the economic difficulties now afflicting the Sweet Science, as Egan delighted to call it; an increasing number of boxers have to hold daytime jobs to keep going, and can only work out after hours. The boxers in the Neutral, being in training, do not drink; they eat on credit and occasionally, when their managers endow them with spending money, play Shuffle Alley, a table game in which one slides metal discs in the direction of electrically controlled tenpins. Because they are temperate and of equable disposition, they seldom raise their voices. The trainers feel constrained to offer an example of sobriety; bottled beer and a cigar are about their speed. The managers are afraid to drink, lest some other manager outwit them, and the ex-boxers are usually too broke to tipple. Any unseemly words that may be heard in the place invariably emanate from some socially insecure sightseer without credentials in any record book. Otherwise, a Belcherian propriety reigns.

The scheme of decoration, like the atmosphere, has a Regency flavor. At the Castle Tavern, Egan wrote, "The numerous sporting subjects, elegantly framed and glazed, have rather an imposing effect upon the entrance of the visitor, among whom may be witnessed animated likenesses of the renowned Jem Belcher [Tom's brother] and his daring competitor, that inordinate glutton, Burke . . . the Champion, Crib, and his tremendous opponent, Molineaux . . . Tom Belcher and his rival, the Jew phenomenon, Dutch Sam . . . with a variety of other subjects, including one of the dog 'Trusty,' the champion of the canine race in fifty battles." The boxers whose likenesses cover the Neutral's walls are of more recent vintages—ranging from John L. Sullivan to one of the bartenders—Tony Janiro, a talented welterweight who retired only a few years ago. The pictures are photographs, instead of hand-tinted engravings, but the faces and torsos are interchangeable with those of 1814. Only Trusty, the champion of the canine race, has no opposite number on the Neutral's walls. Dogfights have gone out of fashion. Janiro has a didactic as well as a utilitarian function; trainers point him out to young fighters as a horrible example. He failed to take his profession with sufficient seriousness, and consequently he never became a champion and is now working union hours. Tony doesn't seem to mind.

I WAS in the Neutral late one afternoon a couple of weeks ago, enjoying an instructive conversation with Whitey



"The story behind it is my wife picked it up at an auction."

Bimstein, a Mr. Chips of the boxing métier, who was showing me a pound of metal slugs he had confiscated from a pair of his charges, upstate boys, who had intended to use them in coin-box telephones. “They never been away from home before except maybe overnight and they don’t want to get homesick,” Mr. Bimstein said. “So they bring the slugs along to call their girl friends. Crazy kids. They don’t know they can get into trouble that way.” He smiled with sympathetic indulgence for youthful sentiment. “Just when their manager gets them a match, they could land in the pokey. ‘Write your broad a postcard,’ I told them. ‘She can wait.’ ”

Another notable educator present—Charlie Goldman, who trains the heavyweight champion, Rocky Marciano—said, “One of the troubles with fighters now is they don’t start before they’re interested in dames. When they used to start at ten, eleven years old, they didn’t have the distraction. By the time they did, they knew something.” Mr. Goldman, who wears a bowler, bow tie, and chesterfield, in the best tradition of the Jimmy Walker era, is the Beau Brummell, as well as one of the Nestors, of the Neutral. He was a barnstorming flyweight when he was fourteen, fighting feature bouts in places like Savannah, Georgia, and he believes that as the twig is bent, so will be the nose. It is his greatest regret that he didn’t get Marciano when Marciano was in about the second grade of public school. “He would have learned to do things right without thinking,” Mr. Goldman says. “Then all he would have to think about is what he wanted to do.”

These pedagogical reflections were interrupted by a fellow farther along the bar, who was using qualificatives that the bartender on duty—Chickie Bogad—couldn’t go along with. Mr. Bogad is one of the three proprietors.

“Excuse me, Jack,” Mr. Bogad said, “but you got an awful dirty mouth.”

“I don’t see no women here,” the customer said defiantly.

“There ain’t any,” Chickie said, “but suppose there was?”

The fellow took this hard. He was a bald, lumpy man with normal ears, and not even a broken nose to make him look at home. “I guess I’m just a qualified hoodlum,” he said bitterly. (“Qualified” takes the place of a row of asterisks.)

“If you are,” the bartender said severely, “this ain’t the joint for you.” He moved off toward the beer pumps,

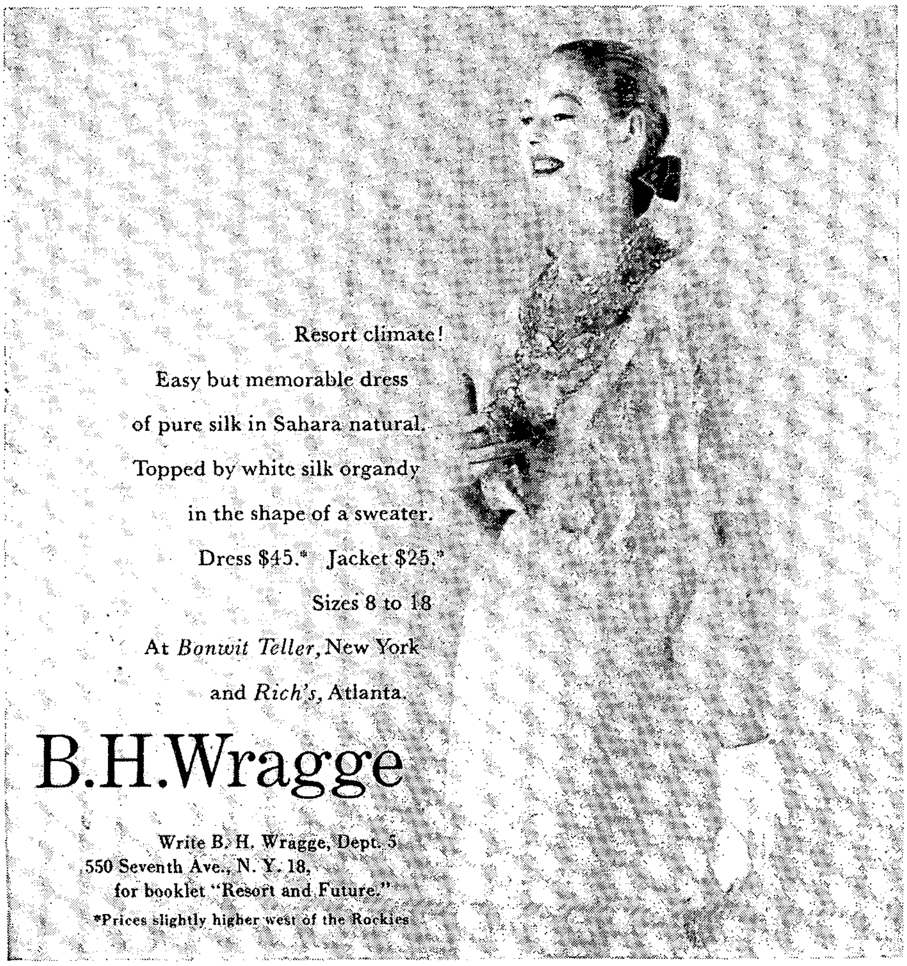
“no sweet aperitifs for me”

I’m watching my figure.
I ask for “T.O. Peppy”.
Really dry—not sweet.

Tio Pepe

THE MOST FAMOUS **DRY SHERRY** IN THE WORLD

GONZALEZ BYASS Y CA • BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C. • SOLE U.S. DISTRB.



Resort climate!
Easy but memorable dress
of pure silk in Sahara natural.
Topped by white silk organdy
in the shape of a sweater.
Dress $45.* Jacket $25.*
Sizes 8 to 18
At *Bonwit Teller,* New York
and *Rich’s,* Atlanta.

B.H.Wragge

Write B. H. Wragge, Dept. 5
550 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18,
for booklet “Resort and Future.”
*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

Convair...
gets you off to a flying start!

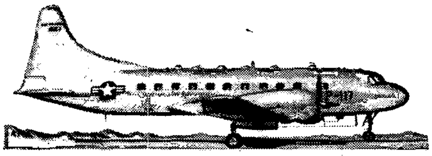
CONVAIR
JUST MARRIED!

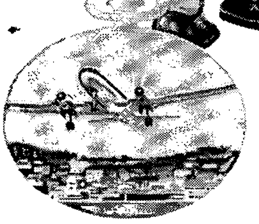
JOIN THE YOUNG-AT-HEART and travel by air...by Convair!

Here's the plane with built-in *get-up-and-go*. Built-in steps, and handy luggage racks at the front of the Convair speed arrival and departure time as much as 30 minutes. The Convair was designed to make your business or vacation trip an efficient, carefree experience.

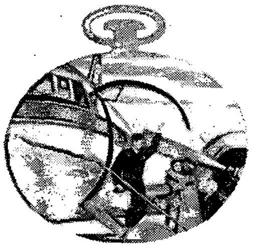
Ask your favorite airline or travel agent to make *your* next flight a Convair—the world's most popular passenger plane. Choice of 33 airlines.

As a transport-trainer for the U.S. Air Force and Navy, the Convair is setting new records for versatility and performance...another evidence of Convair's **Engineering to the Nth power**





No baggage claiming lines. Pick up your bag as you leave the plane and you're on your way.



CONVAIR
A DIVISION OF
GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

MORE AIRLINES HAVE CHOSEN THE CONVAIR THAN ANY OTHER MODERN PASSENGER PLANE:

Aero O/Y, *Finland*
Aerolineas Argentinas
Aeronaves De Mexico
Alitalia, *Italy*
American
Ansett, *Australia*
Avensa, *Venezuela*
Braniff
Canadian Pacific
Continental
Cruzeiro do Sul, *Brazil*
Delta-C&S
Ethiopian
Hawaiian
JAT, *Jugoslavia*
KLM Royal Dutch
LACSA, *Costa Rica*
Linee Aeree Italiane
Lufthansa, *Germany*
National
Northeast
Orient, *Pakistan*
PAL, *Philippine*
Pan American
Real S.A., *Brazil*
Republic of Indonesia
Sabena, *Belgium*
Saudi Arabian
Swissair, *Switzerland*
Trans-Australia
United
VARIG, *Brazil*
Western

HELEN HAYES
in
J. M. BARRIE'S Beloved Classic
What Every Woman Knows
CO-STARRING
KENT SMITH
JOHN CROMWELL **BETSY VON FURSTENBERG**
Directed by JOHN STYX
Beginning WED. EVE., DEC. 22 thru SUN. EVE., JAN. 2
PRICES: Eves.* incl. Sunday—Orch. $3.60; 1st Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.40; 2nd Balc. $1.80, 1.20. Mats. Sat. & Sun.—Orch. $3.00; 1st Balc. $3.00, 2.40, 1.80; 2nd Balc. $1.50, 1.20. No Mon. Perf.
THE FOURPOSTER *Beg. Jan. 5 thru 16*
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE *Beg. Jan. 19 thru 30*
THE WISTERIA TREES *Beg. Feb. 2 thru 13*
BROADWAY'S BIG BUY—SEATS NOW!
N. Y. CITY CENTER, 131 West 55th St., N. Y. 19

"SHEER DELIGHT!" *McClain, Jrl.-Amer.*
JOHN C. WILSON & H. M. TENNENT, Ltd., present
ALFRED LUNT **LYNN FONTANNE**
BRIAN AHERNE **EDNA BEST**
QUADRILLE
NOEL COWARD'S Romantic Comedy
PRICES: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $5.75; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. (Taxes Included). Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest alternate dates.
CORONET THEA., 230 W. 49th St., N. Y. 19

"Most exciting piece of theatre I have encountered this season . . . Eartha Kitt is wonderful." —*Chapman, News*
LEONARD SILLMAN presents
Eartha Kitt
in a new play with music
Mrs. Patterson
with **ESTELLE WINWOOD**
A GUTHRIE McCLINTIC PRODUCTION
NATIONAL, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Solid Gold Click"—*Walter Winchell*
". . . a very funny show"—
—*Gibbs, The New Yorker*
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU FEB. 5th
Eves. Orch. Mon.-Thurs. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat. Orch. $3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Bal. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Incl.
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way CI 6-4636
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

"Tallulah's dynamite" — CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

under the impression that he had won the argument, but he hadn't. The lumpy man took off his glasses and put them in his pocket.

"Who are *you* to call me a qualified hoodlum?" he yelled after Mr. Bogad.

"You said it yourself," Mr. Bogad replied.

The man yelled, "What business is it of yours, you qualified moralist?"

At that, Mr. Bogad started to come around the end of the bar, grumbling "I don't have to take that from nobody" as he untied his apron, but a squad of gentle young prizefighters formed a wall between him and the customer, while their colleagues shooed the fellow out onto Fifty-fifth Street, explaining that the Neutral was no place for that kind of language.

"See that?" Whitey said. "We got a nice class of kids in the business today. But I sometimes wonder where they going to wind up." This was an allusion to the technological unemployment with which television threatens all boxers who are not already headliners. There is hardly a night of the week now that doesn't offer a nationally televised bout (usually only the main event is shown), and small flesh-and-blood clubs throughout the land have gone out of business because they can't meet this free competition. This condition constantly narrows the opportunity for development of young fighters and—although Whitey isn't so sensitive on the subject—young seconds and trainers. The failure of new stars to emerge is hurting the interests of the television programs themselves—a class isn't in a healthy condition unless it has at least six or eight real contenders—so, as Whitey says, it all adds up to a vicious circle.

The system is taking money even from the star-bout fighters. During the late twenties, the last period of comparable prosperity, Friday-night shows at Madison Square Garden regularly drew from forty to eighty thousand dollars, and each main-bout principal took down from ten to twenty thousand. If the boys weren't fighting at the Garden, they could get almost as much out of town. Now principals in the Garden's Friday-night fights get four thousand dollars each from television, plus a derisory twenty-five per cent of a gate that would have been subnormal in Tiverton, Rhode Island, in 1929—less than five thousand dollars in all. At televised clubs like the St. Nicholas Arena or the Eastern Parkway, they collect about three thousand. In the long view, the best hope for a revival of the dulcet art is that as the television boxing shows run out of new talent, the big and silly television audience will lose interest in them, and national sponsors will let them drop. Then the small clubs will start up again, for the hard core of customers who like boxing well enough to pay for it but who now get it free. This, the cognoscenti say, will insure not only increased employment but a restoration of artistic standards.

"The fellow who used to pay a dollar and a half for a seat in the gallery would never stand for feature bouts like the ones now," an old fighter named Al Thoma, who had stopped by at the Neutral on his way to the Plaza's Oak Room, said. "What you don't pay for, you can't complain about." Thoma, when fighting, was always known as a cultivated fellow, like Gene Tunney, but with a faster linguistic change of pace. "The masses are asses," he said with distaste. "There are no more connoisseurs. The way most of these guys fight, you'd think they were two fellows having a fight in a barroom."

Whitey took note of a small, weatherworn taxi-driver, dining modestly off a short beer and a hard-boiled egg. "Benny Tell," Whitey said. "He fought the best. He once fought Pancho Villa." As Villa died after a fight with Jimmy McLarnin in 1925, this placed the hackie chronologically. "How many fights you have, Benny?" Whitey asked.

"About a hundred and fifty," the driver said, pleased at being recognized. All he had to show for them was a moderately thickened left ear. "They don't make them like Villa no more," he said. "You hit me and I'll hit you—that's all they know." He finished his egg and went back to his cab.

"New faces, they want new faces all the time for the television shows," said a trainer named Izzy Blanc, who is younger than most of the sages, but knowledgeable. "But the new faces ain't got the experience, so they get knocked out. And where could they get the experience, with no clubs? Either you got to rush a prospect or let him starve to death."

If television relinquishes its hold on boxing, and open competition matures a new lot of stars, it is, of course, possible that the new stars' names will titillate the curiosity of the rumpus-room audience that sponsors covet. It is also possible that by then television will have gone the way of such other gadgets as radio and the silent movies. In the meanwhile, young boxers must live, even though, like modern poets, they

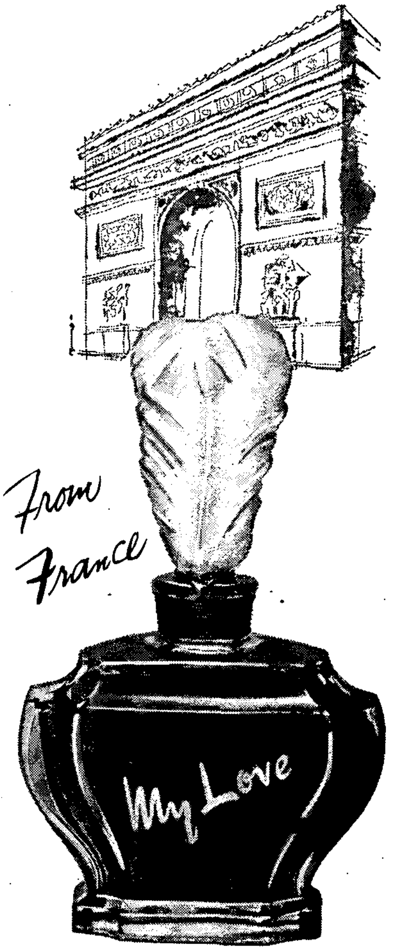
have you met Jack?

Jack's here for the holidays. The way Apple Jack's getting around chances are you're going to run into it... especially now with the festive season upon us. What makes meeting Apple Jack so memorable is its exceptionally rich delicate aroma, its clean bold flavor. Aged in charred oak barrels, Apple Jack is extraordinarily smooth, easy to take. Laird's Apple Jack goes way back to 1780. It is distilled today by the same family to the same private formula. This not only accounts for the deliciously light dry taste but the fact that the only thing that lingers on is the pleasant memory. During the holidays ahead, serve Apple Jack at home or buy it as a gift. Whether you drink it straight, on the rocks or in a highball, you'll thank us for introducing you to this delightful new friend.

LAIRD
Three ★ Star
LAIRD'S
Straight
Apple Brandy

Laird's Apple Jack

84 PROOF STRAIGHT APPLE JACK • LAIRD & CO., SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.



My Love

My Love, the gift of gifts! Distilled in France, bottled there, too, in golden shine and splendor, Elizabeth Arden's romantic My Love Perfume has a gentle pervasiveness and great elegance.

De luxe plume bottle, My Love sequence goes from the gem-like ¼ oz. to the grand magnum 5 oz. size. From 8.50 to 69.50.

Crystal prism bottles, from 7/32 oz. to 2 oz. From $6. to 27.50.

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

have scant means of communication with the general public. Since the Guggenheim Foundation has expressed no concern for their problems, a lot of them run tabs at the Neutral. The tabs are usually guaranteed by their managers, and since the managers can't take the money out of the boys until the boys get a fight, the proprietors of the Neutral show a constructive interest in any move to re-create the pugilistic equivalent of an off-Broadway theatre. "If we tried to collect now," Nick Masuras, one of the Neutral's three bosses, said to me, "we would lose our total clientele."

Masuras is an old middleweight—tough, but not classy—who used to box in the armories of the New York National Guard in the twenties, when the state permitted the buildings to be used for professional boxing shows on the condition that all participants were Guardsmen. As the required drills were infrequent and there was no prospect of a war, it was a highly successful form of recruiting. Nick's registration card said that he belonged to the 102nd Medical Regiment. After his unspectacular ring career of thirty-eight bouts, he worked in restaurants and then, in 1949, opened the Neutral. He thought of the name himself. Two years later, he pieced the joint up with Bogad, a former matchmaker at the Garden, and with Frankie Jacobs, a veteran fight manager, who contributed social cachet to the establishment.

MY visit to the Neutral that particular afternoon was connected with the first attempt by the Metropolitan Boxing Alliance, which consists mostly of managers who hang out in the Neutral, to run a boxing show of its own, with no television, no promoter, no one-sided matches, and—as it turned out—almost no newspaper coverage. For the most part, the members of the Alliance handle young fighters who appear in preliminaries and semifinals at New York clubs; many of their boys would be fighting features regularly in small cities if television had not blighted the out-of-town spots. The M.B.A.s are in the midst of a highly personal intra-industry feud with the leaders of the International Boxing Guild, a larger and older association of managers, who handle most of the star-bout fighters. The I.B.G.s, according to the M.B.A.s, try to use their monopoly of the fighters who appear "on top" (in the features) to control employment "underneath" (in the preliminaries). The trainers, like Charlie Goldman and

Newest top-tuning television

MAGNAVISION 21". New beauty and convenience — top-tuning, Chromatone Optical Filter, Omni-directional sound with top-mounted speaker. With wrought-iron legs, model MV121LC (VHF) $185.

the magnificent Magnavox television

BETTER SIGHT ... BETTER SOUND .. BETTER BUY

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

carven

parfums

ma griffe

robe d'un soir

PARIS

KRUG & Co REIMS
PRIVATE CUVÉE
BRUT
BRUT RESERVE

FOR A GREAT OCCASION

Krug

CHAMPAGNE

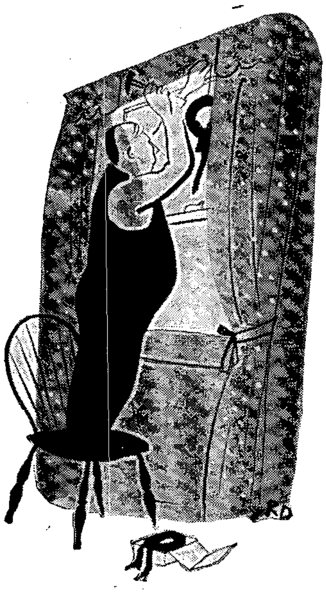
...from France

Sole U. S. Importers
Seggerman Slocum, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

Whitey, are neutral, since they teach and second boys for members of both groups. But they are in favor of any effort to run more fights.

The M.B.A. show, Whitey had informed me, would be a small gem, because in each of the three feature matches scheduled, both the managers concerned figured that they had a shade the better of it. "For a thousand, they might put their kid over his head," Whitey said, "but not for no three hundred." Each of the principals in the three eight-round feature bouts was to receive three hundred dollars, less a hundred for his manager, the customary fees for his seconds, and, possibly, a payment on account on his tab at the Neutral. The managers, Whitey said, were unwilling to get their boys beaten for small money, so the competition would be extraordinarily keen.

It was a Thursday, one of the two weekday evenings without television competition, and the show was to be held at Sunnyside Garden, a dance hall at Forty-fifth Street and Queens Boulevard, in a region that motorists are always so eager to get through on their way to the races that they never remember what it looks like. It was raining like the devil, and nobody at the Neutral seemed to know how to get out there without an automobile. A cross-section of opinion had it that the place was on the B.-M.T., a transportation complex more extensively ramified than the upper Amazon. Mr. Bogad, whom I mistook for the best geographer present, specified that the tributary flowing nearest to Sunnyside Garden was known as the Astoria Line. This was to prove an error of pre-Columbian dimensions, but I didn't know it when I left the



(*Advertisement*)

To the wine world,

California's white table wines offer a special challenge

WINE, OF COURSE, gives sole allegiance to no single land. In each it develops individually—as people do—taking character and personality from its grape lineage and the opportunities of its environment.

There is a particular distinctiveness to be noted in the wine of California. For nature has blessed this area with gently sloping hills, protected valleys and mild climates to make it one of the world's great winelands. And planted to famed Vitis vinifera wine grapes, it is fulfilling its promise.

This is to be specially noted in California's premium white table wines—wines whose differences in flavor, body and bouquet reflect the unique soils and climates in which they grow...set them apart as truly great.

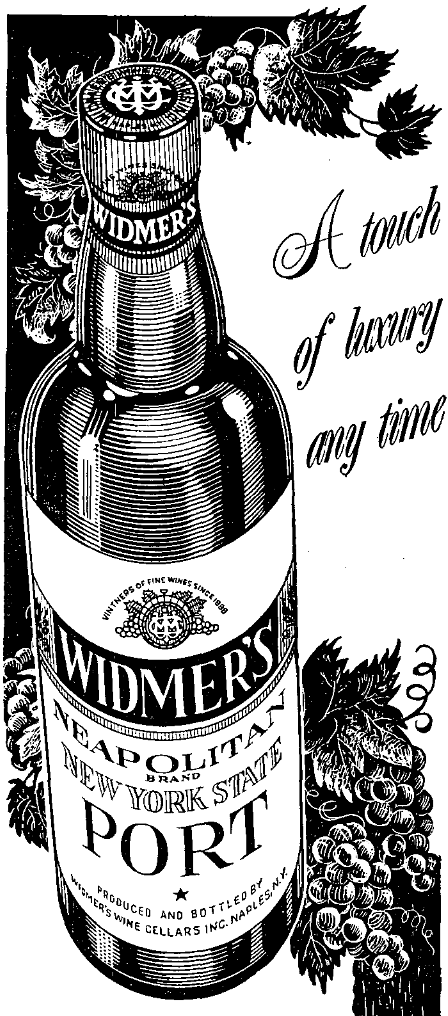
They offer, we believe, new and exciting pleasures to challenge any you have yet known. As a starter, we suggest you try among these wines...

RIESLINGS—Among California's finest are those of the *White* (or *Johannisberger)* Riesling grape which produces a wine of flowery bouquet, sprightly flavor and pleasing aftertaste. Another is the *Franken* Riesling *(or Sylvaner)* whose wine is a shade more subdued in tartness. Still another to try is from the *Grey* Riesling—a slightly softer, more mellow wine. These grapes also produce some of California's finest RHINE WINES.

SAUTERNES—*Semillon* is one of California's great Sauterne grapes. It produces some delightfully dry, smooth and delicate wines—and others that are semi-sweet and rich in traditional flavor and aromatic beauty. *Sauvignon Blanc* is another. Its wines are full-bodied, golden and with rich, spicy fragrance.

WHITE PINOTS—*Pinot Blanc, Pinot Chardonnay* and *Pinot de la Loire* are the principal producers of California's white Pinots. They are smooth and round, rich in bouquet and finesse.

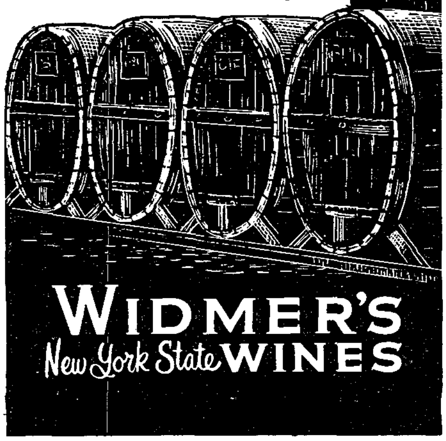
Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California


A touch of luxury any time
VINTNERS OF FINE WINES SINCE 1888
WIDMER'S
NEAPOLITAN BRAND
NEW YORK STATE
PORT
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC. NAPLES, N.Y.

. . . a treat that suggests discernment!

Rich, red, fragrant Port . . . Widmer's New York State Port! There's a treat that is really welcomed! Its full-bodied wine-goodness springs from sun and soil of the vine-famous Naples valley. In its perfection lies the art of slow, natural maturing; the patient, meticulous vintning skill of Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., Naples, New York.

Write for our booklet, "Wine Manners and Wine Cookery"



Neutral. It was then about six-thirty, and the first bout was to begin at eight-thirty. The last sentence I heard as I stepped out into the rain was "You c'n get there in fifteen minutes."

Since I was not in training to fight anybody, I felt I could sneak out on the Neutral's fare, and I had dinner in a Chinese restaurant near the Forty-ninth Street entrance to the main stream of the B.-M.T., which I counted upon to float me under the East River and as far as Queens Plaza. There, I reasoned, I might find a native to guide me to the mouth of the Astoria Line. I was suffering from a severe head cold, a specific for which, I have always believed, is watercress soup and Chinese tea. Over the tangled watercress and, later, on the subway, I read a mammoth, lavish, baby-blue brochure, printed on the best coated paper, which the M.B.A. had put out in honor of the occasion. This publication, entitled "M.B.A., The American Way," assured me that I would see "the cream of the crop" at Sunnyside Garden. The Sunnyside Garden Corporation had taken the inside front cover to convey the best wishes of "The Showcase of Queens," an "Ideal Spot for Club Dances, Social Functions, Banquets, Weddings, Large Meetings, Rallies, Bazaars, Exhibits, Benefit Shows, Special Events, Boxing, Wrestling, Basketball." There was also a panel of portraits of M.B.A. officers, all of whom I knew as conspiratorial faces in the Neutral, and a message from the M.B.A. president, Al Braverman, a former Army boxing instructor who takes a photograph like the late Heywood Broun. "Boxing was never meant for a self-chosen few to force the rank and file members of the boxing fraternity to do as they would have them do," the message said, in not too closely veiled allusion to the I.B.G. "The Gestapo did not work out in Germany, nor will it work out here in our grand and glorious country."

The ads—three dozen pages of them (the revenue was counted on to forestall any deficiency at the gate)—were taken by fight managers (mostly M.B.A. members), fighters' relatives, fight clubs (generously welcoming competition, the International Boxing Club, which promotes at Madison Square Garden, had taken a full page), fighters' daytime employers (a loyal lot), gyms, pawnshops, sporting-goods dealers, barbershops, luncheonettes, and a gentleman who simply proclaimed himself "Max Greenaut, No. 1 Fight Fan, Always at the Ringside." Among the managers' cards, I liked best one that said, "Tony Rojas, Latin-American Manager and Sport." There was a small advertisement of the Claire Bridal Shoppe, of 243 Grand Street, and one of a firm called Time Pleating & Stitching, Inc., which I assumed to be one of Mr. Luce's new tentacles. The journal also included two full pages of "Neutral Corner Boosters," with facsimile signatures (the boys had paid a dollar apiece, I learned later), and a number of greetings from purely social organizations: the Veteran Boxers Association, of New York; the Leather-Pushers A.C., of Brooklyn; the Roland La Starza Social Club, of the Bronx; the Cestus A.C., of Newark; and the Village Owls Social Club, of 234 Mulberry Street. By the time I emerged from my Astoria Line train onto a rain-swept mesa that was apparently the head of the navigable stream, I had read every ad in the book, including the holograph signatures. I got back to the Sunnyside by taxi for not much more than it would have cost me to go by a similar vehicle from Forty-ninth Street.

WHEN I arrived, the first preliminary, an affair of no moment, was already on. The publicity director of the M.B.A., Maurie Waxman, a sort of hyperthyroid fellow who is happiest when strangling with rage, escorted me to the working-press section, which I shared during the evening with a man from the Long Island *Advocate* and a fellow from the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, who arrived just in time for the last bout, in which one of the principals was a German-American. The ideal boxing card, like a music-hall bill, builds from the opening number, and the bout under way when I entered made it evident that the Sunnyside matchmaker, an old-timer named Joe McKenna, knew his business. It was the kind of match that is bound to make the next one look like an improvement. The very bad first bout is a pleasant tradition of local clubs. It gives the connoisseurs a chance to find their seats, tune their voices, and warm up their assortment of wisecracks. While doing this, they estimate the size of the gate, upon which, they know, depends the likelihood of more shows at the same address, and try to locate acquaintances in the audience. This time, while the fighters hesitated, a hearty burgher far off in the rear rows landed the first bon mot. "Swing now!" he yelled. "You got the wind wit' ya!" I looked around and was glad to see that the gate was good for a hall the size of Sunnyside. At

Like many of the world's finest cars...

the JAGUAR MARK VII

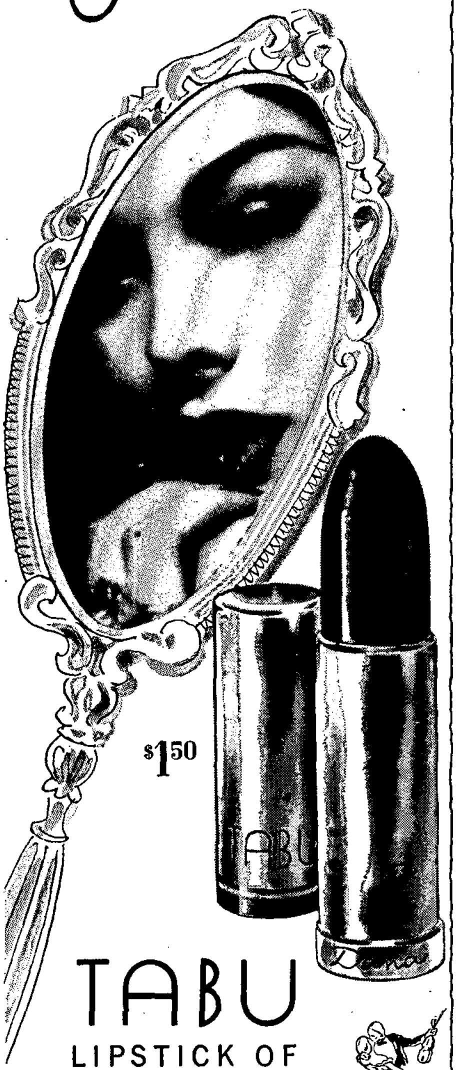
rides on **DUNLOP TIRES**

In the Jaguar Mark VII, expert hand craftsmanship is combined with the most modern engineering and production techniques. The result: one of the finest touring sedans in the world.

The Mark VII is the family car par excellence. As in every family car, safety is a key factor. The makers of the Mark VII match car safety with tire safety—select Dunlops as original equipment.

The next time you need replacement tires for your sports or family car, follow the lead of car makers the world over. Ask for Dunlops.

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation, Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry, Factory and General Offices, Buffalo 5, New York.



Lipstick of Invitation

$1.50

TABU
LIPSTICK OF
the "forbidden" perfume

Invitations are written . . . or spoken.
Spoken invitations are less formal,
often more compelling
. . . especially when one's lips beckon
enchantment in the invitation.
If *yours* is the invitation of romance,
let it be spoken from lips
subtly scented with TABU lipstick . . .
scented with the "forbidden"
fragrance. TABU lipstick is yours for
conquest . . . in ten, indelible,
wonderful shades of red.

Save the case, plated with 24-carat gold.
Refills, 75¢. Plus Tax

Dana®
PARIS • NEW YORK

a neighborhood club, you can count the total attendance early in the evening, because the patrons arrive promptly, to get their money's worth. It isn't like a big fight, where the expense-account hosts and their guests begin to flock in just before the conversation piece, or like off-nights at the Garden, when spectators come late because they are on the cuff. I knew that the boxers and their managers had been out selling tickets, just as in the old days, and the concentrations of sound indicated which areas were tenanted by the delegations brought along by the various boys. At the Neutral earlier in the evening, I had heard the manager of a colored fighter, now going into the ring for the second four-rounder, boast that his boy had sold forty dollars' worth of tickets, and I had no trouble telling where the purchasers were sitting. The boy had against him one of those rigid, determined-looking youngsters who create the impression that they can hit because they obviously can't do anything else. A boxer of this type induces first respect and then incredulity in an inexperienced opponent; by the time the colored boy had decided that the determined fellow was as bad as he looked, he had only a couple of rounds left to slap him around in. The determined fellow, who was white and whose name was Ronnie, had even more friends in the crowd, and they advised him courageously, "Steady up, Ronnie; weave, Ronnie," no matter how hard he got hit. He appeared to be trying to lead the colored boy as a gunner leads a bird, punching a yard or so in front of where the colored boy would have been if he had kept going in the same direction.

By the time the first of the feature eight-rounders came on, the crowd was in fine voice. It was a neighborhood crowd, except for the concentrated groups of fighters' friends, and the neighborhood is not tough but hearty. As it happens, this is the region to which the authentic Manhattan accent has emigrated, according to a learned cove I met at Columbia years ago, who went about making recordings of American regional modes of speech. The more habitable quarters of Manhattan, he told me, have been preëmpted by successful inlanders who speak Iowese and Dakotahoman; the inhabitants of West Harlem talk like Faulkner characters, and East Harlem speaks Spanish. "Just as the anthropologist who wishes to study pristine African culture must seek it among the Djuka Negroes of Surinam, who were snatched from Africa in the eighteenth century, I must

Engineers
&
Physicists

Inquiries are invited regarding openings on our Staff in the fields listed below:

Scientific and Engineering Staff
Hughes
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORIES

- Ground and Airborne Radar
- Fire Control Systems
- Guided Missile Systems
- Airborne Digital Computers
- Electronic Business Systems
- Miniaturization and Advanced Packaging
- Communication Systems
- Microwave Ferrite Devices
- Antennas and Radomes
- Indicator and Microwave Tubes
- Semiconductor Devices

Culver City, Los Angeles County, California

Assurance is required that relocation of the applicant will not cause disruption of an urgent military project.

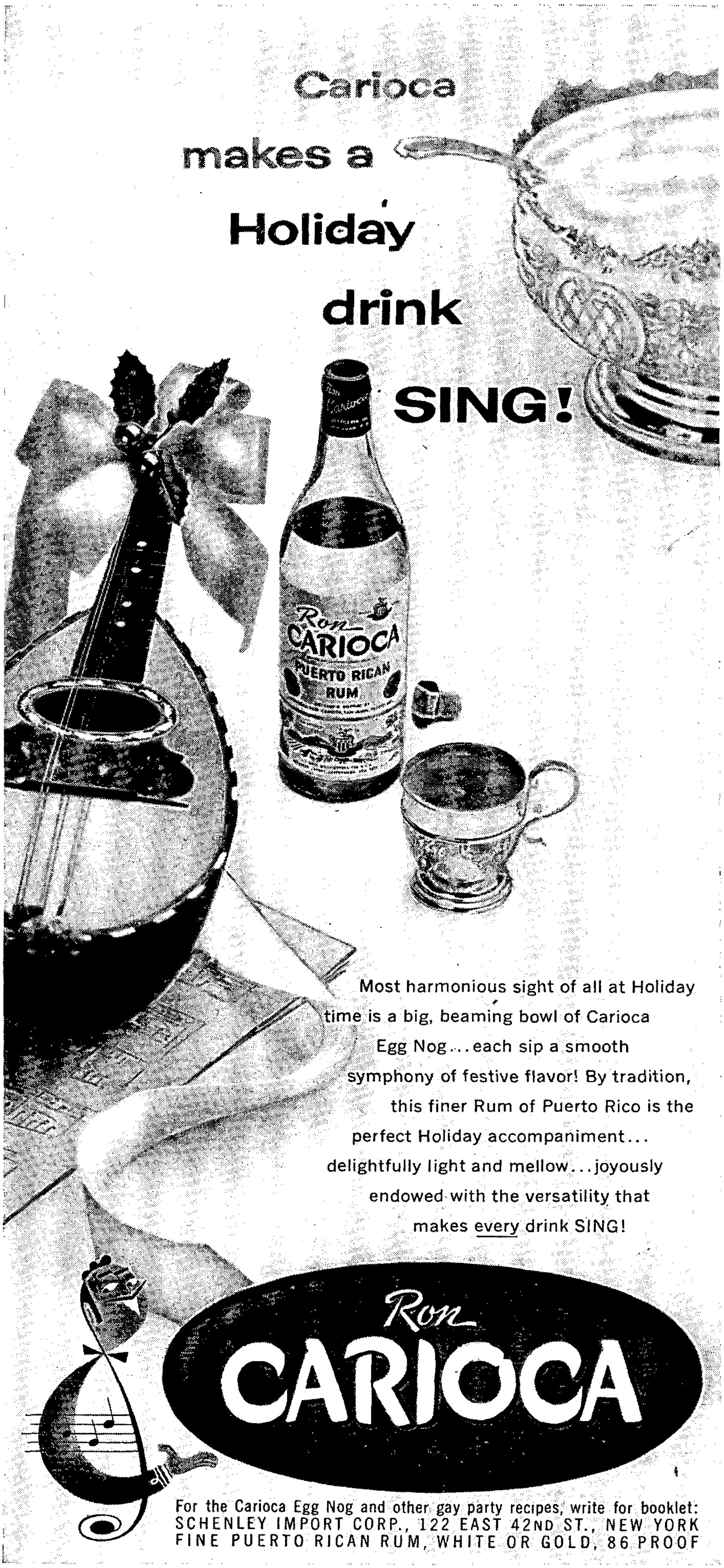
Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

carry my tape recorder to Queens to study the New York speech of Henry James's day," he said.

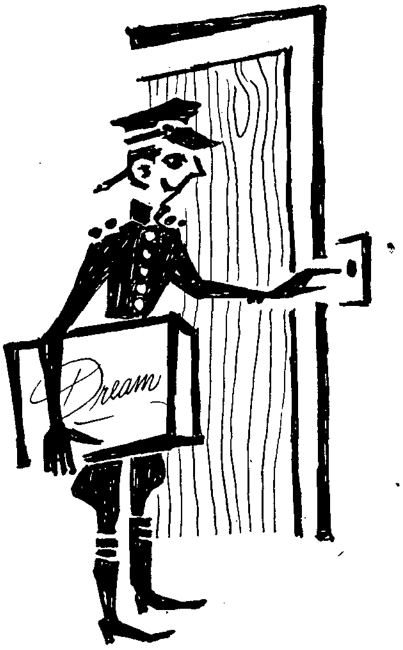
The contestants in this first feature bout were welterweights with only a pound's difference between them, both Negroes in the dark-umber range, and both with first names that lent themselves admirably to the accent of the Diaspora—Earl Dennis and Ernie Roberts. They were both young and in beautiful condition—"trained up like Kid Lewis," as Captain Hector Macdonald-Buchanan once observed to me when discussing Hitler's Army. (Lewis was a chap who could box twenty rounds on odd Thursdays and even Saturdays for a year without increasing his rate of respiration.) I had once seen Roberts make a savagely correct fight at the Garden, going eight rounds without clinching or stepping back, and I had Whitey's word that Dennis was at least as good. Whitey was in Dennis's corner, along with Mr. Braverman, the author of the presidential message I had just been reading, who is Dennis's manager. With Roberts and his manager, Bennie Allesandro, in the opposite corner, were two seconds, Chickie Ferrara and Jimmy August, both of whom, in the Neutral's idiom, "know what's all about it." Roberts is tall for a welterweight, five feet eight or nine, and has a small, well-shaped head, wide shoulders, and a narrow waist—a classic boxing build. Dennis is a more compact boy—bigger head, longer waist, shorter legs, wide shoulders, and long arms. He has a Sam Langford kind of physique. His face is broader and shorter, too, with wide, white teeth that give him a genially anthropophagous look. It was the sort of contrast in structures that inspires resourceful spectators to devise battle plans


Carioca makes a Holiday drink SING!

Most harmonious sight of all at Holiday time is a big, beaming bowl of Carioca Egg Nog... each sip a smooth symphony of festive flavor! By tradition, this finer Rum of Puerto Rico is the perfect Holiday accompaniment... delightfully light and mellow... joyously endowed with the versatility that makes every drink SING!

Ron CARIOCA

For the Carioca Egg Nog and other gay party recipes, write for booklet:
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., 122 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK
FINE PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF



HOW TO
OWN A DREAM...

When it comes to mink, be hard to please. Look for blue-black color in dark mink—short-napped but deep-furred, naturally lustrous but absolutely undyed. Prime ranch-raised mink with short guard hairs, softly dense underfur, clear blue with occasional silver hairs. Feel for chamois softness . . . look for a cream color, on the leather side. Discuss it thoroughly with your informed furrier.

And above all, make sure you see the Umpa label. It's proof that another leading rancher has met the uncompromisingly high, *controlled* pelt quality standard of some two hundred big-ranch Umpa members.

For Umpa's mark means scientifically bred and cared-for dark mink . . . their pelts entrusted to the world's foremost designers for meticulous matching, blending to attain a sleek and supple beauty. Umpa means magnificence in a rare dark fur. Truly a dream to think toward . . . Umpa, the revered dark mink, at only the finer furriers.

Umpa
dark mink

UNITED MINK PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION
Janesville, Wisconsin

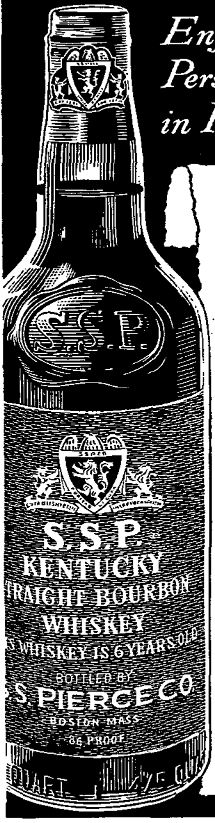
for the objects of their interest even before a fight begins.

I knew from talking with their managers that both Dennis and Roberts were married men and fathers, and that they both held down full-time jobs. Roberts, a clerk in a hardware store at 1185 Sixth Avenue, gets to work at eight each morning and leaves at seven. His employer lets him have three hours off in the middle of the day, during which he trains at Stillman's and has his lunch. After work, he goes home to his wife and child, in Harlem, and at five the next morning he is in Central Park, doing his roadwork—five miles in about forty-five minutes every day before breakfast. He is twenty-five. Dennis, who is only twenty-two, although he has been married for five years and has two children, lives in Brooklyn and works normal hours for a firm on the fringes of the garment center, making women's belt buckles. After work, he goes up to the Broadway Gym, a small place near City College, to train, and a couple of hours later heads for Brooklyn. He, too, does his roadwork in the mornings. Roberts had had about forty fights and Dennis about thirty-five. Their daytime bosses were at ringside.

"Hookum, Oil!" a cheerful Queens voice called to Dennis as the men left their corners. Roberts, in purple trunks, received advice just as prompt and resonant—"Up, Poiple! Uppercut!" Roberts came in on a straight line, his waist pulled back, his shoulders and elbows forward. He hit straight or in light arcs—short, jarring punches. Dennis went to meet him scrunched forward, too, presenting the top of his head as the only target of opportunity. ("The head is the hardest part of the human body," Roberts said to me a couple of days later, when I talked to him and Dennis about the fight.) Larry Baker, the fellow I had seen Roberts beat in the Garden, had moved around him and hit from a distance. Roberts may have expected Dennis to do the same thing, but when Dennis didn't, he saw that he would have to make the best of it. ("If you back up, you lose points," he said to me later. "So I knew I had to stay and chalk it up as experience.") Roberts hit fast, but with measured fury, because he realized he had to pace himself. ("When I started out as a fighter," he told me, "I had just a willing heart—threw punches in the wind. I used to punch myself out. When I sampled Dennis's right, I knew I couldn't afford that." Dennis told me that he had formed a slightly optimistic prognosis on the basis of those first short, jarring blows. "Tap, tap," he said. "I

S.S. PIERCE CO
Boston, Massachusetts
Wine Merchants and Grocers Since 1831

Enjoy the
Personal Touch
in Fine Whiskies



S. S. P. KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
6 YEARS OLD

"The Red Label with the Golden Words" is a Bourbon that is rarely equalled and never excelled.

86 proof

Other Selections
SCOTCH
BLENDED WHISKIES
MIXED COCKTAILS
RUM
BRANDY
COGNAC
BORDEAUX WINES
VERMOUTH

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN
Bachrach
a man's photographer

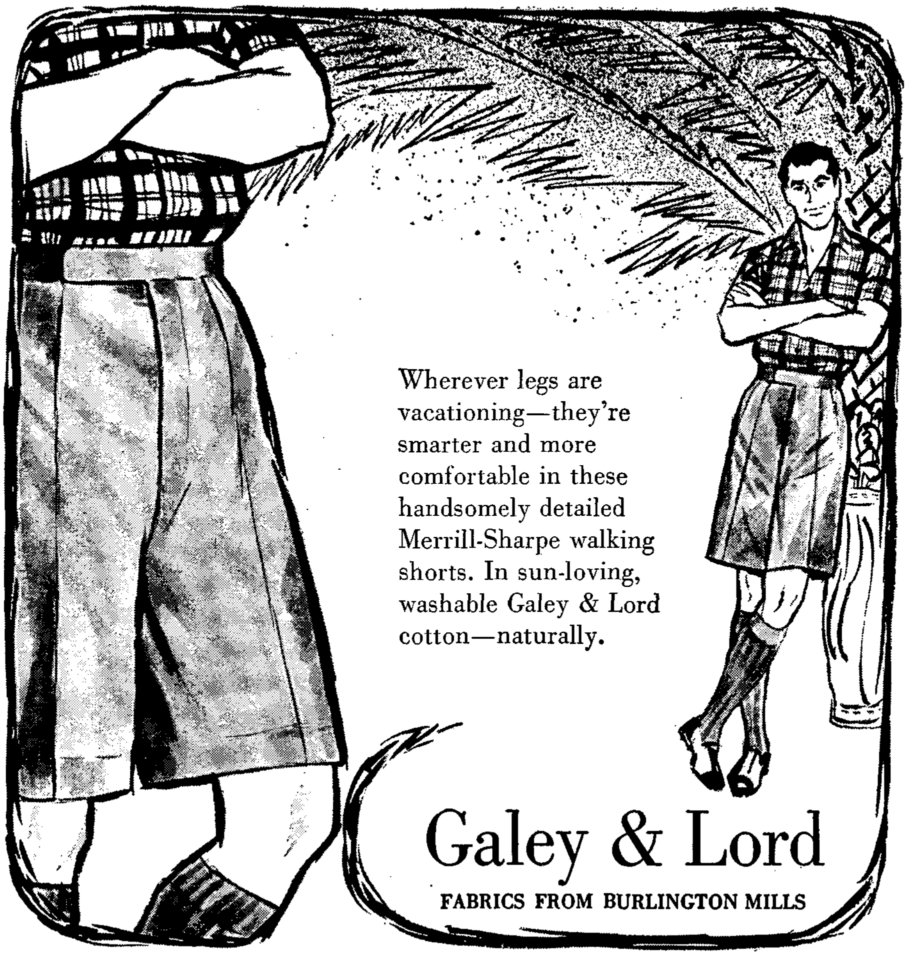
54 East 52nd Street, New York
PLaza 5-6233

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY, TOO

give her
anything
by
Charles of the Ritz

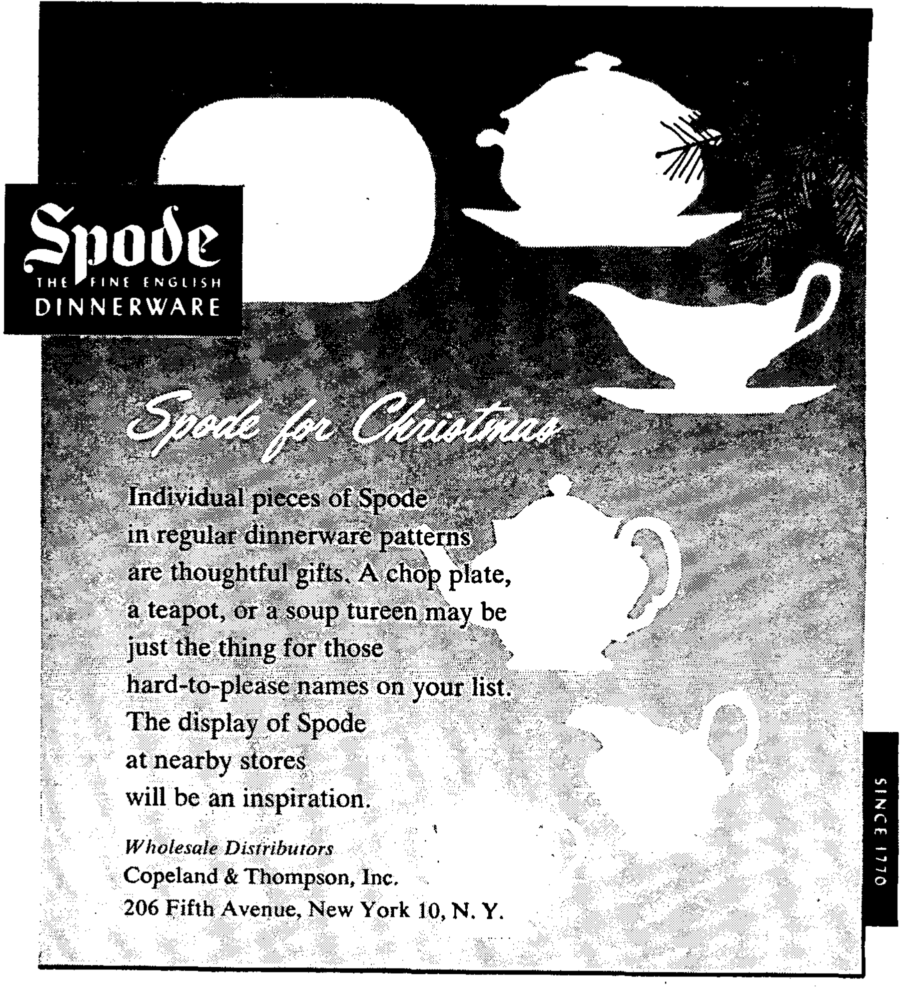
told myself, He can't hurt me. Then bam! It really rang bells. I thought, I got a tough boy on my hands. I better play possum and try to let him play hisself out." Dennis, who comes from Wilmington, North Carolina, has a less polished conversational style than Roberts, an old Harlemite.) Dennis and Roberts fought out the round without a second's respite. When two boxers come straight toward each other and don't hit, they wind up in each other's arms, and the same thing is likely to happen if both are swinging wildly; one fellow's arm will go around the other's neck, and he will have to grab to save himself. But Oil and Oinie, as their public hailed them, maintained the minuscule distance between them by hitting each other away. Hitting at such short range, the boxer leaves a correspondingly brief opening; the trick is to take the initiative by anticipating the opening or by moving the other fellow off balance. Having done that, one boy sometimes can land a whole series of blows before the other breaks into the rhythm. And there is never the brief surcease a fighter gets at longer range. A smart old fighter can sometimes slide through ten rounds on the equivalent of one round of such fighting.

I marked that first round for Roberts, though there wasn't much in it, but Dennis won the second. They were fighting the same way, but now Oil's sequences of punches were more sustained, and he was spinning the taller boy when they got near the corners. He had a lower center of gravity and he was using it. Dennis's idea of "playing possum" was to ride out a whole flurry of punches, rolling and bobbing, and then launch a flurry of his own. (He adopted this method of biding his time, he explained to me later, because he had found it safer than retreat. "I used to be a runner," he said, "but more boys get knocked out that way than inside.") Oinie's unpaid second out in left field—"Up, Poiple!"—had noted the diminution of his man's fortunes, and he now showed that his strategy was flexible. "Stickum, Oinie!" he yelled, advising Roberts to stay away and jab. But Roberts would have considered this a species of moral abdication; besides, there is no use in sticking the top of a head. Instead, he came back in the third round with a fine determination to discourage the Brooklyn man. ("I hit him so many times he was visibly out, as far as I could see," he said afterward. "Yet he was still there a second later. Tit for tat, he is the meanest man I ever lived with.") He took the third, and then Dennis car-


Wherever legs are vacationing—they're smarter and more comfortable in these handsomely detailed Merrill-Sharpe walking shorts. In sun-loving, washable Galey & Lord cotton—naturally.

Galey & Lord
FABRICS FROM BURLINGTON MILLS

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



Spode for Christmas

Individual pieces of Spode in regular dinnerware patterns are thoughtful gifts. A chop plate, a teapot, or a soup tureen may be just the thing for those hard-to-please names on your list. The display of Spode at nearby stores will be an inspiration.

Wholesale Distributors
Copeland & Thompson, Inc.
206 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

ever
drink a
beefeater?
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

If you have, you know that
a Beefeater is THE martini
in a class magnificently its own.

If you haven't, you have an
incomparable pleasure coming.
Imported Beefeater English Gin—
named after the famed guardians of
Britain's Crown Jewels—has
been enjoyed the world over since
1820. It is uncommonly dry, smooth
and brilliant. Make your next
martini a Beefeater!

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER GIN
94 Proof, Distilled From Grain
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND by Kobrand Corporation, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

ried the fourth. By that time, the man in left field had thought of a refinement. "Stick 'n' hook, Oinie," he was yelling. (Translation: "Punch straight with the left and then hook with it." This is sometimes called hooking off a jab.) The "Hookum, Oil!" man, who was now riding high on a wave of euphoria, howled back mockingly, "Hook 'n' stick, Oil! Givum tha yopposite!" (This, as he knew, was hilarious nonsense; you can't jab off a hook. The laugh he got proved there were other knowing coves present.)

But Roberts carried the fifth—and they hadn't clinched yet, nor had either man taken a backward step except under the impetus of a fist. They moved often, of course, drifting about the ring in a tight circle. ("I thought then I better pace myself so I can finish good," Roberts said afterward. "There is a difference between being too cautious and overcautious, which is to be just cautious enough." At about the same time, Dennis, although it still seems incredible, was deciding that he had "played possum" long enough. "At the beginning of that fight," he said, "I was thinking of how tired I was before I went in the ring, even though my boss had give me the day off; yet I couldn't sleep, because of my children in the apartment crying. They been sick with a cold. That was a mistake I made thinking of how tired I must of been, because I wasn't.") In the seventh, Dennis went out and, for the first time, "changed the theme of the fight," to quote his manager, Al Braverman. He began throwing wide, swooping hooks. Possibly because Roberts was "pacing himself," several of these nailed him. If he had been coming in as fast as before, he might have got inside them. ("I should of throwed short hooks," Dennis said. "They would of been even better. But I must have didn't do so bad, because they all applaused me.") In the eighth, Roberts came right back at him, and when the judges and referee agreed to call the fight a draw, everybody was happy—"Hook 'n' stick" as well as "Stick 'n' hook." The general satisfaction was shared by the two managers, each of whom must have thought several times during the battle that he had let his colleague outsmart him. Whitey, who identifies himself with his charges, said with some heat, the next time I met him in the Neutral, "I thought we win it," but Jimmy August, who was there, too, said, "Ain't that funny? *I* thought *we* win it."

THERE was a corking club fight after that, in which a chunky young Brooklyn middleweight named Rinzy (for Rizzerio) Nocero beat a red-haired Negro known as Castiron Tommy Dixon, by a decision that might as well have been a draw. But the workmanship was not of the same excellence. The windup fight, between the Yorkville fellow, Irwin Schulz, and a colored middleweight named Bobby Moore, from Newark, was the least exciting of the lot—Moore won it easily—but as the matchmaker, McKenna, said later, it wouldn't have looked so bad if it had been on before the other two. The gate money, McKenna said, had just about covered the purse distributions and the expenses—the show had drawn a net of twenty-six hundred dollars, at two dollars and four dollars a seat—but the advertising in the M.B.A. journal had cleared a profit.

The next morning, I looked at the *Mirror*, the *News*, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, and all any of them said about the fight was that Earl Dennis, 143½, and Ernie Roberts, 144½, had fought a draw. —A. J. LIEBLING

• •

FUNERAL

Four black suits led by a snout beetle
with down-curved beak
Heaved in the coffin—that great, carved walnut weight—
On it a small wreath of roses.

The longheaded, low black car
swam in sultry light like a snakebird
down the street.
After the hearse, a procession of used cars,
Filled with relatives, dillydallied,
With signs on their windows:
FUNERAL.

I thought: In Japan, the festival of lanterns—
Those huge, scampish shades with wanton colors—
is for the souls of the dead.

—JAMES SCHEVILL

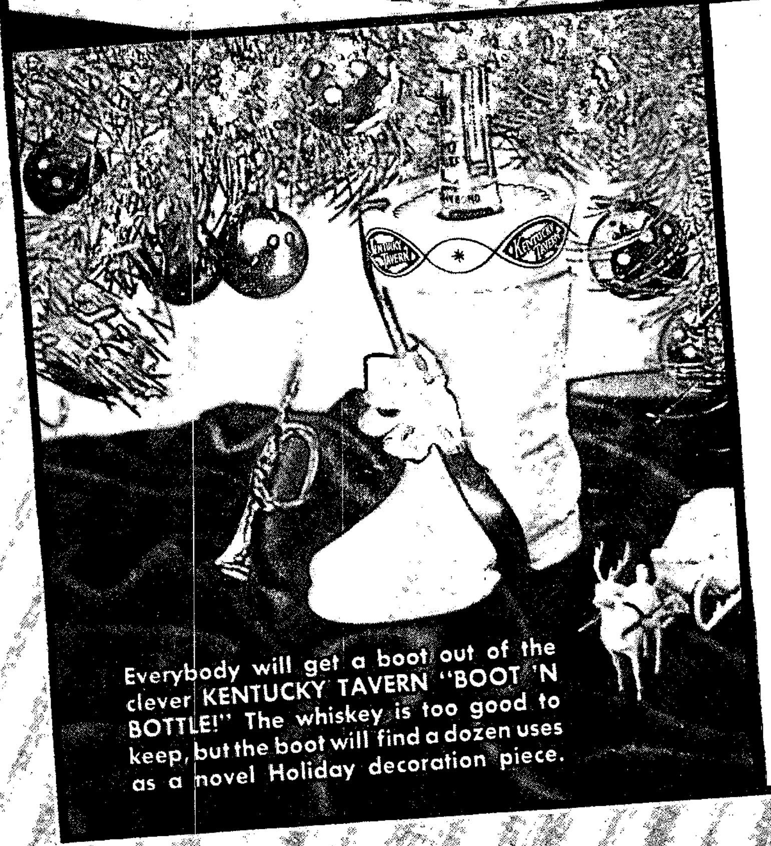
3 Cheers ... for the Holidays

Always in good taste...

Smart Gifts of Fine Whiskey

This KENTUCKY TAVERN GIFT DECANTER will flatter your friends. The rare quality of the whiskey makes it especially appropriate for those "hard to buy for" names.

Got a man to buy for? A week-end host? THE LEATHERETTE CASE is rich in design for the masculine eye and taste! A perfect idea for business associates.



Everybody will get a boot out of the clever KENTUCKY TAVERN "BOOT 'N BOTTLE!" The whiskey is too good to keep, but the boot will find a dozen uses as a novel Holiday decoration piece.

Here's the smart way to breeze through your gift list with "something out of the ordinary!" Always appreciated, these smart Kentucky Tavern Holiday Gift Packages cost no more than the regular bottle! As gifts they'll reflect your perfect taste... because the *taste* of Kentucky Tavern has made it *The Aristocrat of Bonds.*

Designed by Glenmore... the House with the Holiday Spirit...

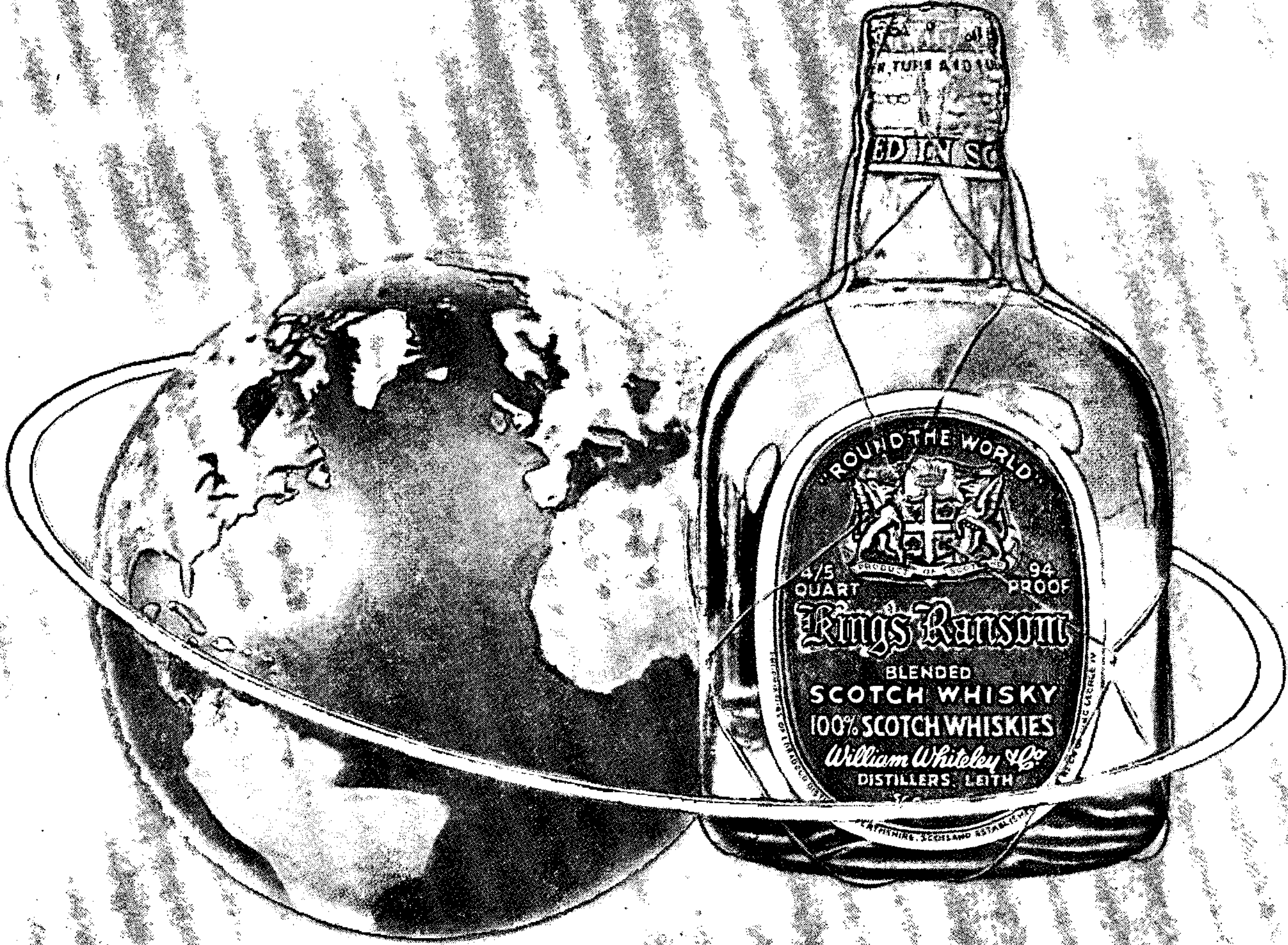
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

KENTUCKY TAVERN

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

King's Ransom

ROUND THE WORLD SCOTCH


ROUND THE WORLD
4/5 QUART
94 PROOF
King's Ransom
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
William Whiteley & Co
DISTILLERS, LEITH

Your guests will be lavish in their praise when you serve King's Ransom, finest of Scotch whiskies. Carefully blended according to a formula 130 years old, King's Ransom is indeed everything its name implies, for its 94 proof strength gives it a warmth and flavor that is famous "round the world". It's expensive but worth it.

KING'S RANSOM, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 94 PROOF

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY. • SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS

TELEVISION

Variety

I THINK it's time to catch up with the fellow who remarked, a great many years ago, that vaudeville is dead. *Somebody* must have said it first, and for all I know he may still be around, living out his life in some dreary cold-water flat—poring over old Keith-Albee programs and smiling sadly as he recalls his weekly seat on the aisle at the Palace, where he watched the comedians and the tumblers and the odd, tall female singers with ostrich feathers in their hats. Someone had better catch up with this fellow and hustle him off to a television set. He'll be surprised to discover that vaudeville is far from dead. It may not be the tranquil, disarming vaudeville he remembers, and it may not be especially healthy or display any notable charm, but it's vaudeville, all right.

These thoughts bring me to Mr. Ed Sullivan and his monstrously lavish, all-network, all-glamour variety show, "Toast of the Town" (Sundays, 8-9 P.M., C.B.S.). I've been watching "Toast of the Town" for more Sunday nights than I care to remember, and it occurs to me that its weekly budget must equal that of many of the larger municipalities in this country, and surpass, by several thousand fish, the semiannual budget of most of what we refer to as the backward nations. Sullivan and his weekly guests spend money with an almost thoughtless and arrogant abandon. Let any performer, anywhere, come to the attention of an agent, or receive acclaim from some segment of the population, and he or she will inevitably turn up on "Toast of the Town." A dog in Racine can recite the opening lines of "Il Penseroso"? He will be grabbed up for the Ed Sullivan show. A man in New Orleans can faultlessly render "La Marseillaise" on a kazoo stuck in his ear? He'll turn up right after the dog act. A musical opens on Broadway, and a glittering new singing star is "discovered"? She'll soon be on C.B.S. on a Sunday evening. Week after week, the celebrities parade before the cameras, introduced with a strange pride by Mr. Ed Sullivan. This Mr. Sullivan is a study. He's always impeccably dressed, wearing neat and what I take to be lightweight suits, with padded shoulders. His pocket handkerchiefs, which are prominently, but not too prominently, on view, are folded in the square, or box, manner. His dark hair is greased to a fine, but not too fine, gloss. His smile is a mixed smile, betraying a good deal of sorrow, and even suffering, as though he not only participated in every act but was aware of the struggle the performers had to go through to reach perfection. He seems to be saying that his only wish is that they, and he, and you, could do better. He is obviously a theatre buff—a performer at heart—and after all these years he still stands in awe of the notion that human beings, not to mention dogs, seals, and horses, can display so damned much ability in public. While he is instinctively enthusiastic and optimistic about live performers, he can be just as enthusiastic and optimistic, if not more so, about the Lincoln and Mercury cars advertised on his program. He can really whip himself up over a new Lincoln or Mercury! His voice assumes a special lustre of tone, and he is almost beside himself with quiet, deep-running, abiding pride in the performance of the automobiles he's selling. If I were Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Mercury—or even Mr. Ford—I would certainly hold onto this fellow, for his faith is the faith that can sell a million cars.

As for the programs themselves, they are vaudeville, or at least a species of vaudeville, with an overlay of a rustic amateur night. The other evening, the program got under way with a brief appearance by a young lady from Manly, Iowa, and her steer, Shorty, which had just won the big prize at the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago. Shorty weighed eleven hundred pounds, was fifteen months old, and was completely uninterested in the proceedings around him. The girl was a member of a 4-H Club, and she was proud of the steer. Her family was on hand, and so were some people who seemed to own a restaurant in Chicago. "They have all been flown in from Chicago by United Air Lines," said Mr. Sullivan, tossing us that bewilderingly appreciative smile. Mr. Sullivan spoke briefly of his own small farm in Connecticut ("with the Ford tractor"), congratulated all hands, except the steer, and made a passing reference to the possibility of the steer's turning up someday at the restaurant in Chicago. I felt that this last touch was unnecessary. The Ames Brothers—four of them, and all singers—were next on the agenda, and they went through a variety of routines. Some of them popped their eyes, some of them sang while others pretended to sing, and, all in all, they were rhythmic and extremely proficient, if you enjoy hear-

THE TROPICS BEGIN AT THE COTTON SHOP

NEW SOUTHERN LUSTRE

Cotton satin, curving in one lovely unbroken line from the top rib to the thigh. Added flattery: a vertical bayadere print that furthers a slender illusion. Gross Sydney's gored princess dress in the colors of the French tricolor, red and blue on white. Also blue and red on white; turquoise or green with orange. A belt comes with it to add if you prefer. Sizes 8 to 16, **29.95**

ZACHARY BOGERT

the Cotton Shop inc.

711 Fifth Avenue at 56th

Washington, D. C. Wilmington, Del.
Palm Beach Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale Delray Beach

DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
THE ISLE OF SKYE LIQUEUR
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
A LINK WITH THE '45

"No matter where you are—after dinner there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"

The only cordial with a Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet. Enjoy Drambuie "on the rocks"—with twist of lemon peel if desired—or in the traditional cordial glass.

after dinner... a DRAM* of

DRAMBUIE

* Dram—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

ing four brothers sing. Mr. Kirk Douglas appeared. Mr. Sullivan said that Mr. Douglas was in town on a holiday and was making his appearance pretty much out of friendship for Mr. Sullivan. At the sound of the compliment, Mr. Douglas's muscles rippled gently, and he was gone. We next saw shots from the forthcoming movie "There's No Business Like Show Business." (This is a favorite stunt of Mr. Sullivan's—shots from new pictures and forthcoming pictures.) Afterward, Jackie Miles, a comedian, turned up in a routine having to do with an incident in a movie house. He was holding a seat for someone in a crowded theatre. Then came Eartha Kitt, first as some sort of Parisian waif, all bundled up in a greatcoat and howling "Hey, Jacques!," and later as herself—strident, choky, and wonderful. There were many more acts, including the remarkable Miss Carol Haney, who danced. At the close, of course, there were tumblers.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

YOUALL COME

I'm a lil ole Ranch what needs a Pappy and Mammy. I've got a nice lil cement block house with two snoozin' rms. and 20 acres of good land and I'm jus' bustin' to be *planted to somethin'*. But the Pappy I use to have lived way up North and didn't take care of me atall. Somebody's shore gotta use up some elbow grease fixin' me up, but I promise they will have somethin' when they are old & neglected like I am now. Anyways, won't youall come on out and look me over 'cause I'm gettin' dang sick and tired of just sittin' here doin' nothin'. Ifin you got $950 fer a down pmt. my present Pappy will sell me fer $9500 ifin yer a good guy; ifin yer not, stay away. I've been whupped enuf already. I'm out on the Mojave River at Helendale near Victorville.

P.S. There's also a 5 acre chunk of land next door to me fer $100 dn., $20 per mo. Full price $1750. But I'd ruther you'd buy me.

P.P.S. *Sounds* like I'm *in* the Ozarks but I ain't. I'm shur enuf not far from ole Smog Angeles.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Just what we thought all along.

•

To most confirmed smokers, the "business" of extracting, lighting and drawing on a cigarette covers moments of embarrassment and gives them something to do with their hands. Hence, *anything* that keeps your hands busy and lets you work off nervous energy helps substitute for a cigarette. You might try carrying "crazy putty" with you, a small rubber ball to squeeze or a key ring which you can jingle.
—*Pageant.*

Or two small steel balls.

THE RACE TRACK

Dollars, Dollars

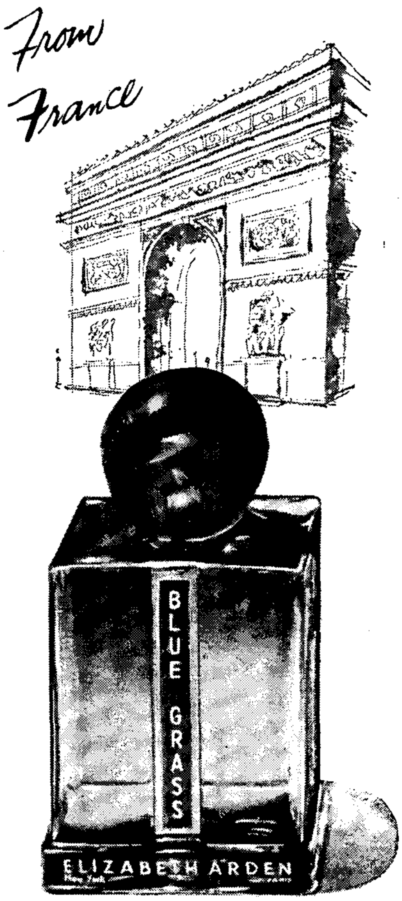
THERE was Native Dancer, of course, and Nashua, and Summer Tan, and Helioscope, but after ticking off these and perhaps half a dozen other exceptions, one is forced to admit that the racing year was a little less than distinguished when it came to horses. I daresay the blight of bowed tendons and similar ailments that fell on the three-year-olds last spring, just when it looked as if we had a vintage crop, was to blame. It would be pleasant to wind things up for the year with a happy surprise, but the best I can offer is the news from California that Determine, who won the Kentucky Derby, is also the leading money-winner of 1954. He took the Golden Gate Handicap at Golden Gate Fields last weekend, and his share of the purse brought his earnings to $328,880.

MAYBE it's the Christmas spirit, or maybe racing is simply keeping in step with everything else, but anyway, purses are getting bigger. Recently, the Maryland Jockey Club doubled the prize money it adds to the Pimlico Futurity, Churchill Downs increased the Kentucky Derby purse by $25,000, and the word from Belmont Park is that next year the Suburban, this department's favorite handicap, may have a gross value of $100,000. Now, if we could only have a few more racers worthy to run for such money . . .

THE December sales at Newmarket, England, last week will probably go down in the chronicles of the British turf as the occasion when the Americans took the rubber off the bank roll. In the course of the five-day vendue, nine hundred and twenty animals were sold for $3,783,969, an all-time high for a horse sale in England. Hack Ross, who trains for C. H. Jones, a Long Beach, California, businessman, paid $79,380 for a two-year-old filly by Hyperion out of Neolight; the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency, acting for an unidentified client in this country, paid the same amount for Ariostar, a nine-year-old brood mare by Solario (she's in foal to Nimbus); and Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, owner of Maine Chance Farm, paid $51,450 for a yearling filly by Chanteur II out of Minaret and $55,860 for a yearling colt by Fair Trial out of Monsoon. After that last transaction, Howard Reineman, a Kentucky breeder, quick as a wink paid $44,400 for Monsoon. To continue the gay recital, Robert Kleberg, of King Ranch, paid $32,340 for a yearling filly by Prince Chevalier and $29,400 for a three-year-old filly by Alycidon; Laudy Lawrence, an American who does most of his racing in France, paid $48,510 for a yearling filly by Nimbus; and James Cox Brady paid $61,740 for Darubini, a two-year-old colt. And there were at least a dozen purchases in the lower five-figure bracket by agents acting for American stables. All told, the outlay from this country was more than a million.

A perusal of these prices—most of the high ones were for the horses of J. A. Dewar, the Scotch-whiskey man, who died last summer—brings to mind the remarkable sales Louis B. Mayer put on at Hollywood Park some years ago. They had everything but drum majorettes. However, there's nothing very glamorous about the Park Paddocks, where the Newmarket sales are conducted. It looks rather like the saddling shed at Aqueduct—not so large, perhaps, and a great deal older. The horses are shown in a small ring, surrounded by several tiers of wooden benches, on which the bidders sit. At this time of year, the place is chill and forbidding, but the bidding certainly wasn't—especially the bidding for Festoon, the filly who won the 1,000 Guineas Stakes in the Dewar colors last spring. Mrs. Graham went to $102,900 for Festoon, and then indicated that that was as high as she'd go, whereupon Anthony Askew, a nephew of J. Arthur Rank, raised it a thousand guineas, to $105,840. Askew said he did it because he felt that such a fine mare as Festoon shouldn't be lost to England.

AS for the doings in Florida, the most noteworthy item continued to be the riding of young Mr. Hartack, who had nine winners at Tropical Park last week. Right now, I venture to say, he's odds-on with the horseplayers for a place in the new Hall of Fame for Jockeys, which was established at Pimlico the other day. This reminds me that at Golden Gate Fields the other afternoon George Taniguchi, an apprentice, had four winners, and the very next day he rode five more and was second twice. Out there, they're calling him the Japanese Shoemaker. —AUDAX MINOR

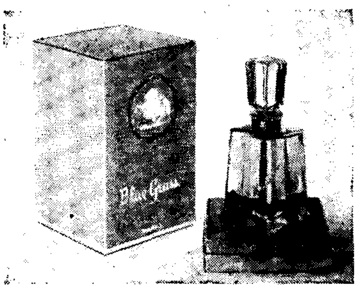


Blue Grass

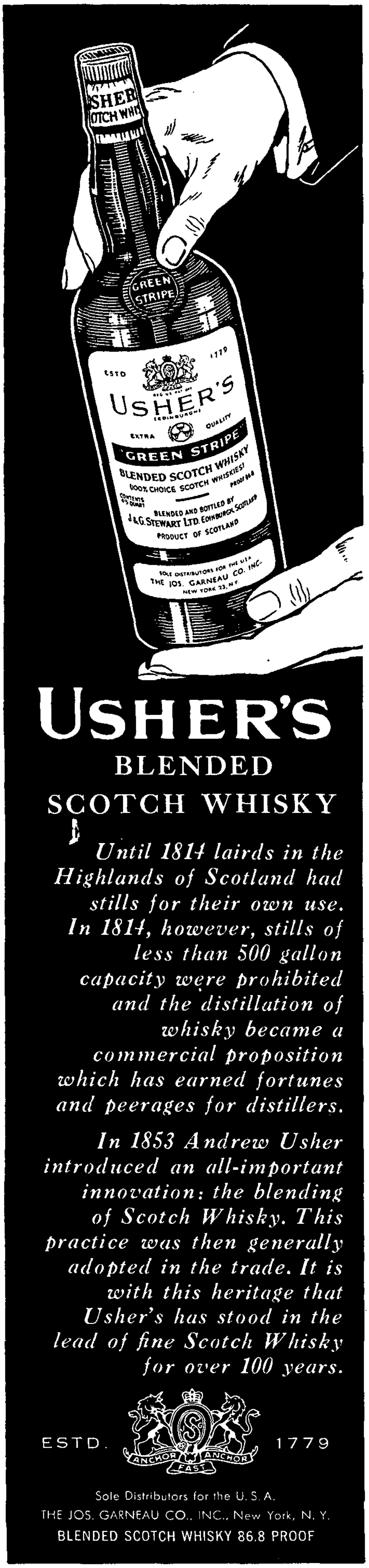
A memorable gift always, Blue Grass Perfume has a delicious freshness and rare delicacy.

Blue Grass Perfume for gifts is bottled in a distinguished sequence. 5/16 oz. size to a grand 3 and 9/16 oz. size—6.50 to $45.

Blue Grass Perfume in new crystal prism bottle sequence, created, sealed and packaged in France. 7/32 oz. size to 2 oz.—$5. to $25. prices plus tax



Elizabeth Arden



USHER'S
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

Until 1814 lairds in the Highlands of Scotland had stills for their own use. In 1814, however, stills of less than 500 gallon capacity were prohibited and the distillation of whisky became a commercial proposition which has earned fortunes and peerages for distillers.

In 1853 Andrew Usher introduced an all-important innovation: the blending of Scotch Whisky. This practice was then generally adopted in the trade. It is with this heritage that Usher's has stood in the lead of fine Scotch Whisky for over 100 years.

ESTD. 1779

Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., New York, N. Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 8

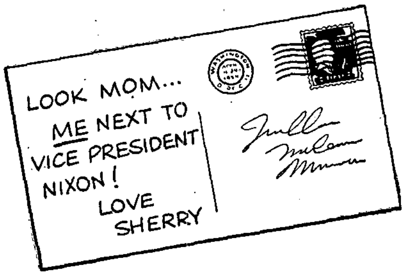
"IT is pleasant to spend a week with a woman as intelligent as Simone de Beauvoir," a Paris literary critic recently wrote, adding in explanation that this was the amount of time it took him to read her new novel, "Les Mandarins." It contains a quarter of a million words and five hundred and seventy-nine pages. "If it had been cut by a hundred pages, it would have been a chef-d'oeuvre, and it is almost one anyhow," commented Emile Henriot, of the Académie Française. In the month since its publication, it has been widely read as the outstanding novel of the year, and this week it was awarded the Prix Goncourt—a rare conjunction of commercial and literary laurel leaves. In French academic parlance, mandarins are influential intellectuals. The de Beauvoir mandarins are obviously reconstructed versions of Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus, and her book deals with their historic quarrel as the leading Left thinkers, surrounded by even more argumentative minor mentalities, all of them optimistic pro-Communists in that significant post-Liberation epoch that she describes as starting with the hopeful, festive Christmas of 1944 and ending, through stagnation, in 1947, when the Allies broke with Soviet Russia and the mandarins moved on to anti-Americanism as a cult. The mandarinism of her Saint-Germain-des-Prés intellectuals consisted of their determination not to leave postwar politics to politicians, for once, but to shape politics by their own superior intelligence, their writings, and their creation of a new, cerebral Left, supposedly invaluable because not enrolled in the Communist Party. The amazing quality of her book about them is its sense of excitement, the exhausting interest of its political arguments, and the multiple dramas of social conscience and of young and middle-aged physical passions. These dramas animate the crowd of people she assembles on her pages, so that they come alive, complete with character, brains, and flesh—editors, writers, poets, professional mistresses, wives, a daughter, a mother, all living in the rigorous amorality they have created as a refuge from freedom. In her candid, serious studies of the power of love and, among the males, of a common passionate political hope, Mme. de Beauvoir has contributed the most detached, complete report on these vital elements of the French intelligentsia—which is a special clan—that any writer in that circle has yet fictionalized. With the responsibility of a major novelist, which she has indeed become with this book, she carries the male leaders into their final tragedy as superior people—into their demonstrated political uselessness and their fatal disunity provoked by their own libertarian minds, which, as their only victory, they had instinctively protected from destruction by Communist Party discipline. After three years, her mandarins end as they started—ceaselessly and intelligently talking, talking, talking. Much of her novel consists of conversation, for which she has a gifted ear. Her style is not artistic; it is penetrating, brilliantly articulate, human, and altogether contemporary. The main criticism brought against her book is that there is too much of it, all remarkably interesting.

Last week's Prix Femina was the jury ladies' second mistake with the same man, Gabriel Véraldi. Having failed last year to elect his talented novel "A la Mémoire d'un Ange," they salved their bad consciences this week by voting for his new cheap thriller, "La Machine Humaine," an act that one critic has referred to as *la sottise couronnée*, or stupidity crowned. The Prix Renaudot, which often picks up something good that the Goncourt and Femina juries have let fall between two stools, this week chose "Le Passage," a first novel by Jean Reverzy, who is a provincial medical radiologist, about an eccentric old doctor and his friendly conception of death. Since these three prizes automatically turn the winners into France's three best-sellers, Gallimard is the year's luckiest publishing house, with both "Les Mandarins" and "La Machine Humaine"—the best and the worst prize books of many seasons—on its list.

THE Parliamentary debate last week on *l'affaire* Dides, which concerned leaks of military information from the secret sessions of the National Defense Committee, turned out to be a jumble of political revenge and evidence of parallel and competitive spy rings in the French Sûreté; in the end, it also became a test vote of confidence, called for by Premier Mendès-France. In one of his now customary allocutions to the

CAROLE
GORDON
DIANE
VICE PRES. NIXON
ME
LEONARD
WILLIAM

What makes a newspaper great?



Sherry Feinberg still can't believe it. In a breathless four-day tour of Washington, D.C., she and five other Upper Midwest teen-agers interviewed the Vice President of the United States, two Senators, Foreign Operations Administration Director Harold Stassen, various high officials of the State and Agriculture departments and a brace of Congressmen. In their spare time they managed to take in the Supreme Court, the Washington Monument, a major-league baseball game, countless milkshakes and a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

The six excited junketeers were winners in the Minneapolis Star's 1954 World Affairs program—a year-long quiz on current happenings and events in this complicated 20th Century world. Last spring, 18,000 Upper Midwest highschoolers (out of 90,000 weekly participants) took a qualifying test to prove their knowledge of world affairs. Star pupils went on to the final quiz contest in Minneapolis to compete for the Washington trip and other prizes.

The winners, who had answered an average of 1,012 questions apiece on global problems, were ready with questions of their own when they got to the capital. Some queries which even had foreign affairs experts digging for answers: "Why does the United States continue its refusal to recognize Red China?" "What savings can be made in the nation's budget without reducing or eliminating essential services?" "In view of the Russian armed might, what do you think of the 'long haul' concept in foreign policy?"

The kids listened attentively as State department officials discussed European and Far Eastern affairs. Congressmen, explaining the reciprocal trade bill, gasped at the teen-agers' quick understanding of complex problems and policies. Their ability to grasp the most involved ideas and to spot the slightest loophole in a legislator's argument, earned kudos from their Washington hosts. "Keen as a whip," in the terminology of one simile-mangling solon.

The Minneapolis Star's Program of Information on World Affairs injects enthusiasm into learning for thousands of school children, their friends and their families, has won admiration and plaudits from educators and civic officials all over the country. Such stimulation of global awareness through fresh, lively editorial features is just one more example of the way the Minneapolis Star and Tribune have entered the lives and fostered the interests of the largest audience of newspaper readers in the Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis
Star *and* Tribune
EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

620,000 SUNDAY · 485,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

NEW "Gift in a Gift" idea!

For the world's rarest whiskey, a touch of elegance from England

JACK DANIEL'S
Old No. 7
Jennessee SOUR MASH WHISKEY
MADE IN TENNESSEE

JACK DANIEL'S

and its

ENGLISH SILVER SERVER

We've imported a small quantity of these silverplated bottle holders from England to "gift wrap" Jack Daniel's for you. Well-meaning friends have already suggested that we're gilding the lily... that a gift of Jack Daniel's, *the only whiskey charcoal-mellowed drop by drop*, is gift enow. We persisted, however, when we thought of your delight in finding a gift so perfect for friends and customers on your "special" list.

Jack Daniel's Black Label with its English Silver Server is available now, packaged in attractive "window" cartons. Since the supply is limited and the price very pleasing, we suggest you place your order with your dealer now.

90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE

Assembly, using both pressure and candor, he declared, "During the last weeks, your attitude toward the government has been less clearly defined. The government is thus placed in an embarrassing position. I have no intention of putting up with this. You must say frankly and clearly whether you think the government has been doing its duty and whether you have trust in it. Your vote of confidence will repudiate the complicated Parliamentary game that consists of defending your convictions elsewhere, rather than right here, where they have some point." This last was a sharp reference to certain deputies' recent habit of speaking well of him behind his back in public, because of his continued popularity with the French people, and then knifing him to his face in the Assembly. Though startling new revelations against his Minister of the Interior, François Mitterrand, had been promised in the debate on *l'affaire* Dides, with the result that the visitors' galleries and the hemicycle itself were as animated as theatre loges at the première of a new mystery play, nothing fresh emerged, except the unexpectedly bitter quality of this first open attack on the Premier's regime. The weakness of the lengthy diatribe made by Jean Legendre, a dissident Gaullist, lay in his natural failure to state that the Laniel-Bidault government, during whose tenure the first leaks took place, had been unable to solve the plot, and that it had not passed news of it on to the incoming Mendès-France government, though organized treachery to the state was obviously involved. The weakness of Mitterrand's defense was his admission that nearly two months elapsed before his government's investigation got under way—because, he claimed, forged documents had at first thrown the security investigators off the track. Mitterrand's strength lay in his being able to point out that a week later the two pro-Communist officials responsible for the leaks, who had been appointed before the Mendès-France government came to power, had been put in prison—a good deal more than had been done about the first leaks. However, the real meaning of the debate on *l'affaire* Dides was its use by the opposition to denounce the Mendès-France government as generally soft on Communists, a denunciation that one disgusted deputy called "*la technique de M. McCarthy*." Legendre claimed that Dides' investigation was stopped because it was anti-Communist, but the government claims that he was dismissed for

Lotus Petal

An Elverhoj original cotton, Sapphire or Khaki with multicolor mosaic, 2-piece, organdy lined skirt, sizes 10-16

29.95 (includes air postage)

order via air mail

no customs duty

ELVERHOJ
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
[illegible] Islands

GARNIER Liqueurs

Quality Cordials... made in America according to original French formulae

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

insubordination and obstruction, because he did not tell the Paris chief of police the source of his information—a Communist double agent, as it turned out. One deputy also accused Dides of having given anti-Mendès-France propaganda to the American intelligence service here in Paris, which led another deputy to blast what he called "the Vodka-Volga and the Coca-Cola sets" as equally pernicious in France.

The Premier now has ahead of him the difficult debates on the North African problem and on passage of the London-Paris accord on German rearmament, his substitute for the lost E.D.C. In the increasingly embittered maneuvering for political power, it is significant that some of those people most deeply devoted to Mendès-France now think that, with luck, they can fix it so that after these debates he will fall on some important but purely French issue, leaving its solution, like an unwanted baby, in the opposition's lap; upon the opposition's fully expected failure to handle it successfully, they believe, Mendès-France will, of necessity, be called back to govern, with reinforced authority, as France's only dynamic leader. By everyone, even his opponents, though, it is admitted that his fall would be a nasty Christmas present for the nation.

THIS being the prize and gift season generally, it may be of interest to report that, for the first time, two Americans have just been given awards by the Académie du Disque Français, the leading French record society. The recipients were the Negro band leader Lionel Hampton, for his orchestra's version of "Jazz Time Paris," and Larry Adler, for his harmonica rendition of "Touchez Pas au Grisbi," Jean Wiener's theme melody for the gangster film of that name. Adler has also been announced as the organizer of the Christmas Day "Joie de Vivre Hour" for the state television station—another novelty for a foreigner in *télé* circles here. The growing, if belated, importance of television in France during this year has

to say Happy New Year...

c'est MUMM'S

Cordon Rouge

CHAMPAGNE

Inspired idea for a gift.
The natural choice for great
occasions. The classic
champagne of France.

*We also recommend the
slightly sweeter Mumm's Extra Dry.*

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS

G. H. MUMM & C°
REIMS
CORDON ROUGE
Dessin de L. VINTEL

COMPLETE
MEDITERRANEAN
CRUISE
MARCH 12
FROM NEW YORK ON THE FLAGSHIP
NIEUW
AMSTERDAM
56 DAYS - 17 PORTS - INCLUDING
EGYPT
AND THE
HOLY LAND

A luxury cruise planned to take advantage of the finest weather around the Mediterranean.

The ship—the 33,667 gross ton flagship Nieuw Amsterdam, queen of the Holland-America Line cruising liners, featuring luxurious lounges and salons, spacious decks, swimming pools, gay cafes and night clubs, quiet, immaculately kept suites and staterooms. Her social program has been planned by experts. Her world-famous menus and lavish buffets will be "conversation pieces" for years to come.

The cruise—well planned and well run—encompassing the entire Mediterranean—includes 2 days in the Holy Land (Israel), 5 days in Egypt, 2 days in Athens, 3½ days in Naples, 2 days on the French Riviera, 2 days in Southern Spain, 2 days in Casablanca, 2½ days in Lisbon. All this in addition to ample stops at the Canary and Balearic Islands, the Islands of Cyprus and Sicily, the African ports of Algiers and Tripoli, and through the Aegean Sea and the Bosporus to Istanbul, Turkey—to cover three continents.

Cruise membership is limited to half ship capacity so that all may enjoy rooms with private bath or shower. Luxury accommodations still available from $2300 to a cabin deluxe for $4700 per person, including return passage to New York.

Stopovers in Europe may be arranged. Shore excursions by American Express Company.

Holland-America Line

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

been phenomenal. As a sign of the times, an extraordinary advertisement has been appearing here, which, in translation, states, "In the presence of His Most Serene Highness Rainier III, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, and of the civil and religious authorities of the Principality, there has been inaugurated and blessed Télé-Monte-Carlo, the television station of the Côte d'Azur, now destined to become one of the most powerful stations of Europe"—probably the only television station ever opened by a reigning prince, and with prayers instead of with hoopla. Furthermore, the live programs put on in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées by the Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française and its Orchestre National, both of them owned and operated by the state, have been the only entertainments to pack that large house all winter. A rambunctious crowd turned up there last week for the première of Edgard Varèse's opus "Déserts," which was played by fifteen instrumentalists and five percussionists, with interpolations of prepared sound piped in on two loudspeakers. Varèse, a well-known figure in the old Paris ultra-modern-music days, says that the form of his new work is based on the fact that at the time Beethoven wrote his "Pastoral" Symphony, everybody was familiar with the sounds of purling brooks and rustling forest leaves, and that today electronically reproduced sounds, such as those made by factory machines or by riveters building a new skyscraper, are the natural familiar sounds and thus should set the symphonic style for contemporary music. It is difficult for one who still prefers the sound of purling brooks and Beethoven's "Pastoral" to give any adequate report on the Varèse music. It seemed carefully organized and patterned, like all good music; its bursts of strident disharmony, its instrumentation, and its rhythmic electronic additions appeared to be disciplined; and it required an undeniable extension of the aural system. "Déserts" roused more violent interruptive catcalls by those who did not admire it, and more stentorian enthusiastic applause by the many who did, than any other modern music heard in Paris this season. The fact that it was preceded on the program by Mozart's Overture in B-Flat and was followed by Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" was probably no assistance to it.

THE year has been coming to its end with especially rich modern-art shows for art lovers to choose

I want . . .

a classic hand bag in handsome non-crockable suede calf. Black or navy, 11"x 72", **$43.45.**
Decorated package with exclusive Jensen scents. 1 oz. sachet spray, two cakes guest soap, ½ dram perfume, **$4.70.**

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PL 1-2400

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22

Shining Bridesmaids
. . . a bright cortege
in dulcette acetate
satin in your own
color choice.
To order, $39.95.

From our collection for
BRIDES AND
BRIDESMAIDS,
fifth floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

86th ST. **Brauhaus**
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

Presenting a car of noble proportions, gallant and gay,
and born to rule the road in flashing style

Custom Royal Lancer

In every age, there are those who are not content with the humdrum, the commonplace.

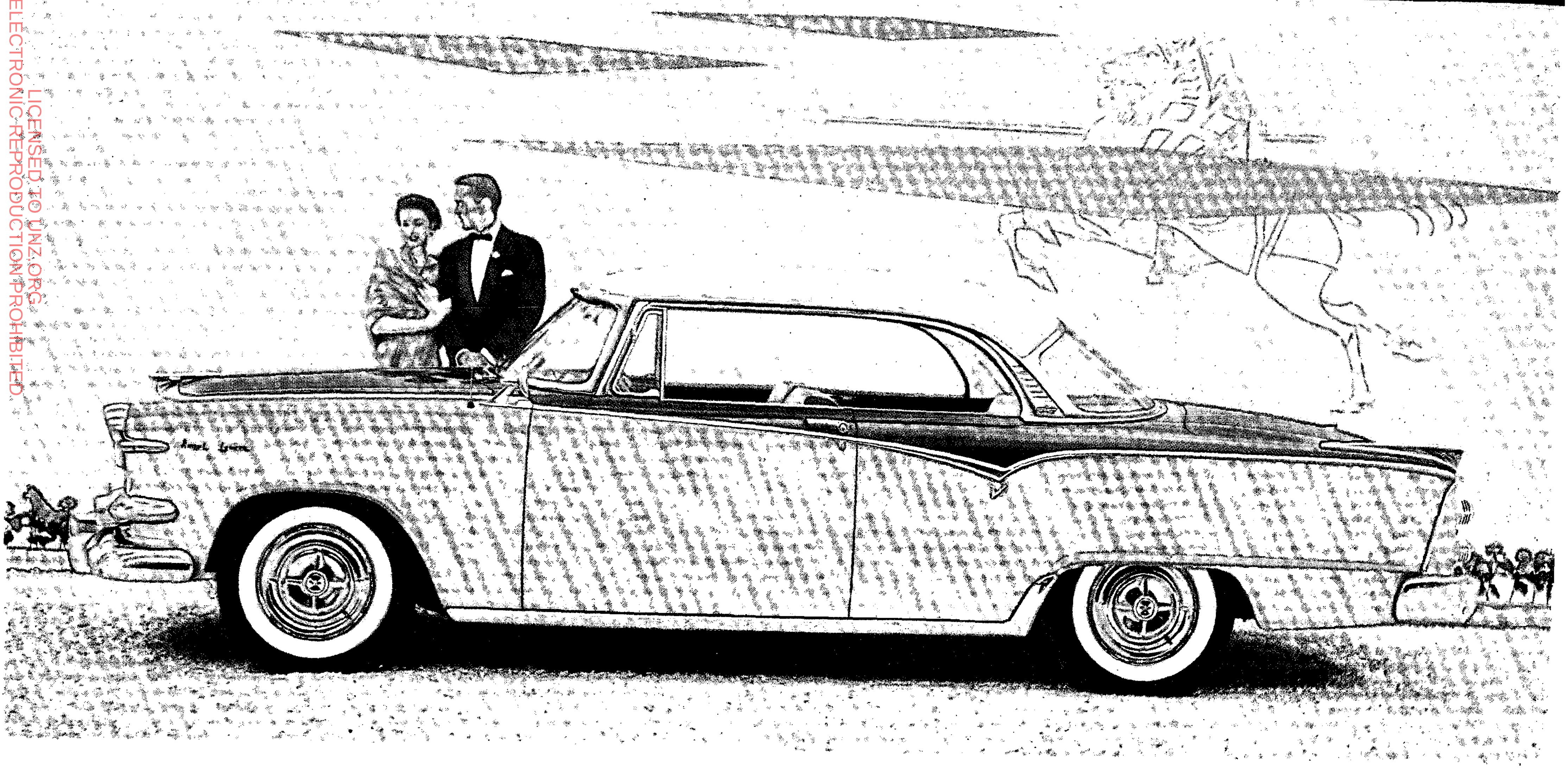
If you are one of these, the Royal Lancer speaks directly to your heart.

For here is a car that fairly breathes adventure. You sense it in the bold forward thrust of its hood, the rakish slant of the New Horizon windshield.

Its beauty is not calm and placid, but eager and alive. There is nothing on the road to challenge the distinction of your Royal Lancer by Dodge.

by DODGE

Take Command . . . Get the Thrill First Hand



Custom Royal Lancer V-8 in dramatic new three-tone styling: Heather Rose, Jewel Black and Sapphire White

SUDDENLY, EVERYONE'S DRINKING VODKA! No matter *where* you look these days, you're likely to find appreciative people sharing their newest, pleasantest discovery—versatile *Smirnoff Vodka*. With good vermouth—in your usual proportions—it makes the world's smoothest, smartest Martini—*driest of the dry*. It mixes politely in your favorite soft drink, or with orange or tomato juice . . . never shouts down a delicate flavor. It's smart to serve Smirnoff—*in more ways than one!*

it leaves you breathless . . .

® Smirnoff

THE GREATEST NAME IN **VODKA**

80 or 100 Proof. Distilled From 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

among, such as landscapes by Léger, ethereal paintings by Masson, giant mobiles by Alexander Calder, and religious-looking oils by Rouault—all of them characteristic and unchanged in style. When one looks back over the twelvemonth, it seems that there was only one show by a well-known artist whose recent work is remarkably uncharacteristic of him and thus creatively new. This was the exhibition some months ago, at the Galerie Rive Gauche, of works by Pavel Tchelitchew. They were cosmological designs, like the criss-crossing, interplaying latitudes and longitudes of an armillary sphere, the lines drawn with majestic security in elaborate mixtures of colored chalks. There were some highly complex designs that looked like the paths traced by celestial constellations. There were so-called portraits, consisting of circular and geometric lines that formed the continuity of the body's surface. On the whole, they had a meditative quality, seemed conclusive as solutions of compositional problems, and were as utterly unlike any other notable artist's output seen here this year as they were unlike what Tchelitchew himself used to paint. Some of these new works were bought for their private art collections by Gaston Bachelard, the noted professor of history and philosophy at the Sorbonne, by Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, by Princess Elizabeth Chavchavadze, and by three or four Rothschilds.

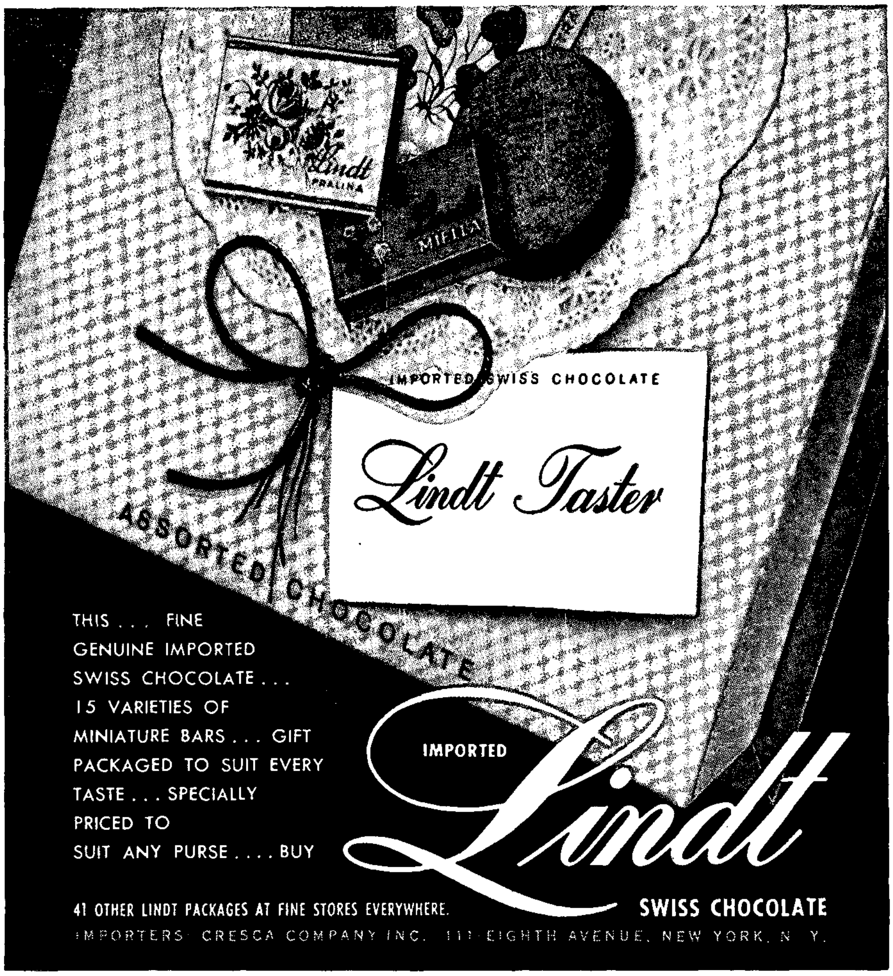
IN its weather, this has been a strange year indeed. It is ending with warmish air in December after a cold June. For Thanksgiving dinner, some Americans living near Paris plucked basketfuls of ripe red raspberries from their walled garden. For Christmas, if the genial late warmth holds, the French living on the Loire will have baskets of roses to put on their table with the Christmas goose. There have been unusually vicious windstorms—nothing like the American hurricanes named after girls but nevertheless blowing sixty miles an hour. The wheat harvest was larger even than last year's, and bread has just gone up in price. All Western Europe is more prosperous than at any holiday season since the war. *Heureux Noël!*

—GENÊT

•

THE BACK YARD IS A JUNK HEAP OF IRON PIPING AND RUSTY GRILLS AND FOUR GARBAGE CANS OF FLAXSUM AND GYPSUM. —*I.N.S. news dispatch on the Sheppard trial.*

Shipped in from Sodom and Dannemora?



IMPORTED SWISS CHOCOLATE
Lindt Taster

THIS . . . FINE GENUINE IMPORTED SWISS CHOCOLATE . . . 15 VARIETIES OF MINIATURE BARS . . . GIFT PACKAGED TO SUIT EVERY TASTE . . . SPECIALLY PRICED TO SUIT ANY PURSE . . . . BUY

IMPORTED Lindt SWISS CHOCOLATE

41 OTHER LINDT PACKAGES AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE.

IMPORTERS CRESCA COMPANY INC. 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SUN IS OUR BEST CUSTOMER

Millions of people (including several Kings) enjoy Bisquit* Cognac each day, but our largest consumer is the sun. Evaporation—in the aging process, drinks up thousands of bottles. But we profit—as this leaves Bisquit with character, vigor, and velvety perfection. You too will be a good customer when first you savor the delight of Bisquit—straight, on the rocks, in a highball.

**Say Bis-Kwee*
Since 1819

Bisquit Dubouché & Cie
Cognac
Grande Fine Champagne

80 Proof

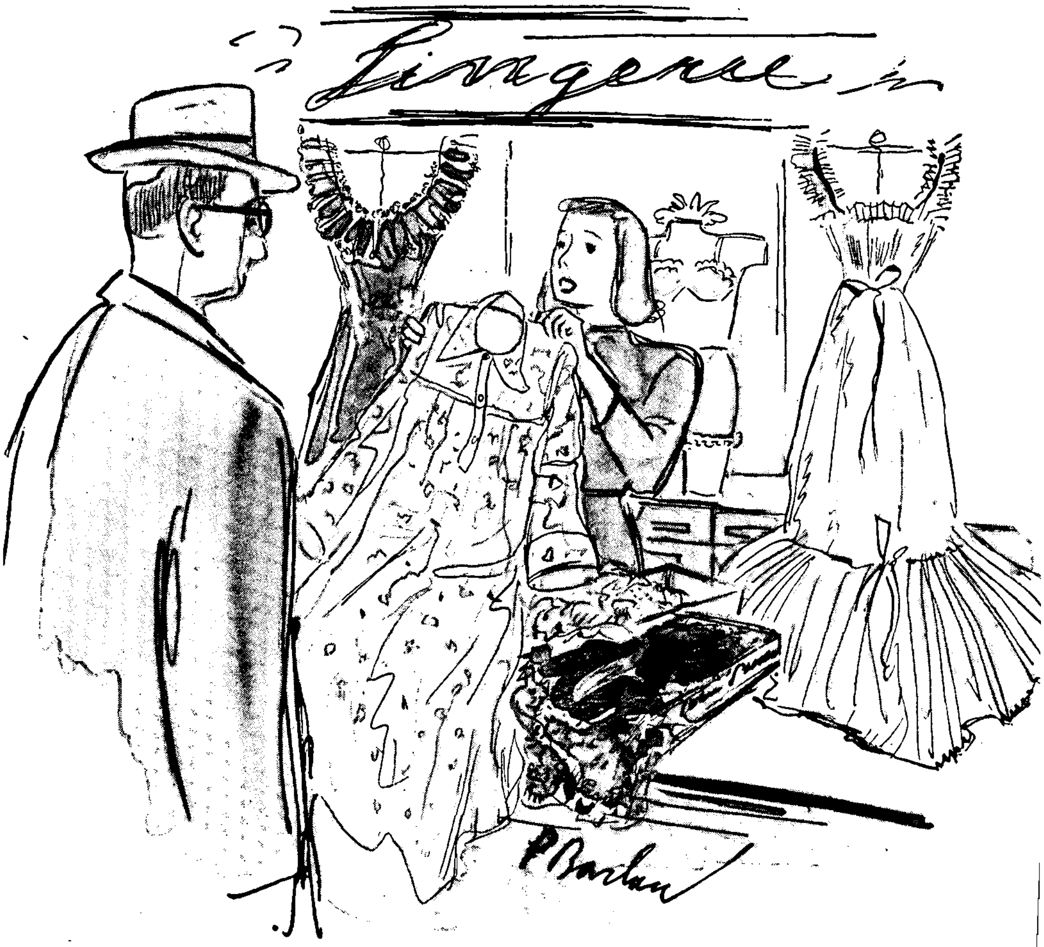
Sole U.S. Representatives SHAW New York 17, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

PERSEVERANCE is all it takes. Five weeks ago, well before the first frost, we burrowed into what seemed a formidable list of Christmas obligations, and here we are, bursting out at the other end, with time enough left to look back over the way we came and gather in a few ideas that escaped us earlier or that have cropped up since we passed. No doubt you've been adding last-minute names to *your* list, and we trust there's something for each of them in the conglomeration we're about to present. For the sake of orderliness, we've sorted all our suggestions into four batches, one each for men, women, children, and the house. As always, prices include federal taxes where they apply.

WELL, *at Christmastime* the young come first, and, with the reminder that two weeks ago we rattled off hundreds of toys, we'll start off by calling your attention to a few more. A foot-high elephant, with a white or gray fleece coat and immense ears, has come all the way from Paris to Duncan-Roberts, 107 East 60th Street, carrying a pink felt butterfly in his trunk; ears, butterfly, and all, he costs $16.50. . . . A fourteen-inch doll fashionably decked out in a flower-trimmed hat with a veil, a navy rayon taffeta dress, nylon net stockings, a ruffled white rayon taffeta petticoat, lace-trimmed rayon taffeta panties, and black pumps has a five-inch infant, just as suitably clad, fastened to her wrist by an elastic band. The mother, evidently not the permissive type, can shake her head but can't nod it, the infant can't so much as wiggle a finger, and the pair cost $12.95, at Lane Bryant, 465 Fifth Avenue (40th). . . . A four-inch Christmas tree strung with eight proportionately diminutive electric-light bulbs and intended to beautify the right of way of an electric train costs $1.98, at Hobby-Land, 25 Park Row, and an electric trolley, no bigger than your hand, that scoots along an O27- or O-gauge track costs $5.95. . . . If you want to furnish a doll's house for a fastidious young lady, Eric H. Pearson, 18 West 55th Street, is your man, for he has exact reproductions of Hepplewhite, Georgian, Queen Anne, and Duncan Phyfe furniture. To give you an idea, a Philadelphia chair, three and a half inches high and accurate down to the petit point, is $35, an eighteenth-century mahogany breakfront is $95, and a four-shelved mahogany William and Mary cabinet with glass doors is $59.50. . . . The Danish silver tableware for children at H. Nils, 1 East 58th Street, has handles strewn with red enamel stars; knives, forks, and tablespoons are $9.50 each, and teaspoons and pushers are $6. Matching napkin rings are $9.50. . . . There are children for whom a cash register might be just the thing, and Goldsmith Brothers, 77 Nassau Street, has a steel one, *about five inches square, that is really a* bank and won't open until ten dollars' worth of nickels, dimes, and quarters have gone into the till; then it pops open automatically. If the custodian is thrifty, he can shut the register again and save up another ten, and so on, up to fifty dollars. A dial keeps track of how much is in the bank, and the price is $3.59. A futuramic car, or at least that's what it is called, operates by remote control. It gives off sparks and, if properly rigged with a roll of caps, backfires riotously and sends ominous puffs of smoke out of its exhaust; $2.98. . . . A twelve-by-eighteen-inch box at Erik Wessman, 524 Madison Avenue (54th), contains a collection of stuff that ought to keep a little girl and her doll occupied for— well, for the better part of an afternoon. There's a candy lipstick, some beads and a length of nylon cord to string them on, scissors and some things to cut, a get-well card for a sick doll, a manual of etiquette entitled "The Polite Dolly," false noses, false mustaches, an eye patch, and heaven *knows what else*; all for $1.98. . . . And Alice H. Marks, 18 East 53rd Street, has a mammoth stocking—eight inches



"Or is this more her speed?"

#1316. In nylon lace and elastic, $16.50. White or black. Shown with Adele Simpson's new long torso line traced in lace.

Just extend yourself for fashion's sake...

A completely new version of that fabulous flatterer ... Warner's Merry Widow! Just luring you into that long, lovely line, so inviting and vital to today's Gentle Look.

And it's all subtlety, as you can see. Starting with the softest suggestion of curves, higher, more fragilely blooming. *Then,* flowing like champagne through an eased-in waist, a hip just ounces more controlled.

How does it look? How does it feel? Wonderful and as natural as breathing. For Warner's* has gentled *everything,* shaped this new line with just *a flutter of lace and nylon elastique.*

On sheer prettiness alone, you'll want to see this new Merry Widow soon. And you can, at so many of the nicest stores.

WARNER'S*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
new
Merry Widow

Beautiful holiday lace (rayon) over rayon taffeta! Two piece—soft, solid color tie. Pink, navy, black, 8 to 16, 39.95. Second Floor, New York. Write for our booklets: fashions for you ☐ and layettes ☐

Saks Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO
DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

Cuba's most luxurious resort
Only 5½ hours by air from New York, or by ferry from Key West. . . . Each room with private balcony, tiled bath. Superb hotel restaurant and room service. Theatrical stars . . . gaming Casino orchestras, pools, cabañas and *miles* of white sand, blue sea.

VARADERO Internacional

Color Booklets from Travel Agents or
HOTEL VARADERO INTERNACIONAL
270 Park Ave., New York 17
EL 5-3325

The Magnificent Gift

MOZART
Complete works for piano solo
WALTER GIESEKING

Angel Records

The price is $75.00

11 records, beautifully boxed

wide and nearly two feet long—that is made of red and green felt and decorated with bells, and will hold a very generous harvest of gifts indeed; it's $12.

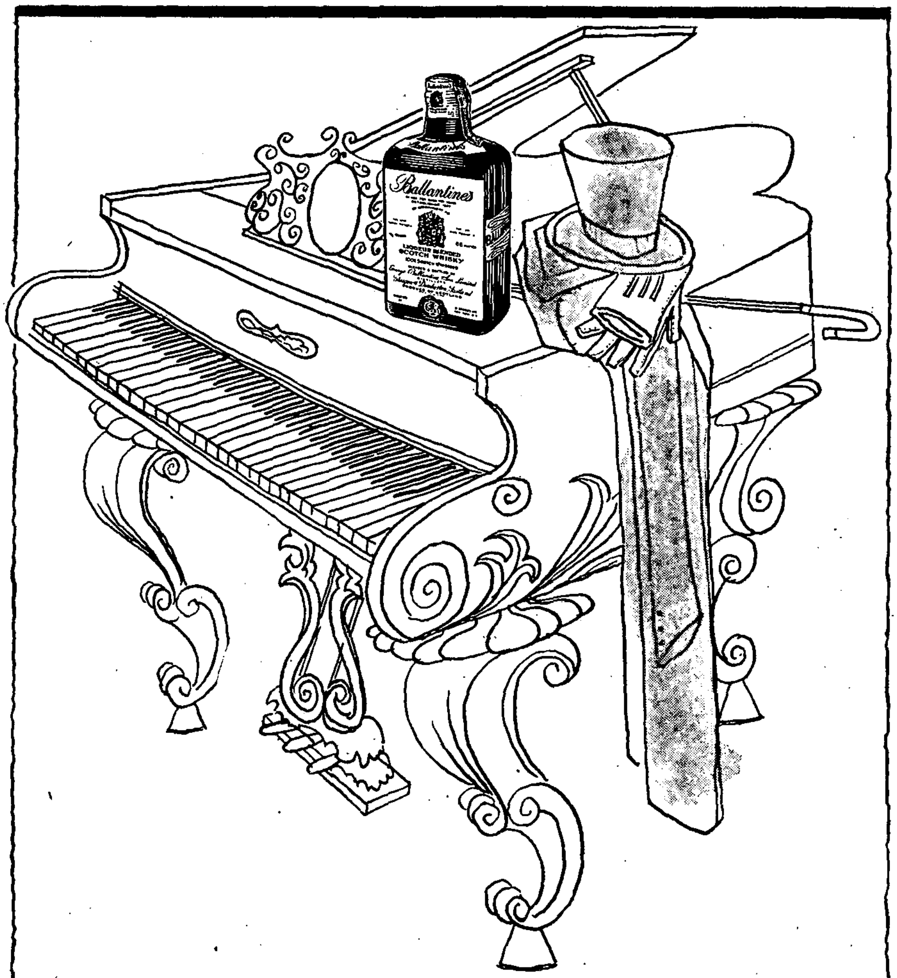
NOW for the women. Gunn & Latchford, 323 Fifth Avenue (32nd), uses very handsome Chinese and Japanese silk brocades to make small evening pouch bags, lined with plain satin, at $12.50. The same brocade also covers a flat jewel box, slightly over seven inches long, lined with velvet and satin ($4.50), and a larger and deeper jewel box (nine and a half inches long, seven inches wide, and three inches deep), which has a brocade tray inside that can be removed and folded up to take travelling ($15). . . . Did somebody say a fur muff-and-collar set? Jean Hermè, who is to be found on the premises of Sada Sacks, 671 Madison Avenue (61st), makes flat or barrel muffs and four- to six-inch-wide Pilgrim collars, fastened with taffeta ties, from the following furs: red fox ($82.50), black-dyed Kamchatka fox ($93.50), silver fox ($110), Norwegian blue fox ($137.50), and arctic white fox ($165). . . . At this point, we feel obliged to record the fact that at Canine Couturier, 315 East 55th Street, there are pure silk pajamas with eyelet embroidery and pink ribbon ties at the neck and waist, for dogs who spend a good deal of time in their mistresses' beds, and shed; $15 and a three- or four-day wait, because the pajamas are made to measure. . . . Things Unlimited, 253 East 57th Street, puts an approximately nine-by-twelve-inch blackboard in a frame covered with striped cotton upholstery tape or braid, making it presentable enough to hang up beside a desk or telephone. A piece of pastel chalk is attached to the frame by a silvery cord; $2.50 or $3.50, depending on the quality of the trimming. Also available here are snug, good-looking wool knit hoods that can be draped in various ways; these cost $3.50, in a number of colors, including black, beige, and bright red. The same hoods trimmed with miniature gold-metal pears, fabric leaves, or embossed gold-metal and silver-metal discs cost from $5, if the trimming is discreet, to $20, if it's lavish. . . . For a woman who spends a lot of time driving, Barra, 519 Madison Avenue (53rd), has tan kid gloves, the backs of which are scooped out from knuckles to wrists, to give the wearer more freedom at the wheel; a wrist strap with a snap fastener keeps them on, and if it's warmth she wants, buy her a heater for the car. The gloves are imported from Italy, and their price is $8.50.

The United Nation's Gift Center, in the General Assembly Building, has a collection of arts and crafts from forty-odd nations. There's Bidri ware from Bedar, India—dark-gray gunmetal inlaid with sterling-silver floral patterns and made into button earrings ($3.30), round pillboxes ($4.40), and ashtrays ($2 to $12). Gay evening belts from Pakistan are two-and-a-half-inch bands of black velveteen hand-embroidered with gold-metal and silver-metal cord that isn't supposed to tarnish but responds quickly to dry bread crumbs if it does; $11. Graceful brass candlesticks from Sweden curve up and out from a single stem into a V; $4. Solemn glass angels with bowed heads and outstretched arms holding candles are hand-blown in far-off California; barely three inches high, they cost $3 each. . . . The Museum Shop, at the American Museum of Natural History, also has a collection of native handiwork from all over the world. To give just two examples, Mexican pendant earrings, shaped like stars, are made of abalone shell set in silver ($3.58), and some bookmarks from Indonesia are made of thin, perforated buffalo hide painted with gold floral designs ($1.25). . . . Real Sioux Indian beaded buckskin moccasins are to be found at the Plume Trading & Sales Co., 155 Lexington Avenue (30th). They cost from $15 to $25, depending on the elaborateness of the beading; furthermore, if somebody on your list thinks she can make better Sioux Indian beaded buckskin moccasins than the Sioux, you can fix her up with a Craft-Kit filled with the makings, for from $1.25 to $3.95.

If given two days and $7.50, Ye Olde Treasure Shoppe, 1 West 8th Street, will make to order a two-and-three-quarter-inch-wide belt of dull brass, fastened with a shiny brass hinge. The dull brass is filigreed in a Florentine diamond design, and although it was originally intended to go around lamp bases or fireplace fenders, it looks very good around waists. . . . A woman who likes to carry several hats with her when she travels may take kindly to one of the hatboxes devised by Cauman, 153 Lexington Avenue (30th). These are covered with East India cotton prints, shellacked and dusted with gold, and have a beaded carrying chain. A ten-inch box in a multicolored allover pattern costs $7.50; an eleven-inch box with a frieze of printed tigers, elephants, or horses all around it costs $8.50. . . . Fashions for Girls, 956

Madison Avenue (75th), is a shop that copes with the complicated sartorial requirements of the female teen-ager. For our part, we'll confine ourselves to evening jackets. A reversible one—fake white broadtail on one side and black rayon velvet on the other—with long, loose sleeves that can fold back if the wearer wants to show off either the lining or a pair of long gloves is $25, and a plain black rayon velvet jacket in the same style can be had for $17.95. . . . Something Oriental? Lily Chu, 10 Doyers Street, has silk brocade waistcoats in sober or flamboyant colors and fastened with small, neat frogs ($14.95), and silk-and-cotton kimonos from Japan in stunning brown, blue, or brown-and-blue designs ($12.50), while Quong Mee Yuen, 16 Pell Street, offers a dark-blue three-quarter-length coat of stout cotton, which also has frog fasteners and, moreover, washes beautifully; just the sort of tidy thing to wear at untidy tasks like bathing the baby ($12.50). . . . At Countess Mara, 338 Park Avenue (51st), you'll find some exquisite silk shawls in white, pale-blue, pale-green, tan, or purple monotone Paisley patterns; these are four feet square, have eight-inch hand-knotted fringes, come from Italy, and cost $50. . . . And now for a parting hint: If the lady whose Christmas stocking you are in charge of stuffing has a passion for costume jewelry, you could do far worse than head for the jewelry counter at S. H. Kress. Prices begin at eleven cents, for a pair of perfectly acceptable pearl-button earrings, and soar on up to sixty-five cents, which will buy gold-metal hoops, tiers of tinkling bells, and goodness knows what all.

WE submitted our major roster of household presents a month ago, but quite a few minor items have turned up since, and we'll lump them all together here. First off, a fireplace present, and a very ingenious one. It is simply a heavy, hollow brass poker about four feet long, and you can not only stir up a fire with it but blow through it to stimulate the blaze—a task it does with spectacular success. Called Blo-Poke, it costs $7.95 at Lewis & Conger or Hammacher Schlemmer, or ordered direct from its maker, William T. Burt, of Salisbury, Connecticut, who promises delivery in New York City in two days, with no extra charge for postage. . . . At Alfred Orlik, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), there's an impressive wooden crèche, eleven inches high, surrounded by tinted ceramic figures, about five inches high, of the Madonna and Child,



You're so well received when you bring

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Here are several examples of forte. One, of course, is the piano-forte. But more important, we show the unique forte of Ballantine Scotch for making itself at home wherever it is presented. After the seal is broken, the reasons for its warm reception (and for its giver's) are only too evident.

Masterfully blended of premium Scotch whiskies, aged in ancient oaken casks, Ballantine's Scotch is extremely light, though mellowed to an unusually subtle bouquet. Renowned for its continuity of flavor for more than 125 years, Ballantine's sets the standard for Scotch throughout the world.

For The Best of Quality The Crest of Quality

86 PROOF

THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE "21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK CITY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.

VISA
DE
ROBERT
PIGUET

FAMOUS IN FRANCE
NOW AVAILABLE IN AMERICA

Visa

PARFUM DE

ROBERT PIGUET

AT THE FINEST STORES
IN LIMITED SUPPLY

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

Joseph, the Three Wise Men, a shepherd, a donkey, a cow, and a couple of lambs. In the back of the crèche is a music box that plays either "Silent Night" or "Ave Maria;" $25. Colorful hand-blown fish are embedded in heavy white Venetian-glass oddments, such as a paperweight ($8.95), a cigarette lighter ($19.50), an ashtray with a pestle ($12.50), a globular cigarette container ($12.50, and it'll hold a dozen), and a five-and-a-half-inch inkwell, shaped like a bottle, with a plain Venetian-glass stopper ($12.50).... A good-looking Christmas decoration that might well be left hanging from the ceiling all year is a candle chandelier—a slender wrought-iron ring, sixteen inches in diameter, at George Kovacs, 872 Madison Avenue (71st). It's suspended on twine and supports six candleholders, which are nothing more than seven-inch lengths of wire with a lightweight brass cone at one end and a bright-colored wooden ball at the other. A kink in the wire catches onto the wrought-iron ring, a candle fits into the cone, and that's that. The whole business, not counting the candles, weighs less than half a pound and, still not counting the candles, costs $7.... Seven fat paper carp of various sizes are suspended by white cords from bamboo strips in a Japanese mobile at Jasmine, 63 East 56th Street. The paper the fish are made of is anything you choose from a selection of two hundred and fifty-six hand-stencilled Japanese papers; $3.50, and a two-day wait if the paper you want isn't already made up into carp.

At Pygmalion House, 10 West 55th Street, are ivory animals hand-carved in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. A horse three and a half inches long and three inches high, with an intricately carved saddle and stirrups, costs $9, while a hippopotamus eight inches long and four inches high, with no extraneous trappings, costs $56; the Sudanese sell these pieces by the weight of the ivory, and talk about the labor involved is to them but the buzz of flies around their ears.... A hand-carved wooden Swiss chalet, five and a half inches square and meant for a child's bedside table, houses a Swiss alarm clock that chimes "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" when it's time to get up; $16.50 at the Swiss Specialty Shop, 756 Lexington Avenue (59th).... Signorina Eugenia, 544 Madison Avenue (55th), has a lot of heart-shaped Florentine leather boxes—red, brown, and green, and all trimmed with gilt—big enough for a pair of cuff links or a small supply of stamps; $2. A miniature copy of an eighteenth-century gesso chest, gilded and painted with Renaissance designs, has six drawers for jewels, cigarettes, and such; about seven inches high, and $20.

People who like to make their own Christmas-tree decorations can buy all the essentials at Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), where, of course, ready-made trimmings also abound. Eight colored glass balls, tubes of red, yellow, and white paint, a bottle of paint thinner, a package of glitter, and a brush come together in a set for $2. Balls and bells made of that snowy-looking stuff called styrofoam cost a dime each, and trimmings for them—fake pearls, bugle beads, sequins shaped like snowflakes, and so on—cost from fifteen cents to sixty-nine cents a package.... A choir of pixie-eyed angels, nearly a foot tall and looking determinedly ethereal in pink or white goose-down robes, have imitation-pearl heads and wire bodies and cost $5 apiece at, of all places, Temptations, 107 East 60th Street.... The angels at the Greenwich House Pottery, 16 Jones Street, are made of brightly decorated clay, and so are stars, bells, trees, birds, cherubs, snowflakes, and gingerbread men, all of them designed by star pupils at the Greenwich House Pottery School and ready to hang on the Christmas tree; they cost from thirty-five cents to a dollar.... Esther Gentle, 51 Grove Street, has taken a large selection of five-by-seven-inch French prints by Braque, Dufy, Matisse, and Klee, dressed them up like a million dollars, and sells them for just one dollar and a quarter. They are sealed between clear plastic and a fibreboard backing, and thus protected from dust, humidity, and the rest of it. A dark border sets them off, and there's a tab at the back to hang them up by.... In the Contemporary Shop at Hammacher Schlemmer are fat-bodied, slim-necked decanters of white Italian earthenware, variously labelled "Brandy," "Scotch," "Gin," "Rye," and "Wine;" each eleven inches high and $11. Fat, old-fashioned earthenware

cookie jars that don't need labels, because they couldn't be mistaken for anything else, are seven and a half inches high, have hand-painted lids, and cost $5. A gold- and silver-flecked black metal tray, twenty-three inches by twenty-nine, is attached by rubber suction cups to plain black wooden legs, which are twenty inches high and can be folded flat; $25. And a clockwork contrivance that clamps to the side of a pan and holds half a dozen eggs in boiling water precisely as long as you want (it can be set for any time between one minute and five) costs $9.95. . . . A puppy can be kept *out* of hot water as long as you want in a collapsible play pen, forty inches square and twenty-nine inches high, that has screened sides, plastic casters, and a waterproof Masonite bottom; $37.50 at the Poodle Specialty Shop, 971 First Avenue (53rd).

The junior member of a vast flotilla at Boucher Ship Models, 36 East 12th Street, is a construction kit that contains the makings of a Star Class sailboat, complete to the last brad. The finished product is twenty-eight inches from stem to stern and carries four hundred and four square inches of sail; $12.50. . . . A wicker basket about the size and shape of an automobile tire sliced down the middle, but much handsomer, is divided into five sections and will hold practically anything—an entire picnic, say, or enough canapés for quite a crowd. This costs $20 at Stark-Valla, 1 West Eighth Street, where you'll also find a tiny set of teak-handled brass implements for indoor gardeners—a spade, a rake, a dibble, and a pair of scissors, all fitting, like pens in a penholder, in a small brass cup ($19.50). Christmas-card transparencies, reproducing stained-glass windows at Chartres, Sainte Chapelle, or Notre Dame, or details from them, are mounted in plain white folders; small ones are fifty cents and big ones are $1. . . . At Hanlan Associates, 129 Macdougal Street (3rd), is a three-pointed white ceramic centerpiece, whose nine-inch points curve upward and almost meet overhead, thus forming a receptacle that will hold fruit, flowers, a candle, or—and very effectively—nothing; $18.95. A fine aluminum ladle, thirteen inches long, becomes an accurate scale when it is perched on a low base that comes with it; with graduations on its shaft up to seven ounces or two hundred grams, it costs $7.50. . . . Tracy Schernikow, 164 East 56th Street, is the Fort Knox of the hooked-rug world. Hooked rugs are stacked chin-high here, and the only things they have in common is

W
E
S
EXTRA DRY
Gancia
ITALIAN
DRY VERMOUTH
FRATELLI GANCIA & C.

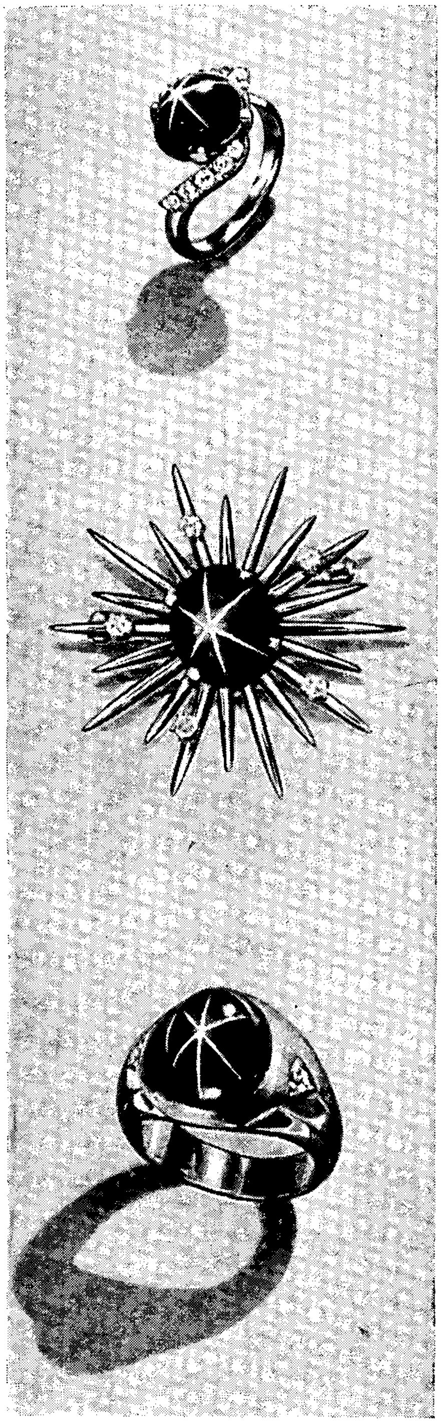
NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST

DRY or SWEET

GANCIA
VERMOUTH
IS BEST...

for star-bright, real dry
martinis, perfect manhattans.
Also try it straight
or on-the-rocks.

Since 1850
Gancia
IMPORTED
VERMOUTHS • CHIANTI • SPARKLING WINES
SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVES MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC. NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



THE GIFT OF A STAR . . . A LINDE STAR

LINDE Stars reproduce the breathtaking beauty of nature's finest star sapphires and star rubies.

These masterpieces of scientific synthesis are now available, in limited number, at your jeweler's.

There is LINDE Star jewelry for you. Price will depend on size of jewel and your selection of setting.

LINDE is a registered trade-mark of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

age (mostly about a hundred years) and high quality. They range in price from $35, for a multicolored rug four feet long and thirty inches wide, to $1,800, for a floral design, ten and a half feet square, from Maine. That should dispose of the hooked-rug question for this Christmas. . . . Now for the *esprèsso*-machine question: The assortment at Casa Lamanna, 208 East 59th Street, begins with a simple aluminum pot ($1.65), and ends with a stupendous chrome-plated electric job that will make two cups practically instantaneously and, what's more, convert *caffè espresso* into *caffè cappuccino* in a matter of seconds if you put cream in the coffee cup and set the cup in a niche near the bottom, where the cream is whipped while the coffee dribbles in ($145). An old-fashioned Parmesan grater, made of wood, has a spiked wheel inside and a hand crank outside, and the grated cheese lands in a drawer at the bottom; $9.95. A cook who trusts nothing that comes in a package would almost surely be delighted to put her own *pasta* into a contraption here that looks like a music box but cranks out macaroni; $19.95. . . . A sort of funnel-shaped Japanese charcoal stove at Katagiri, 224 East 59th Street, is made of cast iron painted gray and set on a black wooden stand for table use indoors or out. It has a folding grill on top, for whatever is cooking, a removable grate, for holding the charcoal, and a draft at the bottom, for removing the ashes, and it comes in three sizes—ten, twelve, and fourteen inches in diameter, at $10, $15, and $25, respectively.

An inspired convenience for flower arrangers turns up at Audrey Jocelyn, 223 East 58th Street—a centerpiece made up of nine free-form oval hoops nested, like a collapsible drinking cup, around a free-form oval base. This arrangement can either lie flat on the table, looking decorative, or be converted into all sorts of interesting and curiously shaped bowls. The largest hoop is seventeen inches long and eleven wide, and if a smaller centerpiece seems a good idea at the moment, just take away a couple of the larger hoops. The price is $16, in walnut, mahogany, or black-lacquered hardwood. . . . As a sideline to custom-made lamps, Susan Rogers, 207 East 66th Street, carves various conceits out of wood and gilds them—a fat rose, for instance, three inches in diameter, that opens up into a velvet-lined jewel box, and costs $33.50. . . . A buffet outfit at Helen Cole, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th), starts with a quart-size white pottery casserole that

Remember that big family, Santa!

You know how breakfast can bog down when people want more toast than the ordinary toaster can turn out. This new "Toastmaster" Toaster keeps pace. It delivers up to three slices at a time. Features "Toastmaster's"* exclusive Power-Action. Takes the bread right out of your fingers—and gives it back perfectly toasted. Light, dark, or in-between. See your dealer now for this unique big-family gift.

$39.50

NEW Toastmaster

3-SLICE

*TM Reg. SUPER DE LUXE TOASTER

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

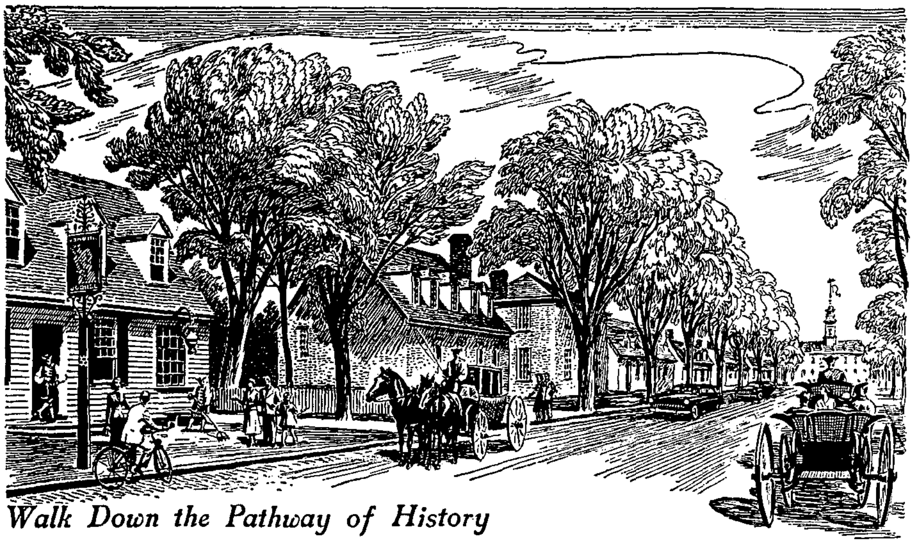
"Gasparilla Island"

. . . natural Florida beach setting on the Gulf for the modern Boca Grande Hotel. No glitter or tinsel; JUST Florida's finest fishing, golf, swimming and outdoor fun. NY office, ph: WH 3-0573; color folder, etc., write: C. N. Gehring, Mgr., Boca Grande, Fla.

BOCA GRANDE HOTEL

stands on a gold-metal candle-heated trivet and has a gold-metal lid, at $10. Then, there's a sixteen-inch white pottery salad bowl on a gold-metal base, accompanied by a white plastic serving spoon and fork with gold-metal handles, also at $10, and a pair of bulbous white pottery salt and pepper shakers with half-inch gold-metal collars, gold-metal handles, and gold-metal spray heads, at $6 for the pair. A carrot-colored ceramic carrot is the handle of a child's fork, and a pea-pod-colored ceramic pea pod is the handle of a child's spoon; $4 for the set. A blue metal flowerpot filled with artificial mistletoe sits quietly until it is wound up, whereupon it plays a tune and three butterflies flutter above it on practically invisible wires; $15.

An honest-to-goodness gingerbread house is on hand in a place called the Little Shop of Edythe Meserand, 1034 Lexington Avenue (73rd). Ten inches high, its sugar-ice roof dripping sugar icicles, this edifice is landscaped with gumdrop evergreens, marshmallow bushes, and crystallized-fruit flowers, and there's a peppermint wreath on the door and a sugar-ice snowman in the yard. Everything is edible except the smoke coming out the chimney, which is cotton. All this for $35. . . . The shop of A. L. Brandon, 852 Lexington Avenue (64th), is brimming over with all kinds of old-fashioned Christmas trappings, such as lacy gilt butterflies, silver-paper harps, *fin-de-siècle* paper angels, and elaborately fretworked motto cards reading, "Have Kindly Thoughts of Me." These come in sets—three or four harps or angels to a set, say, and the sets cost thirty cents and fifty cents each. Advent calendars, as you probably remember, have twenty-four numbered doors and windows, one to open on each day of December, right up to Christmas Eve. Inside each opening is a tableau that, when the calendar is hung



Walk Down the Pathway of History

in *Williamsburg*
VIRGINIA

"THE most historic avenue in all America"—Williamsburg's famed Duke of Gloucester Street. Enjoy the present and the past in this completely restored colonial city. Here the clock has been turned back revealing the life and times of the 18th century. Fine lodgings available in modern hotels, colonial cottages, and restored taverns.

Williamsburg Lodge & Taverns • Double from $6.00
Williamsburg Inn & Cottages • Double from $10.00

Write direct or contact Reservation Offices—New York: 630 Fifth Ave., Tel. CIrcle 6-6800, Washington: 910 17th St., NW., Tel. Republic 7-8114.

Make Any Occasion
An Occasion with—

Great Western
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE

"*Champagne,*" they'll say, "*how extravagant!*" But Champagne is surprisingly inexpensive. And it makes any occasion—whether you're having a dinner, a reception, or a dancing party—something special. Great Western Champagne makes any occasion *an occasion*. Always Ask for it by Name—say "Great Western."

And for the perfect cocktail, try Great Western *American Cocktail Sherry*

OTHER GREAT NEW YORK STATE WINES BY GREAT WESTERN

PORT
CLARET
TOKAY
CHABLIS
SWEET OR DRY VERMOUTH
SAUTERNES
RHINE WINE
BURGUNDY
TAWNY PORT

Made by the Makers of Great Western, America's Largest Selling Champagne

Send to our Wine Counselor, Mrs. Charles D. Champlin, for our special free booklets on serving wines: "Candlelight Dining," and "Punches by Great Western."

Original Cellar Entrance 1860

Cooler By The Sponge Rubber Products Co.

Great Western
WINES SINCE 1860

COPYRIGHT 1954 BY THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, RHEIMS, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK
NEW YORK OFFICE 250 PARK AVENUE PLAZA 8-1203

GIFTS AND GREETINGS...

FROM ENGLAND

JAEGER

F. A. MacCLUER, INC.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 160 EAST 56 STREET • SHOWROOM: 501 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

ALMADÉN
Brut
A NOTABLE CHAMPAGNE
Almadén Brut Champagne is clean, well-balanced, exquisitely delicate—and very dry!

FREE Quarterly News on wines and recipes. Write
ALMADÉN VINEYARDS, LOS GATOS, CALIF.
ALMADÉN
Brut
CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

against a lamp, looks exceedingly gay. Of course, December 1st is the time to buy these, but most children we know would be happy to open all the windows at once. The calendars cost from thirty-five cents to $1.25, the latter price buying a fancy, three-dimensional table model. . . . An eleven-by-fourteen-inch clip board meant for doing crossword puzzles on and accompanied by a magnetized pencil is covered with Italian or Swiss paper hand-blocked in one of a great variety of patterns; depending on the paper, it costs anywhere from $5.85 to $7.50 at the Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd). . . . A three-minute egg timer, made of glass and encased in a polished brass stand, is three inches high and doesn't time eggs at all; it times your turn at the Scrabble board. This costs $2.50 at the Yolanda Saylor Boutique, 149 East 53rd Street. . . . There may be problems this Christmas that can best be solved by the timely presentation of a live sea horse, in which case we direct you to the Midtown Aquarium, at 41 West 43rd Street, where there is a small stock of the creatures on hand. They are about three inches long, cost $9.98 each, and must have a constant supply of salt water and a daily ration of either live guppies or finely shredded shrimp. The store can supply all the necessary information and equipment—even the live guppies.

HAVE we forgotten anybody? Oh, yes—the men. Well, there's always a book or a tie, but if you'd prefer to make it something else, here are a few ideas. A horseman? Miller's, 123 East 24th Street, has a riding raincoat of lightweight Egyptian cotton, with straps at the knees to keep it from flying, a flap to cover the cantle, air vents under the arms, and rubber lining everywhere; $29.50. Newmarket boots from England, with tan calfskin bottoms and canvas tops, are also $29.50, and a nice wall mirror, a trifle over a foot long and a trifle under a foot wide, with a horseshoe-shaped chromium frame, is $23.50. . . . Knox, 452 Fifth Avenue (40th), offers gray, green, blue, or brown fur-felt hats with brims less than two inches wide, which isn't wide at all, at $20, and if these hats don't seem quite adequate, there are hats of a luxurious felt made from the belly fur of the beaver, at $100 flat. Another commendable item here is a sturdy, full-skirted Burberry, made of hand-woven Irish tweed, with either raglan shoulders or set-in sleeves, and either a balmacaan or a notched col-

We Hope You've Traveled

Unless you have experienced an explorer's world, you may not realize how unique is this Bahamian island paradise of Cat Cay. Fifty miles across the Gulf Stream from Miami, thirty minutes by plane, is splendid isolation in the most civilized yet unspoiled "Eden" in existence. Golf, skeet and trap shooting, tennis, beautiful beach and pool, deep sea and reef fishing, and so much to enjoy.

The Cat Key Club each year invites a limited number to use its facilities. No one can become a member the first year.

Reservations by application only. For booklet, write
H. W. Rawe, General Manager,
Cat Cay, Bahamas,
P. O. BOX 1191, Miami, Florida.

Cat Cay
BAHAMAS
Open All Year

The Gift For Him
WALL STREET
FOR DISTINGUISHED MASCULINE APPEAL
The finishing touch in his grooming

Buy Direct from the Perfumer!

PLEASE MAIL ME THE FOLLOWING POSTPAID
☐ WALL STREET SHAVING LOTION $1.50
☐ WALL STREET COLOGNE........ $1.80
I enclose $________ for payment
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________ ZONE____ STATE____

MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

the ONLY NEW YORK HOTEL overlooking the EAST RIVER... UNITED NATIONS ...the entire City. Discriminating guests say "it's New York's best hotel value". Single $4-8. Double $8-16. Suites $12-22. Special weekly rates. Write for Booklet N.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL
Exclusive Beekman Hill—49th St. & 1st Ave.

lar; $115. . . . A truly regal belt, with a clasp that is a rectangle of heavy gold, is available at Charles Dell'Amore, 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd), and the price is regal, too; $75 in light or dark pigskin and $85 in black or brown alligator. . . . All right, then, an inch-wide belt from Italy, of black or brown lizard sewn onto calfskin, has a neat narrow harness buckle, and costs $9.50, at Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street. . . . There's a plastic thermometer at Parker & Battersby, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, that's meant to clip to a car window, for $1.19, and a barometer that's meant to be carried by a fisherman (fish feed less when air pressure drops, and it pays a fisherman to know when it does), for $9. . . . A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd), has a weatherproof all-nylon windbreaker, with two pockets, and warm knit nylon making the cuffs and collar; $8.50. . . . A double Scotch-and-soda costs—who cares? We're off to get one. Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a good night!

•

"We went steady while I was in Germany," Pier said. "But then I had to come back to Hollywood, and he stayed there in the army."

When he was discharged and returned to MGM, she was romancing with Kirk Douglas. He dated other dolls, including Jack Benny's daughter, Joan.

The Douglas episode blew over. Recently she fell under the spell of James Dean, the Brando-like actor who starred in "East of Eden." She had gotten him to wear neckties, and it looked like a serious thing. They were dating as late as week before last, when he escorted her to the "A Star Is Born" premiere.

Meanwhile Damone played the field and had an occasional date with Pier. Then he had some time off from "Hit the Deck" and invited her to the bar across the street from the studio.

"Vic ordered champagne. He also turned on a record we used to listen to over there. Right in front of everybody, we got up and started dancing."

Cutting out some of the mushy details, let me add that he suggested they get married that night. She said she couldn't; she had a date with another man at 7:30 (I wonder who that hapless soul was). But she agreed with him in principle. Everything seemed ideal.

The pair went home to tell her mother—"and she fell off her chair."

The actress has been in a spin ever since. A week ago, at 8:30, she was due at the studio for a test with Vincente Minnelli. Come 8:45 and she was still in bed staring at the ceiling. The studio phoned frantically and she leaped out of bed. A cop nabbed her for going through two red lights and speeding in a 25-mile zone.

Ah, love! See what it can do? Or can you remember?—*Bob Thomas in the Passaic-Clifton (N.J.) Herald-News.*

Certainly. Makes you wear a necktie.

Informal Provincial... genuine walnut. An open-stock group. For booklets showing furniture of all periods, send 25¢ to Henredon Furniture Industries, Dept. N123, Morganton, North Carolina.

HH
Heritage Henredon
fine furniture

(Name of nearest dealer sent on request.)

VERMOUTH
EXTRA DRY
LEJON

Columnist Earl Wilson keeps his martinis **dry** *with*

LEJON EXTRA DRY **VERMOUTH**

A man of taste is Earl Wilson. He chooses the vermouth judged best among *all* brands entered at America's two major vermouth-tasting events this year. Best *dry.* Best *sweet.* We think you'll judge Lejon best too.

***P. S.** Ever taste a dry Brandy? Remarkable! Only Lejon makes it. Lejon DRY Brandy.*

SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA • DRY OR SWEET • PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

"First Choice in France... and in the world!"

MARTELL
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

MARTELL

Cognac Brandy

More people in France (in fact, more people throughout the world) drink MARTELL than any other Cognac. And who knows Cognac quality better than the French!

Imported from COGNAC, FRANCE *by*
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 84 PROOF

A CURTAIN RISES

WHEN the nineteenth century was drawing to a close, my father one day gave me a celluloid button to pin on my jacket. He told me the words on it were "Boost McKeesport—The Tube City!" I do not believe any of my twenty-eight thousand fellow-residents was temperamentally more disposed to speak well of it than I. But as I was then quite a small boy, I was ignorant of those merits of our town that my father, a founder of its Booster Club, was prepared to communicate to any listener. I could not boast that McKeesport, Pennsylvania, the Home of the National Tube Works, outstripped the rest of the world in the production of iron pipe, was the fastest-growing city in the Monongahela Valley; and might one day be as big as Pittsburgh, fifteen miles away. I willingly wore the button, but except for inviting all I met to look at it, I took no part in stimulating McKeesport's growth.

Privately, I had not the faintest concern about its magnificent future. I was highly satisfied with its glorious present. By my standards, McKeesport was a metropolis unlimited in area and population. Pittsburgh was only a nebulous place people often went to on the trains that arrived and departed, usually under my personal supervision, several times a day at the B. & O. depot across the street from where I lived. A block away, the railroad tracks crossed Fifth Avenue, our busiest thoroughfare, and when long freight trains stopped to shift cars, it paid to dash down there and, as the traffic block became prolonged, watch people get mad and carry on. Later, many a citizen, on encountering a group of little boys, wondered what made them suddenly shriek at each other, fling their arms about in mock fits of rage, then stop suddenly, filled with uncontrollable merriment. McKeesport was a fine place in which to be seven years old.

My home was the Hotel White, where I lived with my parents. The reason we lived there was clarified for me when my friend Murray Miller, the day clerk, explained the meaning of "P. J. Connelly, Prop." on the hotel letterheads. I was aware that P. J. Connelly was my father, but theretofore I had accepted the deference shown him by the staff as part of a natural order of things, which included his authority over me.

We lived in McKeesport partly because my father's parents, his married sister, and numerous other relatives were in nearby communities. My father had been born in Pittsburgh. When he was twenty, many of his friends encouraged him to exploit his pleasing bass-baritone voice professionally. Armed with letters of recommendation from former teachers and several unqualified eulogies from admirers who did not reveal that they were also affectionate aunts and cousins, he presented himself to the manager of a touring stock company. The manager listened to my father's singing and to one or two dramatic recitations. As the company needed a young man to do odd jobs, my father was hired, and an hour later found himself distributing handbills. By the time the troupe left town, he had proved himself generally useful and was taken along.

The company prospered. Within a few months, my father was doing many of the managerial chores, playing small parts, and performing in the olio—the between-the-acts entertainment, in which members of the cast showed their versatility by singing, dancing, and exchanging banter. After a year, the company disbanded in New York. My father learned that the fabulous Steele MacKaye, the dramatist, painter, lecturer at Harvard and Cornell on aesthetic philosophy, actor, and inventor (he had recently initiated overhead stage lighting), and the most powerful influence in the American theatre, was interviewing promising newcomers. My father saw him and got a job as assistant manager of one of the three New York theatres MacKaye had founded—the Lyceum, on Fourth Avenue at Twenty-third Street. The theatre changed ownership a year or so later, and my father resumed his career as an actor. In 1886, he was playing juvenile leads in a resident repertory company in Boston.

ONE morning late in that year, Marcus Carlon Cook, an affluent merchant, was enjoying his breakfast with unusual zest in his residence on Beacon Hill, and reading the *Transcript's* comment on the election to the House of Representatives of his friend and colleague in the Massachusetts legislature, Henry Cabot Lodge. Presently, Mr. Cook's wife entered the room with another announcement: Their eighteen-year-old daughter Mabel would not be breakfasting with them that morning. The opening lines of a letter she had left for them on a dressing table stated that she had decided to elope with Joseph. For a moment, the stunned Cooks could not identify Joseph, but the succeeding lines of the letter made his identity excruciatingly obvious. He was That Actor.

Months before, Patrick Joseph Connelly had appeared at teatime, on Mabel's invitation. After his second call within forty-eight hours, Mabel had been told that despite a proper introduction in a friend's house, he was not welcome in hers. Any performer on the stage, particularly one whose parents had been Irish immigrants, was hardly a desirable acquaintance. The letter provided one meagre grain of comfort: Mabel was not joining the Roman Catholic Church; Joseph had no objection to her remaining an Episcopalian.

The elopers left Boston immediately. For a time, the Cooks wrote no replies to the affectionate letters Mabel sent from different inland cities. Their chilled affection grew icy when Mabel wrote that she herself was acting. But eventually theatrical criticisms clipped from newspapers in several large cities prompted a reappraisal of the runaway. A girl who could elicit such wide respect for her portrayal of the title role in "Hazel Kirke" obviously had artistic genius her parents had never suspected. And if her husband, now the manager of the company she was in, was as devoted as every letter she wrote implied, perhaps they had been hasty in their first judgment of him.

In Pittsburgh, the undiminished love of all the Connellys for young Patrick Joseph assuaged the pain of his marriage to a non-Catholic. At the end of the theatrical season, welcome greeted the couple when they made filial visits to Pittsburgh and Boston.

The Connellys' stage careers ended abruptly the following year in Duluth. My father was again managing their touring company, and they had their three-month-old daughter with them. The baby died suddenly of pneumonia. Their anguish was intensified by self-reproach for having subjected her to the hazards of travel. They wanted another child, so they quit the stage and settled in McKeesport. I was born there about a year later.

I WAS very young when my father bought the Hotel White, and have only a few, wispy memories of my ex-

For the resort—the most natural fashion that ever happened. Pure linen Kimberley cloth in a jacket that falls like a sweater, in a skirt that fits like a dream. Jacket and skirt in Sahara natural, sizes 8 to 18. $55.* Blouse of white linen. $16.95*
At *Bonwit Teller*, New York
and *J. L. Hudson*, Detroit.

B.H.Wragge

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

In Paris--and New York--it's
"CINZANO ON THE ROCKS"

CINZANO
CINZANO

IN PARIS' La Tour d'Argent or in New York's chic restaurants, Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Hartford* enjoy "Cinzano on the Rocks." It's the smart way to drink Cinzano and, of course, Cinzano means vermouth on the Continent. If you like your drinks full-bodied, rich, smooth — order Cinzano Italian. For a drink that's dry and light, just brilliant — order Cinzano French. Cinzano Italian or French "makes" your favorite cocktail. Established 1816. Imported by Cinzano, Inc., New York, N. Y.

**He's the famous producer. She (Marjorie Steele) stars in "Sabrina Fair" in London.*

Imported from CINZANO Italy and France

the **diamond** feat of the season

SHIRT-MATE colors *inside* the diamonds *plus* contrast-stitching *across* their edges, and behold—argyles you can wear to business with perfect equanimity. In year-round, "California Weight," 4-ply mercerized Durene cotton. Colorfixt® — will not run or fade. $1.00 at leading men's and dept. stores. For name of nearest one, write: Esquire Socks, Dept. Y, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y.

NEXT TIME, ASK FOR
California Weight
ARGYLES
exclusive with
ESQUIRE SOCKS®
"the smartest thing on two feet"
DIV. OF C.H. ROTH CO., INC.

When your guests request

MANHATTANS!
MARTINIS!
OLD FASHIONEDS!
GIBSONS!

Serve the world's finest...

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
Cocktails

COCKTAILER
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
MANHATTAN
Cocktail

look...even the Garnish is included

just Ice ...and Pour!

Certainly the Best!

- MANHATTAN (66 proof)
- MARTINI (70 proof)
- OLD FASHIONED (75 proof)
- GIBSON (75 proof)

The Aristocrat Co., Baltimore 1, Md.

istence prior to our moving there. But by the time I became the owner of the Booster Club button, fumbling but increasingly frequent impulses to relate thought to experience were giving me highly personal opinions. These early views of life were often askew and out of focus. The world, for all I knew, automatically closed up shop when I went to bed. That there might be any after-hours activity never entered a mind too busy establishing its own existence to consider the doings of other people. But one night I learned that life had much to offer after 8 P.M.

It was probably about seven when the adventure began. To my bewilderment, I found myself donning my best day clothes instead of my nightgown. I heard my father anxiously declaring that we must hurry, and my mother told me we were going to Pittsburgh. I may also have been told the reason for our journey, but if so, I did not listen. The knowledge that I was not in bed and that we were going on a train was so delicious that at the moment I had no appetite for other considerations. In the booming confusion of childhood, trifles are more impressive than occasions. I vaguely remember the train trip and a subsequent ride in a horse-drawn cab that took us to our destination.

We entered a strange building. In a room even larger than the lobby of the Hotel White, a man stood beside a door, his fingers pressed to his lips, cautioning silence. My father whispered, "Has it been up long?"

"About half an hour," the man replied.

We went through the door and up a flight of stairs, and I was again cautioned not to speak as a man led us to a small cluster of empty chairs that stood in near darkness. The dim light and the murmur of subdued voices somewhere near us suggested that another of my many Connelly relatives had died. (The funeral services of my father's mother recently had been held in the first Catholic church I could remember visiting. The difference between its gloomy interior and that of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, in McKeesport, with which I was familiar, had impressed me.) I asked who had died. My mother whispered that no one was dead, and bade me sit quietly beside her.

The position of my chair enabled me to peer over a plush-covered balustrade that curved around us. On our right was a colossal painting, which stretched from a remote ceiling to the floor. It

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE LEANING TOWARD

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel" (IT'S FABULOUS)

Every room at least 14'x22' with **individual large screen console TV, air-conditioning,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and **bathroom extension phone.** All luxurious hotel services. Just around the corner from Grand Central, both Airline Terminals, most shops and theatres.

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, just East of Park Ave., New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—May we send you a brochure?

THE Pearson CHICAGO

A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Just a whisper from the Lake!

Hotel **PEARSON**
190 EAST PEARSON STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

For Relaxation

THE PERFECT VACATION

Single folks or the whole family can relax and live economically at this Florida tropical island resort. Stay at *South Seas Plantation*, off the West Coast of Florida, Gulf of Mexico. Open year-round. American Plan. Hotel or Cottage accommodations.

SOUTH SEAS PLANTATION
CAPTIVA, FLORIDA

INQUIRE AT YOUR TRAVEL AGENCY FOR RESERVATIONS

was too dimly lit for me to see all its details, but at the bottom of it there was a soft glow of hidden lights. In the semi-darkness, I could make out the forms of people down below us and others in a sort of choir loft suspended in the air on my left. Seemingly, my parents and I were in something like the pulpit in which the Catholic priest had stood when he spoke to God about my grandmother. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light, I could see that the people sitting below us were conducting themselves much more informally than did the congregation on Sundays in St. Stephen's. Nor were the pews in which they sat like any I had seen. Instead of forming straight lines, they nestled one behind another in arcs. Surveying the choir loft on my left, I saw that it extended from wall to wall, and that its occupants—not one of whom wore choir vestments—filled all the embanked rows of seats, which receded up into complete darkness. Except for the people whose heads were turned to chat with neighbors, everyone, downstairs and up, was facing the painting. I half expected a Catholic priest, or the Reverend Dr. Rosenfield, of St. Stephen's, to appear and conduct whatever formalities were imminent.

I did not await either the clergy or the ritual with any eagerness. For several months, I had been a member of the St. Stephen's choir, and I had grown blasé about the parts of the service in which I had nothing to do but sit still. Conversation at such times was forbidden, and although in our informal meetings I found Dr. Rosenfield a pleasant enough associate, he had no attraction for me when officiating. Hence, during the tedious stretches on Sunday mornings when my elders watched him at work, I studied members of the congregation. (Some were interesting enough to merit weekly observation—old Mrs. Harper, for instance, who was a Daughter of the King. Dr. Rosenfield, a fairly reliable informant, had once told me that the impressive plaque near the vestry door listed the names of several ladies of the parish who were Daughters of the King. Mrs. Harper was the only one I knew personally, and it was worth while to study her big, round body and her little black hat and ponder the fact that, while she looked like almost anybody, and sold candy in her little store up on Huey Street, she was also a princess, whose father had a kingdom somewhere. It was not until after I had been admitted to the Junior Brotherhood of St. Andrew, at the age of ten, that I learned the Daughters of the King

(*Advertisement*)

A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Only a Bigelow carpet can give your office the distinction, comfort and quiet so important to an executive. Special designs, textures and colors available. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Bigelow, Number 1 name in Carpets.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

The one BEST Martini ... the Booth's "House of Lords Martini"

BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S
"HOUSE of LORDS"
The World's Finest DRY GIN
Imported from England

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Pronunciation Guide

to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

your Quality Guide to all these wines is the name

B&G

The finest wines of FRANCE

By BARTON & GUESTIER, *Established 1725*
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York City.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

were members of another Episcopalian society.)

I was still gaping at the strangers about us when those who had been chattering with inappropriate frivolity suddenly softened their voices. Their faces were being bathed in a new, warm light. I turned my head toward its source, and found that the gigantic painting had disappeared completely. I was staring at a bakery—a large, cheerful-looking bakery, framed in darkness. It was open for business and bustling with activity. I recognized the bakers by their hats and aprons, though their short pants and colored stockings were unfamiliar. The clothes of the few women in the shop were peculiar, but easily ignored; I knew ladies everywhere wore anything they wanted to at any time.

The male customers, however, differed from any male adults I had ever met. Almost all wore swords that resembled those our McKeesport soldiers had held up for us to admire as they marched past the reviewing stand after setting Cuba free. The high boots the customers strode about in implied that they might be fishermen, but it was hard to picture them wading after pickerel in the Monongahela dressed in those fancy long coats and the big plumed hats they had obviously borrowed from their wives. However, no one in the bakery made fun of them, and as there were other oddities to observe, I soon accommodated myself to their appearance.

A boy and a girl of about my own age came into the bakery and bought some small but appetizing cakes. When the principal baker hunted for something to put them in, each paper bag he picked up had writing on it, which he said he wanted to keep. A lady—I assumed she was his wife—scolded him for being so selfish and made him put the children's cakes in one of the bags. The children started to leave, but when they reached the door, the baker ran after them and, since the lady wasn't looking, offered them several more cakes if they would give the bag back to him. They accepted the offer. As they went away, I noticed in the rear of the bakery two large windows, which looked out on a sunny street. Almost simultaneously, someone in the bakery remarked that it was a glorious morning. I recalled that it had been nighttime when my parents and I left the cab a few minutes previously, but I was not disconcerted. I accepted the rearrangement of time as a mildly noteworthy, but no doubt common, local practice.

The bakery filled with more customers. One of them caught and held

Make your next
Canadian Vacation
an adventure in modern
Travel-Living

Wherever you go in Canada there is smart new comfort on Canadian National Railways. Hundreds of new passenger cars, the most modern type of equipment, now brings you the things you've wanted in train facilities and accommodations no matter what your budget.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Ask about Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

Offices in principal U.S. cities or Passenger Dept., 360 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

created by Grace Rush

MARTHA ANN FRUIT CAKE

At selected dealers

90.4% Fruits and Nuts
9 Different kinds of Fruit
5 Different kinds of Nuts

3 lb. Dark $5.50 plus 83c postage
2 lb. White $4.50 plus 55c postage
higher in west

Grace A. Rush, Inc.
OAKLEY • CINCINNATI 9, OHIO

Flowers, anyone?

Naturally you'll be ordering Holiday flowers from your favorite local florist . . . *But* when you're *wiring* flowers to the San Francisco Bay Area . . . specify PODESTA BALDOCCHI and be sure of the finest, always!

Podesta Baldocchi
"America's Most Famous Florists"
224 Grant Avenue • San Francisco, California

my attention. He was tall and dashing, and did not seem to mind the fact that he had an abnormally long nose. Nor did those about him pay any attention to his nose. They listened to everything he had to say. Now and then, some of the people below me and in the choir loft laughed while he was speaking. As nothing being said in the bakery had meaning for me, I could only suspect that his nose had something to do with the mirth, which he disregarded except when, occasionally, he had to stop talking with his friends until the noisy hilarity of the people in the pews died down.

Soon I had attention for no one but him. My mother's periodic reminders not to fidget ceased. He was hypnotically engrossing as he strode about appearing to defy the world—a little ridiculous with that long nose, yet at the same time brave and noble.

MY enchantment was abruptly broken by a horrifying convulsion of nature. Though I had been undisturbed by a twelve-hour displacement of the sun, I now quailed at what was happening before my eyes. A wall was descending, descending from nowhere, and before anybody could lift a finger in self-protection, it had obliterated the bakery and every soul in it. I turned to my father for an explanation. He and my mother had lost their wits and were clapping their hands. The next moment, an explosion of sound struck me from behind. I spun around and leaned over the rail of our pulpit. Everyone on our side of the wall, the people below, and those in the choir loft were all clapping. Some had begun to cheer. Every second the wave of hysteria grew wilder. I was witnessing conduct even more unbridled than one saw on Friday afternoons when the Market Street school let out. Here was something that baffled understanding; a multitude of grownups were wildly acclaiming an appalling disaster.

I turned back to my father, confused and a little frightened. "Look at the stage," he said, pointing to where the bakery had been. I looked. Incredibly, the wall was rising from the ground. As it did so, the bakery reappeared, undamaged, with everybody who had been in it standing there without a scratch. The two children had returned and, like all the others, were smiling at us. I, too, now joined the hubbub, my own clamor prompted solely by the miraculous return of the bakery.

My quick adjustability to any circumstance made the second descent of the

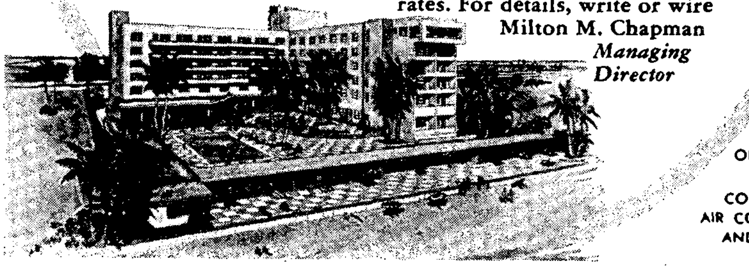
Slender
AS A SILHOUETTE . . .

MOVADO

Elegant simplicity combined with scientific accuracy and dependability . . . that's Movado's new, ingenious *shadow-thin* watch design. This luxurious Movado watch keeps you on time with the newest and the best in watch-making.
14K *Gold, 17 jewels, man's or woman's, $185. Fed. Tax Included.*

WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1954 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 44 King St. W., Toronto, Canada



MIAMI BEACH

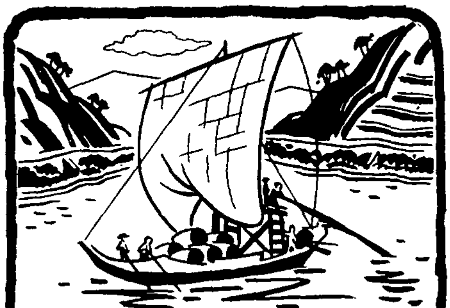
A great, new oceanfront resort . . . designed to ease the tensions of today's high-pressure pace . . . providing every thoughtful facility and service for relaxed and sociable suburban living. In exclusive Bal Harbour Village adjoining Miami Beach.

☆ FEATURING: Delightfully private bathing beach, full-size pool, spacious cabana colony. Superb dining room and open terrace. Solarium, sports deck, ample parking. Planned entertainment and social program . . . plenty of good, wholesome fun!

THE NEW Bal Harbour HOTEL

On the ocean at 10101 Collins Avenue. Direct access on through routes to all beach and mainland attractions. Moderate rates. For details, write or wire
Milton M. Chapman
Managing Director

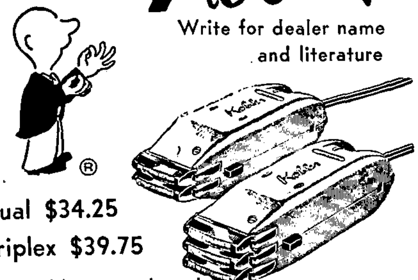
OPEN ALL YEAR
COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED AND HEATED



Huntington
FINE TAWNY
PORT
"The Dessert Wine with Character"
Treat your guests to traditional "port after dinner". They'll love it — especially if the port is Huntington.
IMPORTED from PORTUGAL
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., N. Y.

IMPORTED
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
Huntington
FINE TAWNY
PORT
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
PORT

For better shaving switch to Kobler®
Write for dealer name and literature
Dual $34.25
Triplex $39.75
Adaptable to any beard and skin. Even closest shave without irritation.
Kobler Shaver Co., Lynbrook, N. Y.



give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

wall less terrifying, and the wall became only an irritating nuisance when it persisted in first hiding the bakery, then soaring away again as the din continued. At last, during one of its withdrawals, my long-nosed idol magically arrested its return by holding up his hand. His former companions had now all run away, leaving him alone.

He stepped to the forward edge of the bakery, and looked about at the noisemakers. Everyone quieted down. I thought he was going to scold us. His searching eyes momentarily glanced in my direction, and I half expected to hear a reproof addressed directly to me. Instead, as soon as we were all silent, he smiled and, in a voice much gentler than the one he had been using before, said he was not there merely to thank us for approving his efforts. He hoped we were going to be generous enough to do something he had never asked of an audience before and probably never would again. He said it might be a test of our endurance. Among us was an old friend of his, whom he had met shortly after coming to America from England, many years before. His friend had wanted to witness tonight's performance but had arrived too late to see it begin. This was the test: How many of us were willing to allow him and his company to replay the part his friend had missed?

There were little gasps of surprise and delight, followed by great thunderclaps of laughter and applause. I stood up with everyone else. We passed the test unanimously.

Since then, the stage and much of its mechanics have become familiar to me. What I have learned has substantiated my early feeling that going to the theatre is like going to an unusual church, where the spirit is nourished in mysterious ways, and pure magic may occur at any moment. It is also pleasant to recall that the feeling first stirred my mind the night Richard Mansfield twice played Act I of "Cyrano de Bergerac" for my father, because of a belated B. & O. train from McKeesport.

—MARC CONNELLY

•

Those "dog days" are here again—much to the chagrin of most Darien residents—and Dog Warden Francis H. Foreit has served notice on owners of roaming canines that their pets will be impounded. Mr. Foreit explained that this is one of those times of the year, a "mating season," when dogs are addicted to roaming the streets in packs.—*Darien* (*Conn.*) *Review*.

They'll quiet down as soon as Christmas is over.

Voila!
It'll taste better with

ESCOFFIER SAUCE!
Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive — and *worth* it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.
SAUCE DIABLE—Piquant, sharp and zesty . . . does wonders for fish and meat!
SAUCE ROBERT—uniquely spicy yet smooth . . . a must for steaks, chops and poultry.
SAUCE MELBA—the *heart* of fresh raspberries . . . a wonderfully rich dessert sauce.
Imported from England.
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 New York

THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE

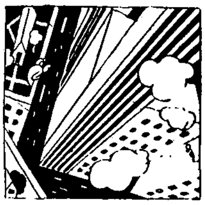
It's SEA'LICIOUS®
A NEW TASTE THRILL!
Made with luscious tender oysters, creamery butter and fresh milk.
So good for you!

Hilton's
DELICIOUS
OYSTER STEW

Made FOR MEN
(*but what woman can resist it?*)
Men like the spicy tang of St. Johns Virgin Island Bay Rum after shaving because it's so masculine. Women admire it for the same reason! You'll find St. Johns in this distinctive hand-woven container at better shops everywhere. Try it!
ST. JOHNS BAY RUM
M. W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Ave., New York
U. S. Agent

THE SKY LINE

Charivari and Confetti



BEFORE saying all the hard things I feel must be said about the new Olivetti showroom, on Fifth Avenue between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets, I shall preface my remarks with a paean to modern Italian architecture. Even in the period of Mussolini, a reasonably perceptive eye could detect, amid the official architectural nullities of the period (none of them more deplorable, however, than our classic Triangle in Washington), a considerable amount of able modern work in Italy, and some conspicuously good engineering, such as Nervi's stadium, and especially its grandstand, in Florence. There was a moment when even Mussolini, before he was taken in hand by the Austrian house painter, cast a beneficent eye on modern architecture as an expression of that love for the mechanical and the violent that Marinetti had celebrated in his Futurist manifesto. It was a bad reason for approving modern architecture, but at its empty worst, under Fascism, Italian architecture nevertheless had the cold order of an urban background in a painting by de Chirico, and at its best, under the guidance of men like Alberto Sartoris and Ernesto Rogers, it promised to outstrip what the Germans had been doing in the twenties and the French in the thirties. That promise has been more than made good in the last decade. The main hall of the railroad station in Rome—I am not fond, though, of either the restaurant or the attached office building—is one of the most dramatic and aesthetically satisfying interpretations of function and construction that can be seen anywhere.

Among contemporary Italian works of industrial art, the Olivetti typewriters and adding machines, by consensus, deserve a high place, and they also deserve a showroom that has some of their qualities and is correspondingly free of affectation and of visual violence. That is what the newly devised Olivetti foothold, on the ground floor of the remodelled building at 584 Fifth Avenue, is not. The most important feature of the bowed-in show window that additionally serves as an entrance is a wooden door that reaches from the floor to the high ceiling and yet is so nicely hung that it opens easily. But this door is pretty well hidden from the outside by the massive exterior building column that punctuates the façade of this slightly preposterous venture. At that, the two best touches are exterior ones. The first is the horizontal metal sign, slung between this column and the north wall of the structure, and placed lower and nearer the eye level than most Fifth Avenue signs; the firm name is spelled out in clean letters punched out of the metal. The second is the typewriter mounted on a conical pedestal of malachite, out in the open—a friendly invitation for anyone who passes to try the machine. This fully justifies the otherwise not especially legitimate device of the bowed-in show window.

Once through the door, one is in a high room with a blue ceiling (could this be the sky?) and a green malachite floor (could this be the ocean?). And if the answers are yes, what are the sky and the ocean doing, even symbolically, in this emporium? Between ocean and sky hang a number of lamps whose large glass sugar-loaf shades bear broad, smudgy horizontal stripes; these lamps are neither lovely to look at nor congruous with the rest of the décor. Two other objects compete here for attention—a rather clumsy flight of stairs (placed at an odd angle, for no discernible functional or aesthetic reason) leading to a mezzanine that hovers over the rear of the shop, and the south wall, which is of sanded plaster extensively and elaborately modelled in low relief by Constantino Nivola and is, considered as a detached work of art, an effort of considerable interest. Such a wall could be the making of many rooms, but this does not happen to be one of them. Unlike the great gilded screen toward the rear of the second floor of the recently completed Manufacturers Trust Company, a couple of blocks farther down Fifth Avenue, this decoration puts the rest of the room in its shadow.

And where, among all these schemes for bewildering the seeking eye, are the typewriters and adding machines? Those for prospective customers to try out are ranged on a shelf along the south wall. A few are mounted on conical malachite stands distributed about the room, or on a low, crescent-shaped table toward the front of the shop, or on a sort of Ferris wheel placed at right angles to the north wall. This wheel is fed by a conveyor belt that ascends from the basement. All in all, the architects have managed to put into one small showroom specimens of all the main epochs of modern architecture—Victorian mechanism, arts-and-crafts

With Revolutionary Machine . . .
End Copying Bottlenecks Automatically
A Low Cost Complete Photocopy Department All In One 20 inch Unit
All Electric! No Installation!
APECO SYSTEMATIC Auto-Stat
Right in Your Own Office Photocopy Anything Written, Printed, Typed, Drawn or Photographed in Less than 45 Seconds
Solve the problem of handling your paper work in a hurry with the new Apeco Systematic Auto-Stat. With this quick copying machine, thousands of firms have eliminated 35% of all typing and actually cut paper work in half. Anyone can operate it . . . just flip a switch and any papers, opaque or transparent, can be copied in seconds no matter if printed on one or two sides. It's low cost, too . . . priced within the budget of the smallest business.
Lifetime Service Guarantee with Every Apeco Auto-Stat
Send for NEW FREE Book
Find Out How You Can Save Time and Money in Your Business . . . .
By Expediting Shipping and Receiving with Auto-Stat Copying.
By speeding up Production and Engineering with Auto-Stat Copying.
By cutting office paper work in half with Auto-Stat Copying.
American Photocopy Equipment Co.
1981 W. Peterson Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.
Rush me without obligation your new book the "Auto-Stat Story." I understand this is a report on Auto-Stat copying and shows how this machine can increase the efficiency of any business.
NAME______
FIRM______
ADDRESS______
CITY______STATE______
In Canada: APECO OF CANADA, LTD., 134 Park Lawn Road, Toronto, Ont.

Ca
with
sapphire eyes
$51.00*

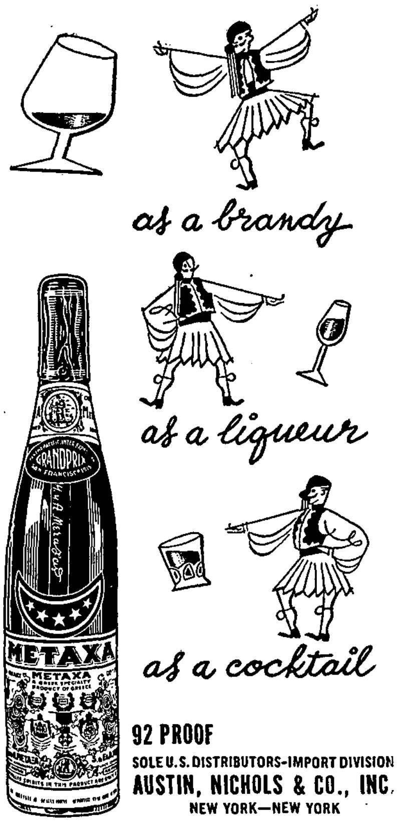
Poodle pin
with
ruby eyes
$51.00*

IN 14 KT GOLD

Olga TRITT
18 East 57th Street, New Yor

*Federal Excis

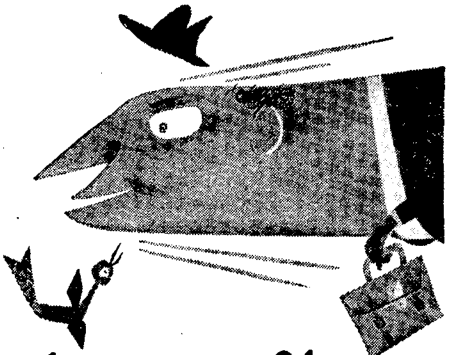
METAXA
GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER


as a brandy
as a liqueur
as a cocktail

92 PROOF
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS-IMPORT DIVISION
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

decoration, International Style purism, and even Surrealism. Strangely, the architectural group that produced this mélange is, by reliable report, one of the best in Italy, and the only plausible explanation of these aberrations is that its members imagined they were doing justice to the spirit of New York in the modern age but had confused Manhattan with Coney Island. As a mere showpiece, the shop has, as I have been pointing out, a variety of features that capture the eye. Even the moving belt, though a childish device, claims one's attention, and so do the conical pedestals, growing as smoothly out of the floor as they would in a Dali landscape. But these features do the wrong thing for the wrong purpose. The one purpose of this showroom should be to give a buyer a chance to study the Olivetti machines in peace, without the nervous competition of many other objects.

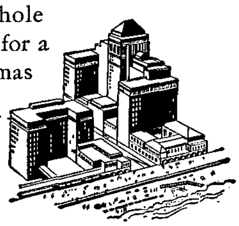
The problem of designing the room was not essentially different, apart from differences in scale, from designing the Manufacturers Trust Building; they are both, in essence, showrooms, and both seek to attract attention to their products and their services. In the bank there is a formal and a functional harmony between its various parts; however pleasing the ranks of green foliage, however glorious the golden screen, they do not unduly divert one's mind from the business in hand. But there is nothing in the Olivetti showroom that provides so much as a hint of the singular combination of technical skill, productive efficiency, aesthetic taste, and social responsibility that makes this firm one of the most interesting industrial enterprises in the world. Perhaps the architects were not at fault; quite possibly, the design was a publicity director's concept of "humanization," and the Olivetti company merely repeated the mistake made by the Penguin Books people when, coming to America, they temporarily abandoned their distinctive covers for the tawdry, nondescript jacket they must have thought was typical of America and attractive to Americans. In a way, the conflict between the simple functional requirements of this showroom and the aesthetic hodgepodge it actually is could do honor to the architects. It could indicate the uneasy belief—becoming more and more widely shared by at least the younger generation—that no architectural design is complete that does not recognize certain feelings which are omitted by the calculus of the machine. Unfortunately, the human touch cannot be achieved with a simple slice of decoration; that was the


heading to Chicago?
Convenient to everything in Chicago is the **new** SHERMAN. It's just a few steps to theatres, important office buildings, the great Marshall Field Department Store and other "Loop" landmarks. Here you will also find the world-famous College Inn Porterhouse for the best steaks in Chicago... The equally famous Well-of-the-Sea, for seafood inimitably prepared and served... *And you can drive right into the SHERMAN, the only drive-in hotel in the "Loop".*

The NEW SHERMAN
CHICAGO'S MOST CONVENIENT HOTEL
RANDOLPH, CLARK and LaSALLE STREETS
Telephone: Franklin 2-2110 • Teletype: CG-1387

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

GIFT IDEA
Why not be a real Santa Claus and bring the whole family here for a long Christmas weekend with all the trimmings.


CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 64 years
Write for illustrated folder

serious mistake of the old Art Nouveau movement, half a century ago. To find the human key to the Olivetti design, the architects would have had to say to themselves, "If I were buying a typewriter or an adding machine, what would make it easy for me to try out the various models and come to a decision?" There is presumably a pleasant architectural answer to that problem, and I am confident it involves neither colored lampshades nor conical display stands nor sophisticated sand modelling.

THIS indecision as to what constitutes the "human" and the "organic" in architecture was apparent at the beginning of the Victorian period, and because the problem was never posed in its fundamental terms by either the traditionalist architects or the progressive engineers, that period remained a mass of unresolved contradictions. Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock's new two-volume "Early Victorian Architecture in Britain" (Yale) gives an extensive and detailed analysis of the Victorian dilemma, or at least provides the material needed for the analysis. These two volumes—the second consists entirely of illustrations—are perhaps the first work that does not attempt to treat Victorian architecture as a grim joke or as a guide for amateur decorators intent on a revival of "The Ottoman and the Whatnot," to recall Roger Fry's prophetic essay. That Hitchcock turned to this subject after a long career concerned with the development of modern architecture is not a mere caprice of scholarship, for many of the problems the architect faces today date back to the very beginning of the Victorian period. As the author wisely remarks at the end of his introductory chapter, "The twentieth century certainly has no right to patronize the nineteenth."

"The richness and vitality of the total Victorian story" is what interests Professor Hitchcock, and he tells that story with the lavishness of detail that belongs to the Victorian novel. This tale must increasingly concern the present generation, if only because the architectural parallels between the two periods have lately become almost as striking as their divergences. The first experiments in iron and glass for office buildings and railway sheds raised problems similar to those posed by recent structures that have atavistically gone back to these materials. The Victorian experiments with polychrome decoration, in painted metal and colored tiles, have been repeated in

There are 2000 speakers in the
new Columbia 360K* phonograph

*K stands for Kilosphere, an exclusive Columbia development that adds 2000 speakers to the famous "360" sound. Listen to it. You will hear a quality of living, breathing sound that is unexcelled in the entire world. $149.95. *(Slightly higher in South and West.)*

Designed and Engineered by
COLUMBIA RECORDS
Ask your dealer for free booklet describing the new 1955 Columbia Phonographs
799 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Columbia "360K" Table Model. Also available as a portable.

"Columbia," "360" Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas. "Kilosphere" T. M.

from **Wall st.**
to **Main st.**

Smart men say
INVEST TONIGHT IN "PRIVATE STOCK"
PARK & TILFORD'S
Preferred Whiskey

FOUR GREAT STRAIGHT WHISKIES MERGED IN ONE!

4/5 Qt.

©1954 Park & Tilford Distillers Corp.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

There's Magic in the air when Sandeman is there

SANDEMAN®
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790

SHERRIES *from Spain* ★ PORTS *from Portugal*

What a magic spell these old-world wines cast over every occasion! Sandeman Sherries and Ports are famous for their superb bouquet and magnificent quality. A type for every taste.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

BLOOMINGDALE'S

Ah! It's truly dry!

Our just-arrived Spanish aperitif

Montilla La Tinaja

At last! An aperitif you can keep on ice ready to serve when a truly dry but effective, shall we say, "appetite stimulant" is in order. Dry as the very mountains of Southern Spain whence it hails, it spends its early years in huge earthenware jugs called "tinajas." Serve it exceedingly cold with olives and almonds as they do in Cordoba. Selected just for us by Mr. Frank Schoonmaker, and happily yours in time for holiday giving and enjoying.
25 ounce bottle, 2.95 The case, $33

Bloomingdale's Wine and Liquor Shop • 3rd Ave. at 60th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-7292

such buildings as the ones Eero Saarinen has designed for the General Motors Technical Center and Brandeis University, and who can say that these newest results will seem more satisfactory than the earliest a hundred years hence? Meanwhile, many Victorian Gothic churches have ripened beyond the stage of crude post-Victorian design, and in the course of time their fake historic forms have mellowed into something very like the real thing; witness churches like the English architect Dawkes's St. Peter's, in Cheltenham. These buildings now have a claim to our interest, little though they contributed toward solving the problems of a new form based on a rule "so broad as to admit of no exceptions." Though Mr. Hitchcock's monumental study is meant primarily for the scholar, it should add considerably to the enjoyment of visitors to Britain, who too often confuse the "historic" with the merely moss-covered and dilapidated. For the rest of us, the rich confusion of the Victorian mind, torn between the pieties of a Pugin and the technical innovations of a Paxton, wanting the best of both worlds yet incapable of bringing them together in an organic form, has likewise something to tell us about our own state, or at least about the unsatisfactory nature of a purely one-sided solution.

Sigfried Giedion's new monograph, "Walter Gropius: Work and Teamwork" (Reinhold), is the first full-length study of the man who as teacher has had as much to do with the development of the modern movement as Le Corbusier has as its publicist. Giedion is the writer of two books that are already classics—"Space, Time, and Architecture," which has undergone many revisions and additions since it came out in 1941, and "Mechanization Takes Command," in some ways an even more important book—so one expects much of him both as critic and as historian. But this time, I feel, he has let us down. By now, the great leaders of the modern movement deserve more than just publicity and eulogy; they have reached a point in their historical development where they deserve a rigorous critical treatment—one that will not simply extoll their virtues but that will candidly discuss their shortcomings. This is all the more necessary because it is the weaknesses of a master that are usually imitated by his followers. Gropius's resolute consistency made him indispensable as moral backbone for the post-1918 architectural movement, yet surely a critic should at least have raised the question of why his first buildings, done in collaboration with Adolf Meyer (the Fagus factory, of 1911, and a group of buildings in the Cologne Deutsche Werkbund Exhibition, of 1914), show him at a peak of achievement he never surpassed. That is important for the evaluation of his development as architect. Again, Giedion, though he includes the Expressionist woodcut, by Lyonel Feininger, that was used as the title page for the first Bauhaus prospectus, in 1919, does not mention Gropius's Expressionistic interlude, directly after the First World War—as if that were a disgraceful episode instead of, perhaps, the master key to his thenceforward strict, puritanic discipline. Too often, in this monograph, as in his references to slab buildings and the forms of the modern city, I find Giedion echoing fashionable slogans instead of critically examining their contents. This is a pity, for Gropius's unshakable probity, his moral and aesthetic earnestness, would have come out all the more clearly if they had been shown against the superficial currents of stylistic change that have been eddying around him. For all that, a complete picture of his work appears in these pages, and the reader can learn for himself why the architect of the Dammerstock workers' housing project in Karlsruhe, and the Deutsche Werkbund exhibition in Paris in 1930, and the Ford house in Lincoln, Massachusetts (to cite three of his best works) could never by himself have made the mistakes that the architects of the Olivetti showroom have made. No one has done more than Gropius to further the impersonal, the standardized, the anonymous, the rational, the collective aspects of modern architecture, all essential components of modern form. By demonstrating how far a sincere mind can go in his designs by these means alone, Gropius has also indicated, to his more intuitive successors, what remains to be done.

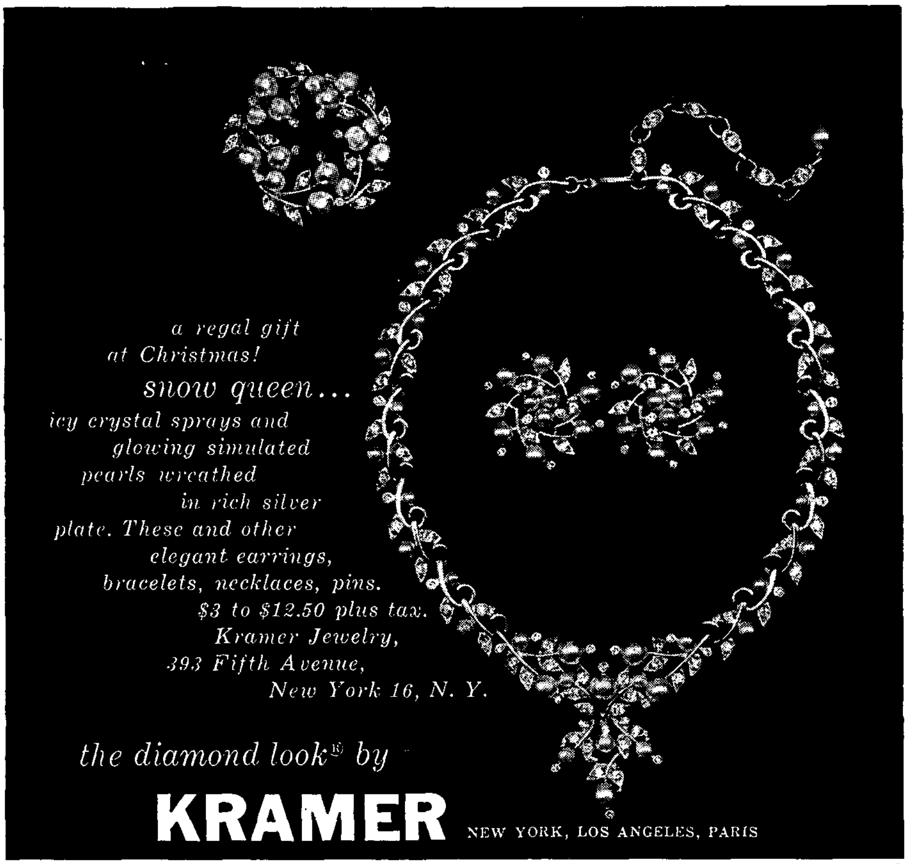
—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

THE CLAN

Emlyn reads in Dickens' clothes,
Tennessee writes fleshy prose,
William Carlos, bony poems,
Esther swims in hippodromes,
Ted likes baseball, not its fans,
Gluyas draws Americans,
Vaughan pens music, score on score,
Soapy is a governor.
I hope everybody is
Thankful for the Williamses.

—JOHN UPDIKE


a regal gift
at Christmas!
snow queen...
icy crystal sprays and
glowing simulated
pearls wreathed
in rich silver
plate. These and other
elegant earrings,
bracelets, necklaces, pins.
$3 to $12.50 plus tax.
Kramer Jewelry,
393 Fifth Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

the diamond look® by
KRAMER NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, PARIS

At Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit;
Famous Barr & Co., St. Louis; Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.,
Montreal, Canada and leading stores throughout the country.

No scotch
ever caught
on so fast!
(It's that
94 Proof flavor!)

White Heather
TODAY'S TOP NOTCH SCOTCH

WHITE HEATHER, DELUXE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 94 PROOF, QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

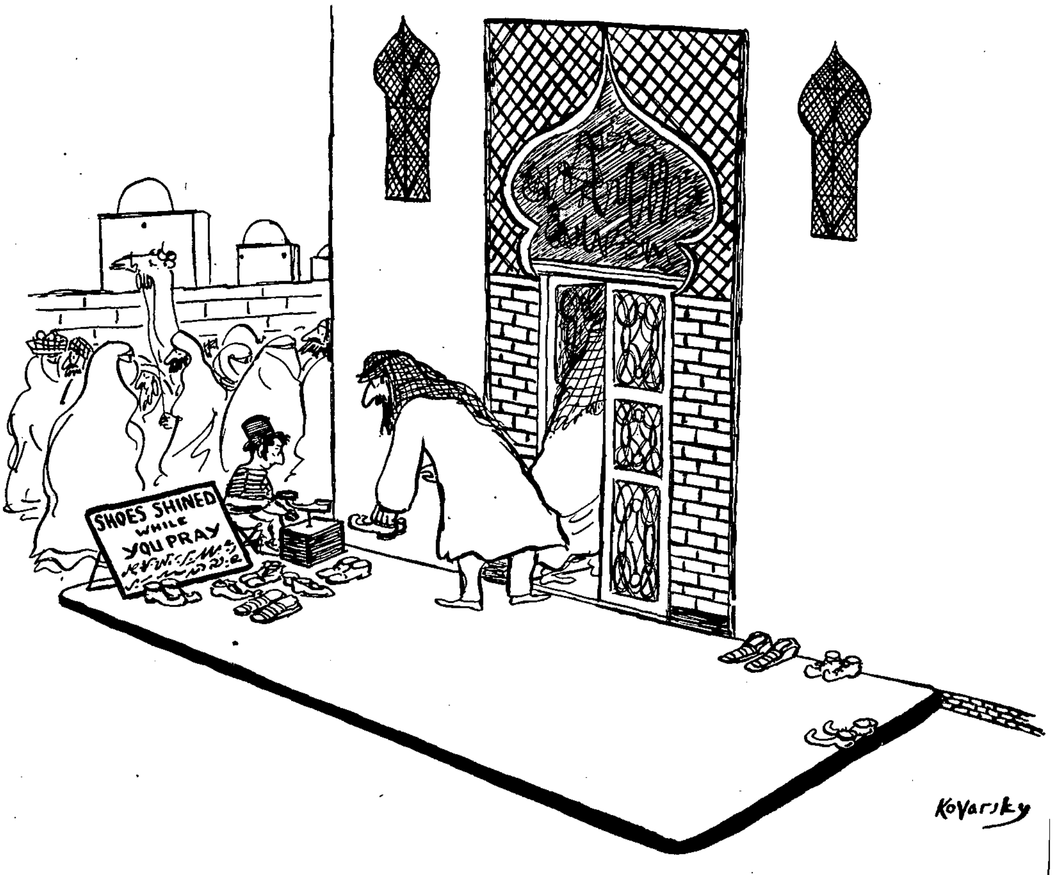
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 9

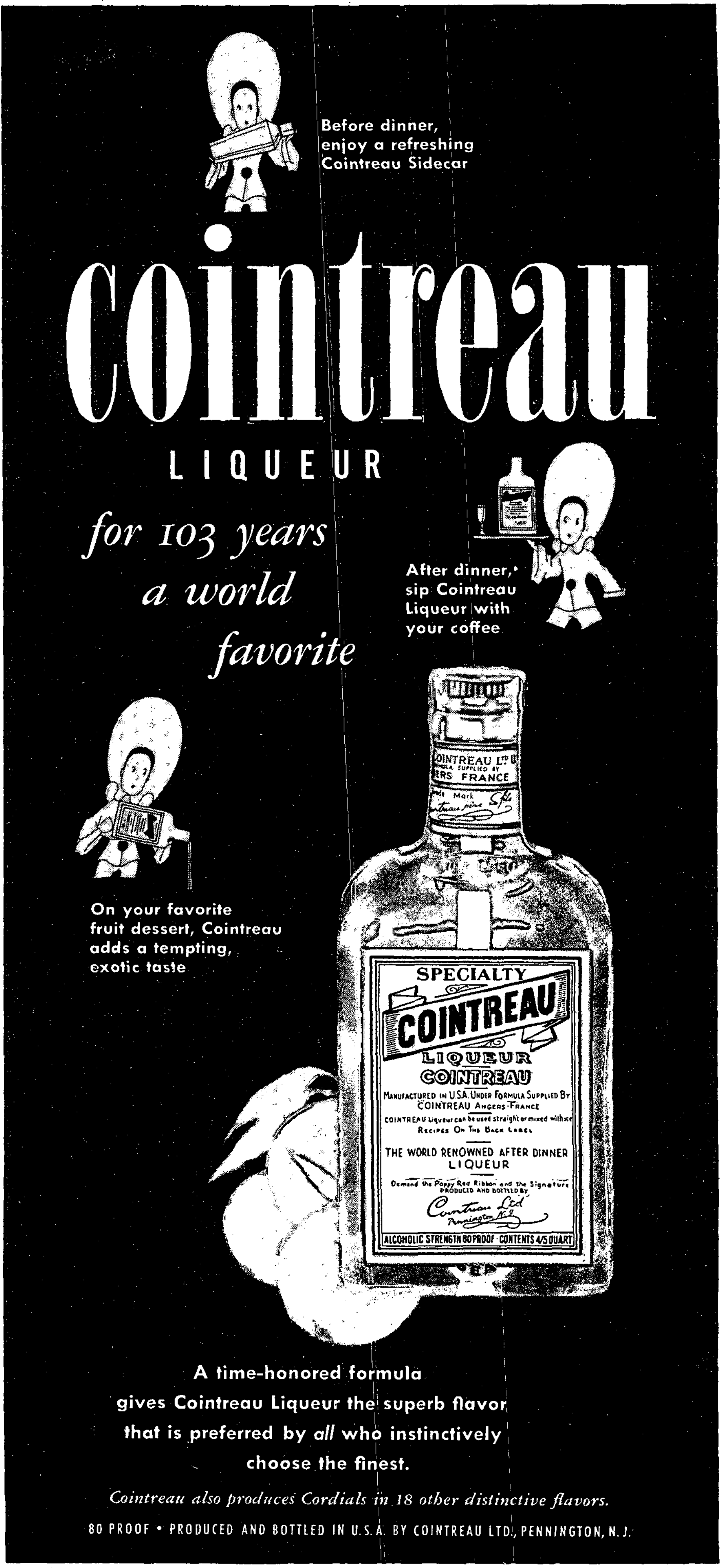
THE conflicts over China policy and over the Senate's censure of Senator McCarthy have brought about changes in the distribution of political power that most people here believe to be even more substantial than those wrought by last month's Congressional elections. The Republican Party is in a state of embittered disunion, and the alliance of its conservative majority with the Southern Democrats is thought by many to have been shattered beyond repair. On the other hand, the Northern and Southern branches of the Democratic Party, agreed on foreign policy, agreed on the necessity of repudiating Senator McCarthy, and separated no longer by any pressing issues of states' rights, have achieved a unity they never knew in the days when the Party held executive power. If they continue to cultivate this unity, their combat strength in the Eighty-fourth Congress will be far greater than their numerical majority of one would indicate.

Of these related developments, the most dramatic is, of course, the division in the administration party. It has been suggested by Senator Morse, of Oregon, who belongs to a party that could be split only by a headsman's axe, that the Republican division today closely resembles the cleavage over slavery that brought on the destruction of the Whig Party a century ago, a few years after it had regained power by nominating and electing a military hero—General Zachary Taylor, the conqueror of Santa Anna. Taylor enjoyed such high favor with the public that in 1848 he was able to defeat the Democratic candidate, Lewis Cass, without a platform or a program of any sort. His administration (it was completed, after his death in 1850, by Millard Fillmore) was marked by efforts to sidestep and hush up the whole issue of slavery, but these did not work, and the party disintegrated shortly after its defeat by the Democrats in 1852. Senator Morse says that he expects the Republican Party to sink without a trace in the course of the next few years. Not many people follow him to this conclusion, for the Republicans have a longer tradition and a far solider structure than the Whigs ever had. Nevertheless, there is a feeling in many quarters that today's differences over foreign policy compare in magnitude with the differences over slavery that destroyed the Whigs, and quite a few Republicans concede that there is a certain chilling appropriateness in the parallel Senator Morse has drawn. Zachary Taylor was an amiable, moderate man standing at the head of a party that was being torn apart by fanatics—some of them high-minded Abolitionists, and some of them low-minded nativist agitators, who later turned up in the American, or Know-Nothing, Party. Senator Knowland, in his desire to remake our Far Eastern policy and to force the administration to relinquish what he regards as the craven idea of "coexistence," burns with something very much like the true Abolitionist zeal. And as for the connection between the hard-core McCarthy supporters and the Know-Nothings, it seems at times almost umbilical.

The most extreme of the prophecies that receive any substantial credence here is that Senator Knowland's and Senator McCarthy's factions will merge to form a third party before 1956. Such a development, it is argued, could either follow an unsuccessful attempt to seize control of the Republican machinery as it now exists or take place at a considerably earlier date if the rebels acknowledge, as it is felt they probably will have to, the futility of a revolt against President Eisenhower's authority. It has always been apparent that Senator McCarthy stood ready to kick over the Party traces the instant he felt it would be to his advantage to do so, and it has been clear for quite a while now that Senator Knowland's faith in the rightness of his views on foreign policy transcends any of his purely political loyalties. In their different ways, both men have for some time been ripe for a break, and, in their different ways, both men have now broken. McCarthy may choose to maintain his membership in the Party, but he seems to have abandoned for good and all the fiction of his regularity. Now that last week's Senate vote and this week's attack on the President are indelibly on the record, he stands outside the whole system of Republican order, loyalty, and discipline. Senator Knowland enjoys a very different status, but because his break with the President has come on an issue that both of them regard as fundamental—the only issue, in fact, that either of them seems to care deeply about—most people find it as hard to envision the terms of a compromise between the President and the Majority Leader as to envision a settlement of the



differences between the President and Senator McCarthy. Logic seems to demand that both Knowland and McCarthy take their cases before the public, and the fact that Knowland, in the censure vote last week, discovered that he could make common cause with McCarthy—whom he had publicly criticized back when the cat had the tongue of many of McCarthy's present detractors—seems to lend weight to the possibility that a political alliance will be formed, if, indeed, one does not already exist. For all that, the tendency here at present is to discount this possibility rather heavily and to assume that any talk of independent action by extremist Republicans will, at least for the time being, be talk and nothing more—a threat rather than a pledge. Though McCarthy's following may still be an impressive one, despite a great falling off as the result of this year's events, neither McCarthy nor Knowland has any sort of organization on which to build. (The petition-gathering society formed by the retired generals and beached admirals looked for a time as if it might become the nucleus of an organization, but its failure to perform the task it set itself, as well as its inability to fill Madison Square Garden ten days ago, showed that it plainly will not do.) Lacking even a skeletal organization, the two Senators would find it difficult even to win accreditation for any new political undertaking. The lot of the rebel in politics is far harder nowadays than it ever was in the past. The fear of minorities—so shrewdly exploited and increased by McCarthy himself—has led state after state to erect high legal barriers against the formation of minority parties. It takes not only money but a great deal of plodding work to get on the ballot in most states, and—as the Republicans have discovered in many areas of the South—it takes far more than the winning of a place on the ballot to create and hold together the local organizations that are basic to a national party. For one thing, it takes a program, and while it is conceivable that the Knowland group and the McCarthy group could either contrive a set of policies or make do with the powerful issues they have concentrated on thus far, it is difficult to imagine how they would function on the state, county, and municipal levels. They could forgo participation in the lesser contests, as the Dixiecrats and the Wallace party and the Southern Republicans have done in the past, but in that case they would be building not a true third party but a


Before dinner, enjoy a refreshing Cointreau Sidecar

cointreau
LIQUEUR

for 103 years a world favorite

After dinner, sip Cointreau Liqueur with your coffee

On your favorite fruit dessert, Cointreau adds a tempting, exotic taste

SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
THE WORLD RENOWNED AFTER DINNER LIQUEUR
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF · CONTENTS 4/5 QUART

A time-honored formula gives Cointreau Liqueur the superb flavor that is preferred by *all* who instinctively choose the finest.

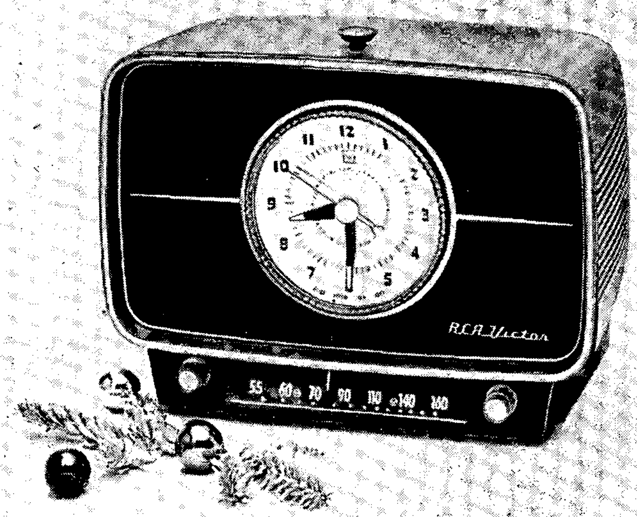
Cointreau also produces Cordials in 18 other distinctive flavors.

80 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N.J.

I would Rather be a Private with a Chicken on my knee
than a – Colnel with a Eagle on my Shoulder

Sound idea for Christmas giving!

NEW! Clock-radio changes stations while you sleep!



Slumber-King lulls you to sleep with music from one station—shuts itself off—wakes you to a *different* station! Volume can be pre-set to change automatically, too! Appliance outlet, phono-jack. In black and beige or black and gray. Model 5C591, **$59.95**.

"THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING"

RCA VICTOR

TMKS ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Suggested Eastern list price shown, subject to change.

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

kind of spite machine designed to assure a Democratic victory in 1956.

It is doubtful whether Senator Knowland would wish to be part of any such enterprise. Though his convictions may lead him into open controversy with the President and the Party, nothing he stands for would be served by any move that would be divisive solely for the sake of divisiveness, and very little that he stands for would be advanced by an alliance with McCarthy. As a matter of fact, the feeling that Senator Knowland cares too much about his ideas on foreign policy to permit their use as gambits by McCarthy is what has led many people to be skeptical about the feasibility of an alliance between the two men. This skepticism endures even in the face of Knowland's anti-censure speech last week and his several anti-censure votes. In the immediate aftermath of those astonishing events (Knowland had said that his faith in the Watkins Committee was such that he would cheerfully entrust his own fate to it if he were on trial for a capital offense), it was assumed by some people that he had become party to a deal whereby the McCarthy supporters would back his position on China if he backed their position on censure. On giving the matter further thought, though, most observers decided that no explanation as simple as this would do. Senator Knowland is a blunt, solemn man who quite evidently wants and needs to think well of his own principles and who generally arrives at decisions in such a way as to make this possible. Though he may have concluded that the administration's course of action—or, as he would see it, inaction—in regard to China relieved him of any obligation to do what the administration wanted done in the McCarthy matter, he could not, it is felt, have justified his course to himself if he made any sort of purely political deal with McCarthy. And even if he could have found some means of justifying such a deal, one cannot imagine him straying so far from the path of reason as to place confidence in any *quid* the McCarthyites might have offered for his *quo*. Knowland, it has been pointed out, must know, as all Washington knows, that the McCarthy crowd has as little real concern for China policy as it has for extended social-security coverage or for the wholesale price of pullet eggs. When Senator Knowland discusses bombing the Chinese mainland, he is talking about the dropping of bombs that explode and kill. As far as anyone here can tell, when Senators McCarthy, Jenner, and Welker advocate a "hard" policy, they have in mind some scheme for bombarding the Chinese Communists with Chicago *Tribune* editorials. Whenever the issue of active intervention in the Far East has been clearly drawn, as it was during the Indo-China crisis of last spring, the McCarthy wing of the Party has cut and run; it has tried to turn every discussion of national security into a discussion of internal security, and its impatience with this administration, as with the last one, has been caused by the insistence of the White House on the primacy of national security. In debates touching on this matter, Senator Knowland has always sided with the White House, and it hardly seems likely that he would now throw in his lot with people whose record for resisting the threat of international Communism is a good deal more barren than that of the administration.

The feeling here is that Knowland and McCarthy will go separate ways, and that McCarthy, although he will work outside and against the Party, will not try to form a rival organization before 1956. If he does fail to take this drastic step before then, though, he will disappoint not only a good many of his friends but a good many of his Republican enemies. The November elections persuaded a large number of Republicans that McCarthy's friendship was costlier than his opposition. (Public-opinion polls had shown, early in the campaign, that his support of a candidate did more harm than good, but there were few candidates who were then ready to put this finding to the test.) By and large, the candidates he opposed did well and those he supported did poorly. Moreover, his influence appears to be greater, if anything, among Democrats than among Republicans. In New Jersey, where the out-and-out McCarthy candidate, Henry Krajew-

the man in the gramercy park suit

. . . dazzles her with Charcoal Glow. New deep-tone blue, brown and grey. At the Sign of the Silver Shears. Interlined with Inter-Flex, of course!

50—55

THE HEART OF THE GARMENT

Inter-Flex®

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein

NEW NAME FOR INTERLINING... FEATURED IN

gramercy park suits

Inter-Flex, a Product of
NATIONAL HAIR CLOTH COMPANY
Philadelphia, New York City

CRESTA BLANCA
Triple Cream
California Sherry
CRESTA BLANCA

MELLOWED IN COOL LIMESTONE CAVES

CRESTA BLANCA

America's Premium Wines

You will enjoy America's luxury Sherry—Cresta Blanca California Triple Cream. This luscious wine is sweet and mellow, with the smooth creamy body of a fine liqueur. One of the great premium wines of Cresta Blanca. A limited bottling.

Triple Cream – America's Costliest Sherry

VISITORS WELCOME AT CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

For the host . . .
after-dinner
enjoyment in
the *bottle*.
Grand Marnier is the only
liqueur made with a fine Cognac base.

Gifts of good taste

For the hostess . . .
the finest of liqueurs, Grand
Marnier, ready to
serve in 10 fine imported
hand-blown glasses.

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE
PRODUCT OF FRANCE – 80 PROOF

One of the world's great liqueurs,
Grand Marnier has the exquisite fragrance
and delightful taste that are prerequisite
to after-dinner enjoyment.
(Also available in ½ bottle gift cartons.)

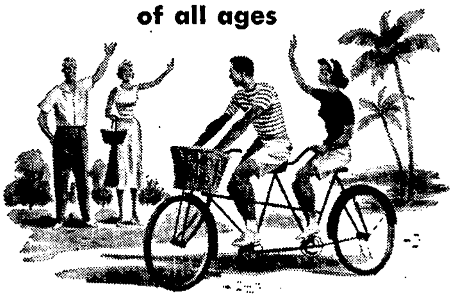
For Grand Marnier recipe book write:
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
693 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Sole U. S. Agent

give her
anything
by
Charles of the Ritz

ski, polled less than two per cent of the total vote—but more than ten times the margin by which Senator-elect Case won—the bulk of his support came from Democratic sections. It seems to have been McCarthy's loud opposition that won for Case. If, as many analysts believe, McCarthy is unable to damage Republican candidates but has a slight power to siphon off Democratic votes, then the establishment of a McCarthy party would be, for regular Republicans, a consummation devoutly to be wished, encouraged, and even subsidized. It seems much likelier, though, that McCarthy, being as cool and objective an assayer of his own strengths and weaknesses as anyone, will elect to wreak his vengeance on the administration simply by warring on it in the Senate. If he maintains his Republican enrollment while repudiating Republican discipline, he will be a good deal more effective in parliamentary battles than he would be if he sacrificed his committee positions by quitting the Party. He could, of course, be isolated even within the Republican Party, if the will to isolate him existed, but the evidence of last week's voting suggests that while better than two-thirds of the Senate has lost or conquered its fear of him, half the Republican delegation either wants to continue making use of his services or dreads the consequences of rejecting him. While his future as a force in national politics seems dim, his future as a troublemaker in the Senate seems fairly bright.

From the administration's point of view, nothing could be worse at this stage of the game than trouble in the Senate. Enormous decisions in foreign affairs will have to be taken during the next two years. Even without the upheavals of the past fortnight, the White House would have had to look forward to a difficult time in getting its program through a Congress as divided as the next one will be. Right now, the outlook is discouraging to even the most buoyant and self-confident of statesmen. The State Department has decided that by far the most important element of our cold-war strategy is the establishment of a large-scale program of economic aid for Southeast Asia. A scheme to distribute taxpayers' money to governments that have won the disapproval of McCarthy, Knowland, and Chiang Kai-shek would cause a disturbance in the Senate at any time, but early in 1955, which is, in addition to everything else, the year the budget was supposed to have been finally brought into balance, it seems likely to cause rioting

for the
YOUNG IN HEART
of all ages



The appeal of Elbow Beach is universal, for good times and good company are enjoyed by all.
Tennis, badminton, fishing and beach activities are on the grounds—golf and other sports nearby. Sociable sun decks, get-together cocktail parties, nightly dancing and indoor games rooms are designed to put every guest right into the swing of things. All rooms have bath, many are air-conditioned.

E. R. Hetland, V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

See Your Travel Agent or Our
U. S. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
588 5th Ave., New York 36, JUdson 6-5500
Also Chicago • Boston • Washington, D. C.

Elbow Beach Surf Club
BERMUDA'S Only OCEANSIDE HOTEL

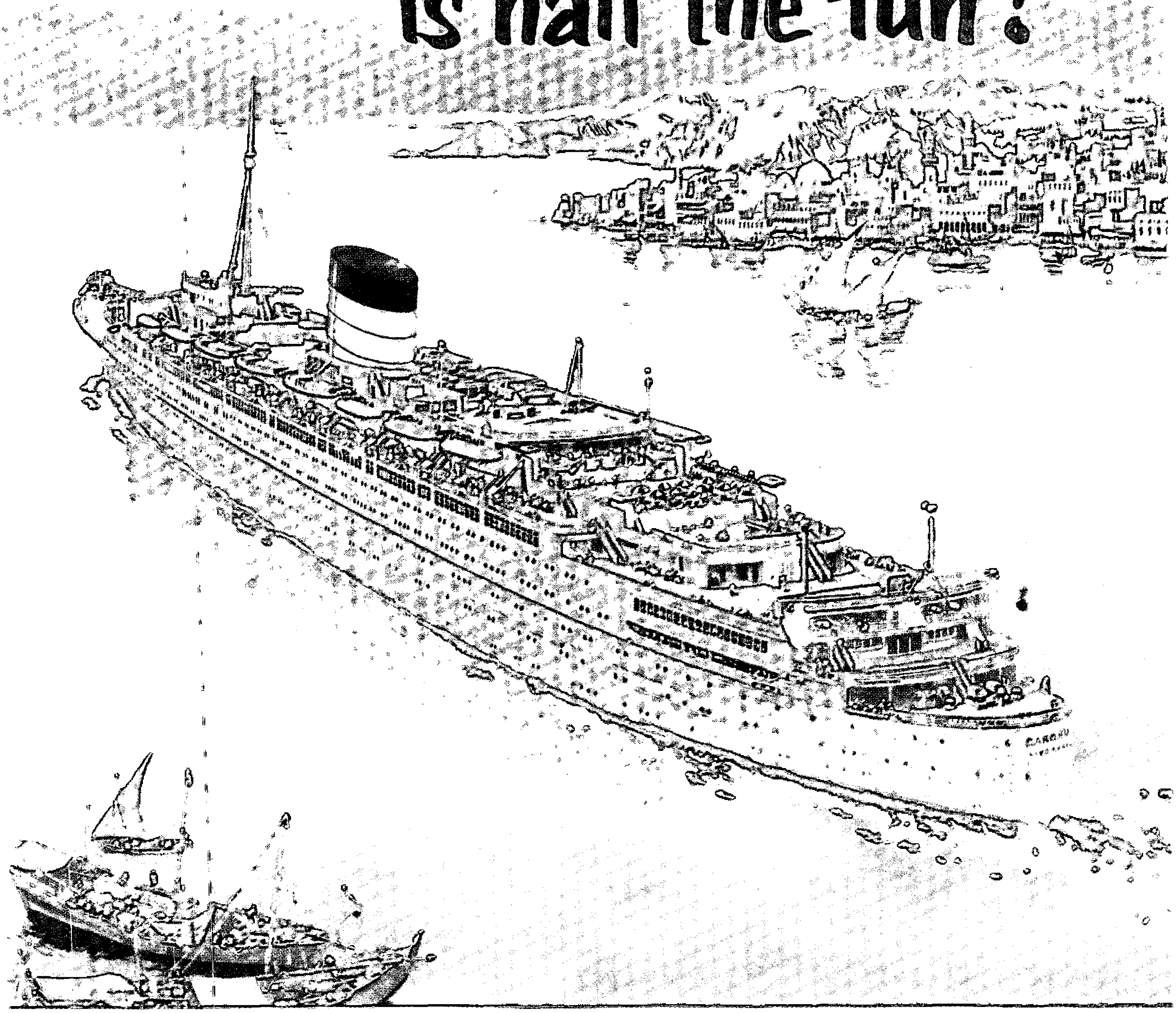
IRISH
CLAN CREST
Neckties – Scarves
Linens

Individual, Authentic . . . traditional crests rich in historic associations embroidered in Dublin for over 1600 honoured Irish names. Also authentic crests for Scottish, English or Welsh families embroidered to order.
Crested Ties:—hand-woven Irish poplin—$12.50. Silk—$10.50. Shantung or barathea—$5.00. Crested Ascot scarves: poplin—$18.50. Shantung—$10.00.
Also available:—Custom made pure Irish linen guest towels, luncheon and bridge sets, cocktail napkins, etc. embroidered with your crest.
Prompt Attention to Mail Orders.
Send for description folder and name list.
visit our unique shop
DE MOLEYNS OF DUBLIN Inc., PLaza 5-6951
59 EAST 54th STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

WHEN DINING IN NEW YORK
MENU
tells you
• WHERE TO EAT
• WHAT TO ORDER
• WHAT TO PAY
THE RESTAURANT GUIDE OF NEW YORK
$1 at News-stands or send $1 to
MENU, 18 W. 12th St.
New York 11, N. Y.

For good living, stay at the
DeWitt Clinton
ALBANY, N.Y.
They all speak well of it
a Knott Hotel
John J. Hyland
Manager

Getting there is half the fun!



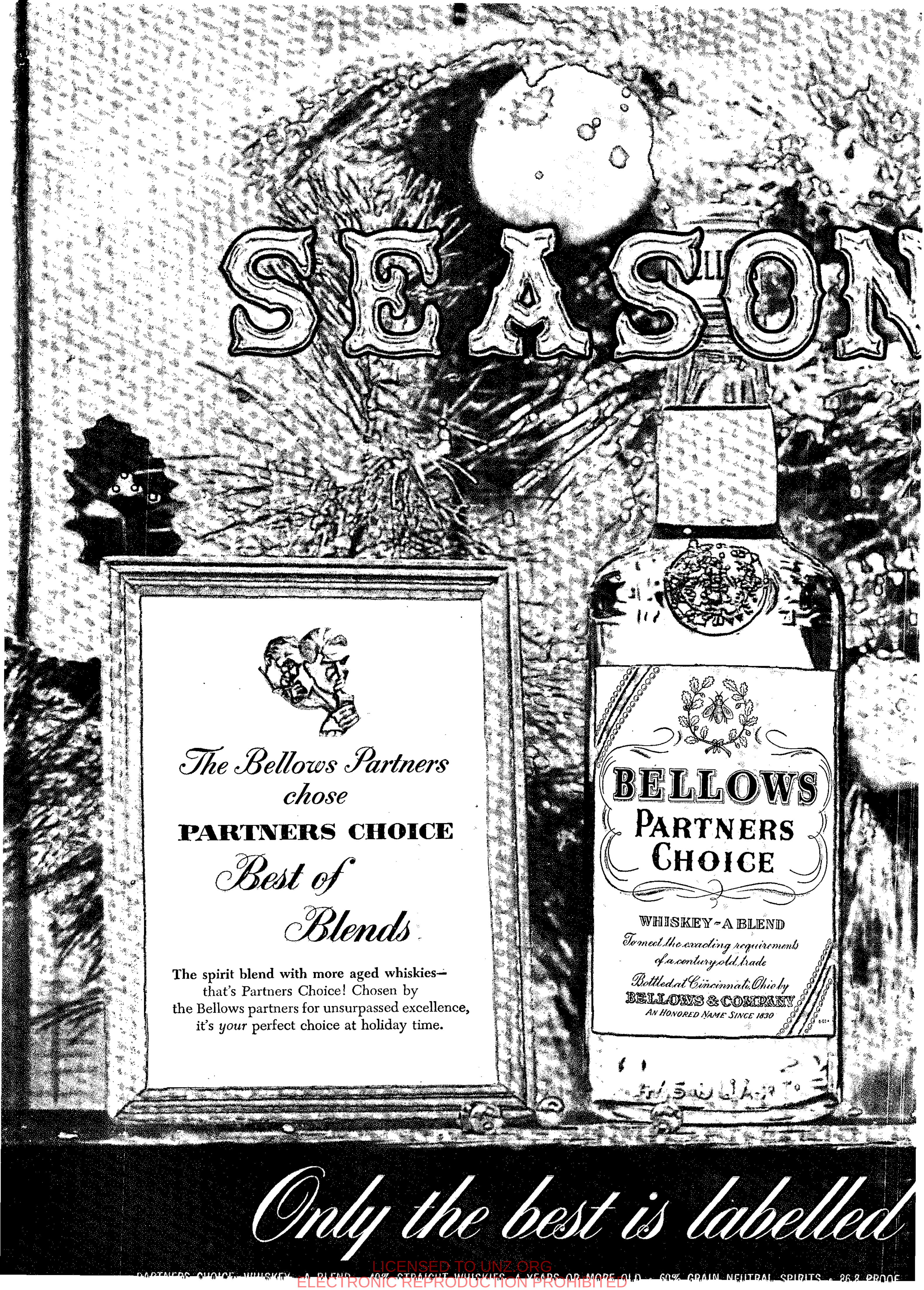
From the Red Sea to the Caribbean . . . from Bali to the North Cape . . . the yacht-like Caronia, largest liner ever built especially for cruising, together with the magnificent Mauretania and Britannic offer you a year-round choice of pleasure cruises ranging from two weeks to over three months . . . visits to romantic ports enhanced by the luxury, fun and relaxation of Cunard living. The Caronia's 106-day "Great World Cruise" sails January 21 . . . the 37-day "Mediterranean Spring Cruise" on May 11 . . . the "North Cape Cruise" July 1.

See your Cunard-authorized Travel Agent and . . .

GO CUNARD

QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA • BRITANNIC • MEDIA • PARTHIA • SAXONIA • FRANCONIA • SCYTHIA • SAMARIA • ASCANIA

An 18" x 22" color reproduction of this painting of the Caronia (without the advertising text and suitable for framing) will be sent upon request.
Write: Cunard Line, 25 Broadway, Dept. D, New York 4, N. Y.


SEASON
BELLOWS
PARTNERS
CHOICE
WHISKEY - A BLEND
To meet the exacting requirements
of a century old trade
Bottled at Cincinnati, Ohio by
BELLOWS & COMPANY
AN HONORED NAME SINCE 1830
Only the best is labelled

The Bellows Partners chose

PARTNERS CHOICE

Best of Blends

The spirit blend with more aged whiskies—that's Partners Choice! Chosen by the Bellows partners for unsurpassed excellence, it's *your* perfect choice at holiday time.

PARTNERS CHOICE WHISKEY - A BLEND - 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD - 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS - 86.8 PROOF

S BEST
BELLOWS
CLUB BOURBON
KENTUCKY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Expressly selected from our choice reserves and bottled at Cincinnati, Ohio by
BELLOWS & COMPANY
AN HONORED NAME SINCE 1830

The Bellows Partners chose

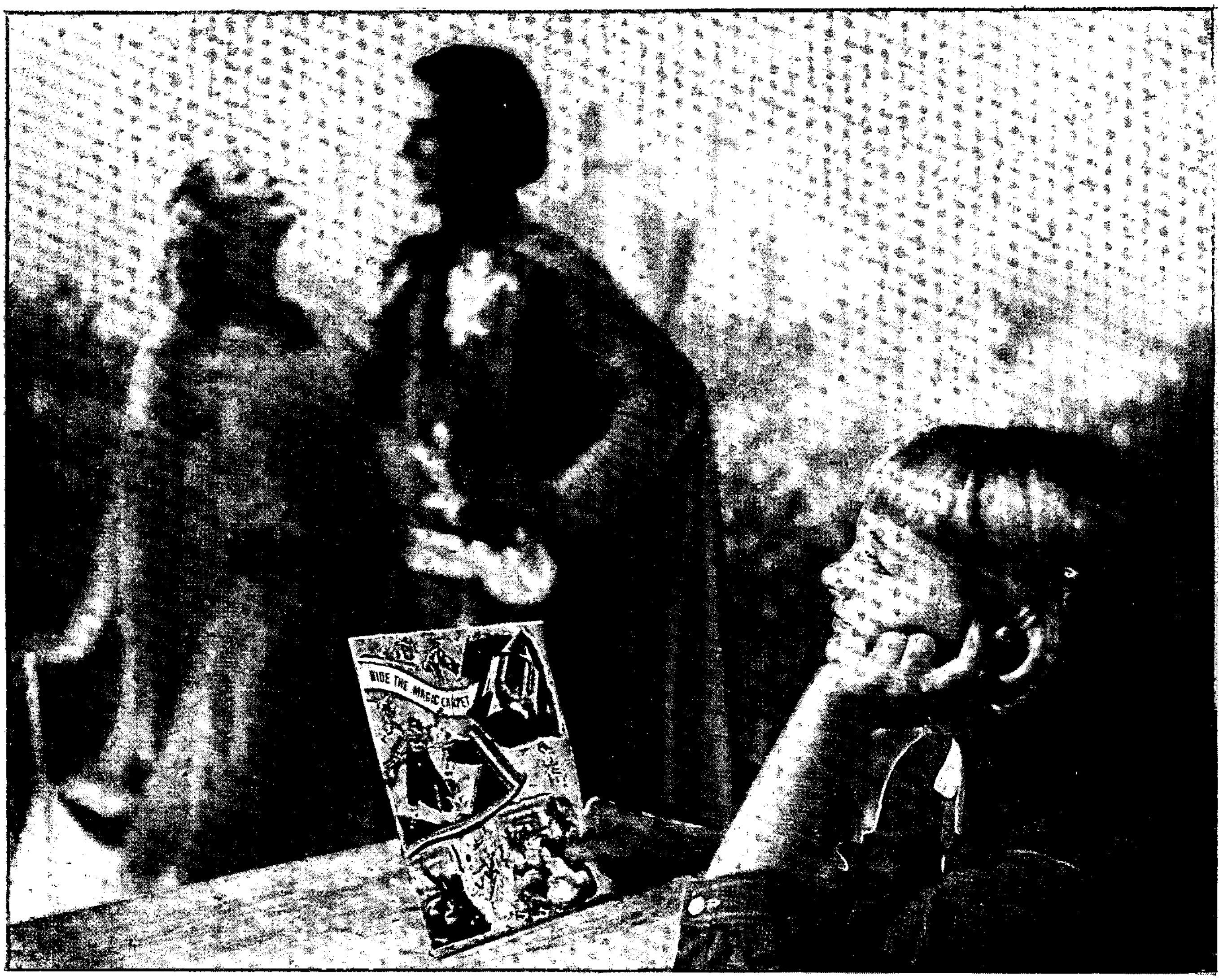
CLUB BOURBON

Best of Straight Bourbons

Best-tasting Straight Kentucky Bourbon of them all. And the proof—the *only* proof that counts—is in its superb taste. Try Club Bourbon *yourself* during the holidays.

BELLOWS

CLUB BOURBON STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · BELLOWS & COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



the Standard of Excellence **IN COATED PAPERS**

INVITES A RIDE ON THE MAGIC CARPET —

CI

Seeking a paper of sufficient brightness and smoothness to dramatize the enticements of its Book of Knowledge, the Grolier Society — on advice of their printers, Edward Stern and Co., Inc. of Philadelphia — chose Champion-International's Cico-Offset.

This *standard of excellence in coated papers* assures vivid color and inviting detail whenever photography or painting is reproduced.

When you want top quality in coated papers, specify CICO papers by Champion-International. Write us today. We will be pleased to send you complete information on CICO papers — including swatch books and the name of your nearest CICO distributor.

CICO-GLOSS
CICO-FLEX
CICO-FOLD
CICO-GRAPH
CICO-BRITE
CICO-PRESS
CICO-PRINT
CICO-OFFSET
CICO-DUOSET
CICO-LITH
CICO-IVORY

CHAMPION-INTERNATIONAL CO.
of Lawrence, Massachusetts
Manufacturers of Quality Coated Papers

and bloodshed. In the end, the President will in all probability get what he wants by means of Democratic support, and it may be that he will eventually have to cease functioning as a Republican President and become, avowedly, the coalition leader that many of his advisers wished him to become in the first place. But if that were to happen at this late date, the Democrats, who now feel almost certain of victory in 1956, would exact an awesome price for their collaboration. Hardly anyone here was surprised that the President, who a few weeks ago was talking like a man who enjoyed his work and wanted to hang onto his job, yesterday sounded very much like one who had already decided to hand in his resignation.

DESPITE the success of the Stevenson forces in electing Paul Butler, of Indiana, as Democratic National Chairman, there is continuing talk of opposition to Stevenson as the 1956 candidate. He is said to be poorly thought of by a large number, if not by an actual majority, of the state chairmen, and to be opposed by many people who have nothing in particular against him but believe that it is unsound politics ever to nominate a man who has once been defeated for the Presidency. It is expected here that the anti-Stevenson movement will gain a good many more adherents between now and the convention of 1956, but it is also expected that it will fail in the final testing. As of today, the general feeling is that even if a substantial majority of the delegates to the 1956 convention are hostile to Stevenson's candidacy, they will ultimately be forced to nominate him. The Democrats in 1956, it is argued, are going to find themselves in very much the same position that the Republicans found themselves in two years ago, when the delegates rose above their convictions and their instincts—both of which would have led them to nominate the late Senator Taft—and gave the prize to General Eisenhower, for whom they had more admiration than affection. The fact the Republicans had to face in 1952 was that no man can be elected solely on the basis of his strength within the party. It was nice for Senator Taft that he commanded so much loyalty among the Republican Party workers, but party workers, even if they were all herded into one middle-sized state, would not be numerous enough to elect the governor of their choice. It is strength outside the party that a candidate must

"When will Daddy come?"

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband *will* come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand —and makes $10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

HOW YOU CAN HELP SUL JA

You can't bring Sul Ja's father home, but you *can* help her, and thousands of youngsters like her. Through Save the Children Federation, you can send warm clothing, shoes, bedding, school supplies—and even candy—to a child in Korea or in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Yugoslavia. You will get a case history of "your" child, a photograph, and a progress report. You can write to "your" little boy or girl and the family, and receive letters in return, so that your material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. An SCF Sponsorship is only $120 a year, $10 a month. The cost is so small—the good so great.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lynn Fontanne,
Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson

SCF **SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION** Established 1932
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

- I would like to sponsor a child in.................................(country) for one year. I will pay $120.00 for one year (or $10 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year............... first month .... Please send me the child's name, story, and picture.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $....................

Name..

Address..

City ....Zone....................State..........................

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.
You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland,
France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Korea, or Yugoslavia

NY-25

have, and this is the asset that Stevenson, alone among leading Democrats, has. His personal following may not equal President Eisenhower's in size or Senator McCarthy's in intensity, but it is in any case impressively large and impressively intense, and the view of most people here is that the convention will not be able to overlook it even if it should want to.

It is the "egghead" segment of the Stevenson following that accounts for most of the intensity, and though this ardor is often held up to scorn, it is regarded as another assurance of Stevenson's permanence as a fixture in American politics. The fact of the matter is that the college professors, the art fanciers, the book readers, and the intellectual stenographers collectively have become an important—and at this time indispensable—element in the Democratic Party. With the city machines in decline and wardheelers' jobs going begging everywhere, the performance of the more menial political tasks has been taken over in one community after another by these spirited amateurs. Most of them have been doing it not out of love for the Democratic Party but out of love for their cult hero, and his rejection would deaden their enthusiasm. So long as their enthusiasm is needed, Stevenson is not going to be rejected.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

WHAT MARY GARDEN D'YA READ?

[*From "Mary Garden's Story," by Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli*]

If I told every detail of my life—the way I really lived—nobody would believe me, it was so absolutely plain. —*Page 33.*

And then I never wanted to own anything in my life. Private ownership never interested me very much. —*Page 201.*

I never thought of the audience; I never looked at them, except for that one time in my debut as Louise, when the men in their evening clothes looked like penguins. I never knew they were there till I took my bows. —*Page 127.*

I myself never went and never go behind the stage to congratulate anyone that I admire. —*Page 186.*

Oh, I didn't care for that opera [*Der Rosenkavalier*] at all. —*Page 220.*

I never knew Mother to be ill. —*Page 275.*

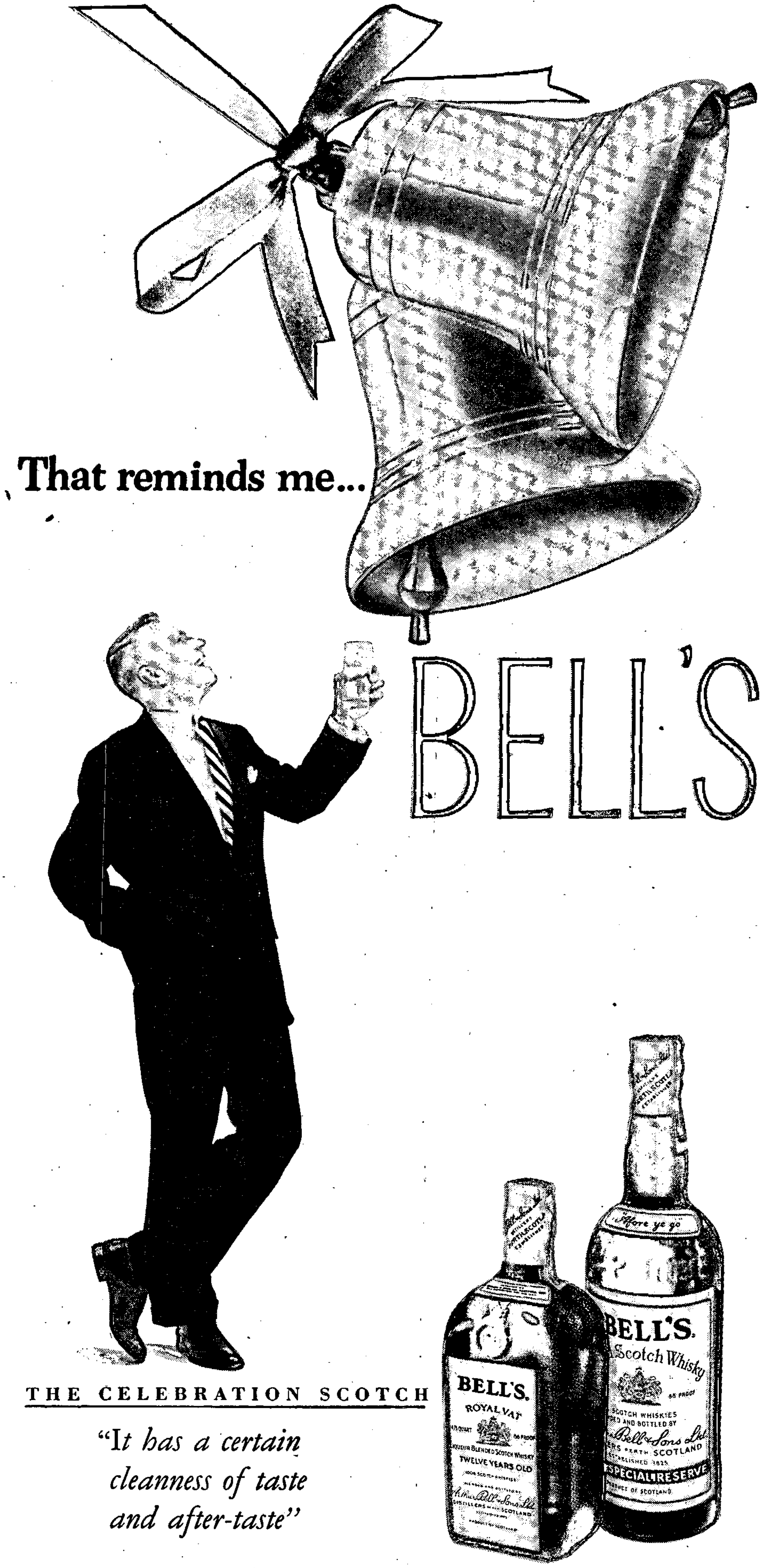
And my five automobiles—I had no business owning five, of course—were all gone. The Germans took them all—the Rolls-Royce, the Packard, the Pierce-Arrow, the Chrysler, and the Mathis. —*Page 268.*

Well, when I ran out on the stage as Thaïs, throwing my flowers, I saw him in the front row of the orchestra. —*Page 195.*

When it [the concert] was over, I went backstage to see him [John McCormack]. —*Page 236.*

I sat and watched the whole of *Der Rosenkavalier* and enjoyed every minute of the performance as if I had been in the opera house. —*Page 286.*

Mother was always ill, crossing the ocean. —*Page 276.*



86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whiskey. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Archy and Mehitabel

Since the mid-thirties, when people began to discover the delights of hot jazz, there has been a noticeable dwindling of the vogue for jazz rhythms and blues harmonies in the more highbrow branches of music. The idea that a flourishing national school of American composition might result from tacking the more obvious mannerisms of Negroid folk music onto such traditional forms as the symphony and the opera seems to have died out. I cannot say that the passing of the vogue has caused me any particular sorrow. If I have to listen to jazz, I certainly prefer it hot, and there has always been something slightly embarrassing to me in the spectacle of the Boston Symphony or the Philharmonic trying, in spite of all its well-bred habits, to let itself go in a musical idiom that is as foreign to it as tribal drumming or the sound of the Balinese gamelan. The spectacle generally reminded me somewhat of a dignified dowager attempting rather coquettishly and self-consciously to express herself in Brooklynese. In looking back over the period when this sort of thing was popular, I can remember only one work of the genre that struck me as wholly successful, and that was Gershwin's opera "Porgy and Bess." It was, however, an altogether special opera—one performed by Negroes in a Negro setting—and its authenticity as a work of art depended to a great extent on the peculiar and engaging theatrical and musical instincts of the artists who appeared in it. Its tragic and moving message seemed quite naturally expressed, largely because it was expressed by the sort of people who express tragedy and emotion quite naturally in the musical language the opera employed.

The highly amusing skit called "Archy and Mehitabel," which was presented on Monday night of last week at Town Hall by the Little Orchestra Society, under the baton of Thomas Scherman, brought Broadway jazz back into the concert hall temporarily, but did so in such an unassuming manner that I am sure nobody will want to base a theory of aesthetics on it. Its performance, as a matter of fact, amounted simply to the transference to sober surroundings of the type of musical vaudeville that is already well established in night clubs and on television, and such jazz as it contains is used to create gaiety and humor rather than to plumb any profound depths. Its composer, George Kleinsinger, is widely known as the creator of the popular children's item "Tubby the Tuba." Its libretto has been assembled by a man named Joe Darion from the familiar writings of Don Marquis, and concerns the undying devotion of Archy the Cockroach for the wayward alley cat Mehitabel, who, off and on, inhabits the newspaper office where he makes his home. The part of the cockroach was taken by an entertainer of considerable charm and evident experience named Jonathan Anderson, and the part of the cat by a mezzo-soprano named Mignon Dunn, whose sinuous personality and statuesque build kept reminding me of Gypsy Rose Lee. A chorus of four subsidiary alley cats provided roles for a group known as the Four Heathertones, who sang expertly in close harmony, and Richard Sharretts, a muscular bass-baritone, supplied the element of menace as the roving tomcat Bill. Mr. Scherman and his orchestra coped adequately with the score, and, to judge by the enthusiasm of the audience, this lighthearted intrusion from the world of commercial music was a welcome one. As for me, I found moments of it—particularly an ensemble in which Mehitabel contemplates drowning her kittens while the chorus of alley cats croons a sentimental lullaby—quite hilarious, but I am afraid that "Archy and Mehitabel" is not the kind of thing I should care to listen to twice.

"Le Nozze di Figaro" has emerged at the Metropolitan Opera House this year minus the rather fussy extra scenery and props that cluttered last season's productions. The sets used are the old ones that have done duty there for at least a decade, and since they are reasonably handsome, it was pleasant to see them back. I thought last Thursday evening's performance of this infinitely tender and infinitely sophisticated old comic opera an exceedingly good one, on the whole. Herbert Graf's stage direction was at once traditional and lively, and the singing was generally superb. The very best of it, in my opinion, was done by Cesare Siepi, who is, both vocally and dramatically, one of the finest Figaros I have ever encountered, and by George London, who gave the role of

Your favorite linen blouse—Irish linen—crease-resistant in a completely new assortment of lovely colors: Plum, Raspberry, Aqua, Moss, Dutch Blue, Charcoal and Forest Green. Sizes 10-18. **$10.95**

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue, at 55th Street,
New York 22, N. Y.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get **FAST RELIEF** with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

because you admire old crafts

Tlingit Indian Mask from Alaska.

THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH IS FOR YOU,
because it too is a product of an old, old craft—direct from Speyside, heart of Scotland's whisky country. We first imported this rare old Scotch in 1701 exclusively for our company officers and we shared it with no one for more than a century. Now you can enjoy it too—Best Procurable Scotch—the culmination of centuries of whisky-making.

A54 BP-8

INCORPORATED 2ND. MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND 86.8 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INC., N.Y.

the Count an altogether unusual amount of conviction. Lisa Della Casa, Nadine Conner, and Mildred Miller sang the three leading female roles with great spirit, and the smaller parts, all the way down to Lawrence Davidson's gardener, were admirably brought off. If I have any criticism to make, it is that some of the ensemble singing during the first part of the evening was not quite as balanced as it might have been, but this small fault was repaired as the opera progressed.

THE most interesting thing on the Boston Symphony's Wednesday-night program at Carnegie Hall was a new cantata by Samuel Barber, called "Prayers of Kierkegaard." Its text, very well sung by the soprano Leontyne Price and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, consisted of short excerpts from various writings of the great Danish mystic, and Mr. Barber's settings of them seemed to me appropriately austere and dignified. I did not think, however, that Charles Munch, in conducting them, anywhere approached the atmosphere of devotional passion that Mr. Barber's score and Kierkegaard's words call for, and I couldn't help feeling that there was more in the cantata than met the ear on this particular occasion. I didn't like Mr. Munch's rather plodding interpretation of Debussy's well-worn "La Mer," either. In fact, to me, the only entirely satisfying performances of the evening were those given Satie's first and third *Gymnopédies*—two rather slight and delicate pieces, orchestrated by Debussy, in which the transparent tone of the Boston Symphony again exerted its unique magic. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Muskegon (Mich.) First Baptist Church Bulletin*]

1:15: Christmas Shoppers' Interlude in the Sanctuary presented by the Women's Fellowship. The program, in charge of Mrs. Frank Vanderhaden, will consist of a play, "And There Was Light." There will be Christmas music featuring Mrs. Loren VanWyck, soloist. Tea will be served downstairs for those who care to remain with Mrs. J. Harold Caesar as hostess.

•

On a pedestal in the center of the county clerk's office in Salem, protected in a case with a glass lid, I studied with straining eyes the veritable record of . . .—*Westbrook Pegler in the New Haven Register.*

Pegler under *glass*?

MATCHED IN
California Saddle Leather*
for the natural man or woman

This is the leather with the barbed wire scratches. Natural, oak-tanned color. And a sheen like a saddle polished by a cowboy's Levis. America's finest makes of billfolds, luggage, brief-cases, personal leather goods are stamped California Saddle Leather.
At all quality stores.

*Trade mark reg. A. K. Salz Co., Tanners, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Deliciously DIFFERENT

PINAFORE
SMOKED TURKEY SPREAD

The rich smoky flavor of this tender turkey makes a banquet out of any snack. Pinafore Turkey Spread is smoked and seasoned to beckon and excite the appetite. **A REVELATION IN GOOD TASTE**

FOR TEMPTING
TID-BITS
TASTY
SANDWICHES
TV SNACKS

SEND FOR THIS SPECIAL OFFER TODAY 3 2¼ oz. Cans $1.00 postpaid
Chicago Western Corp. • Dep't. A
4119 W. Grand Ave. • Chicago 51, Ill.

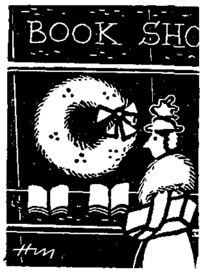
Exclusive Perfumes
blended in the French Tradition
The Perfume Shop of
MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Montego Bay

Recently completed two and three bedroom villas, 2 minutes drive from Doctors Cave Beach, large patio, luxuriously furnished, electric kitchen, servants available; Rent from $600 per month; apply CORNICHE VILLAS, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I.

BOOKS

The Pool of Narcissus



COULD he return to earth, Stendhal would get a shock. Instead of being greeted by a "Happy Few," he would find himself the lion of every literary circle in Europe and invited to lecture at every college in America. The writer who thought of himself as a daring and dangerous original has become a touchstone of respectable good taste. If one is asked in strange company to name a novelist whom one admires, the safest answer is Stendhal. Whether this is to his credit or to ours, I am not certain.

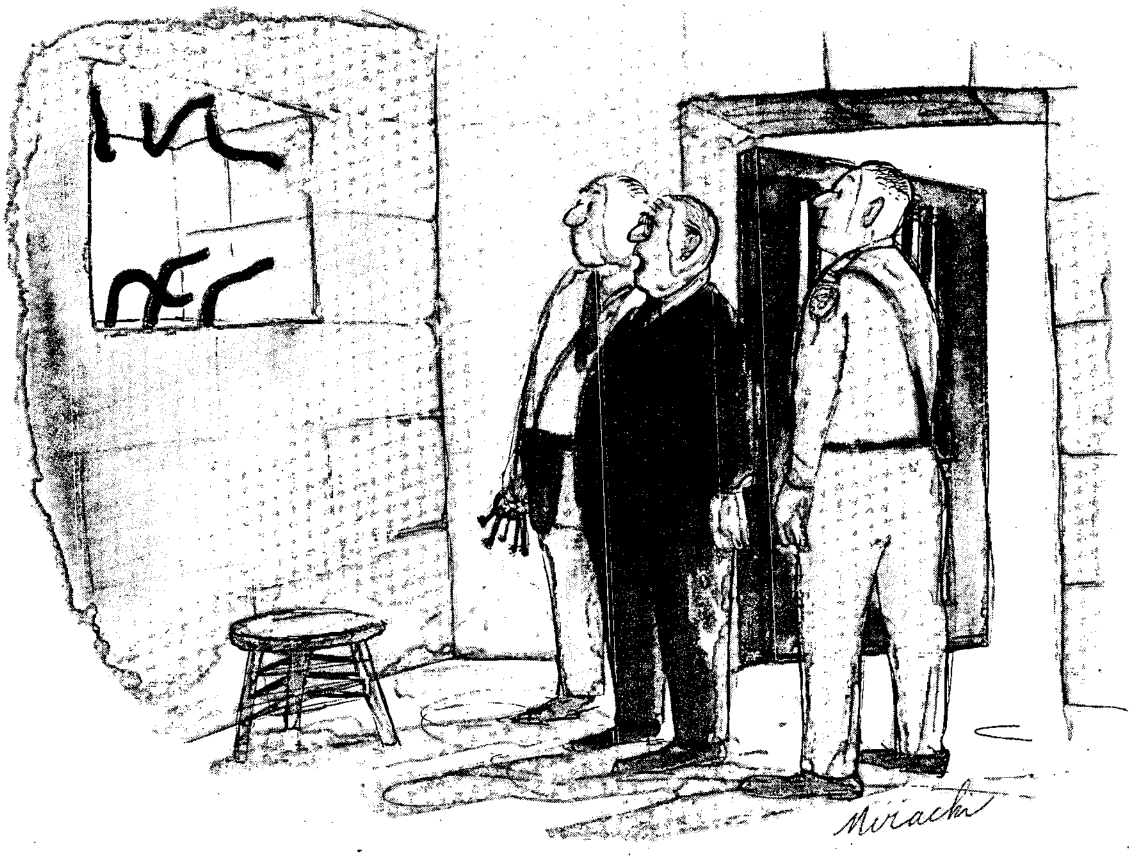
"The Private Diaries" (Doubleday) are the preliminary essay in what was to be Stendhal's lifelong preoccupation, the study of himself. The first modern writer in so many ways, in none was Stendhal more so than in his use of the medium of the novel as fictional autobiography; all his characters are portraits either of an imaginary version of himself or of the people by whom he would have liked to be admired or loved, and the actions in his novels are confined to those in which he could fancy himself playing a part. He is the father of everyone who thinks of fiction as a means of self-expression. The diaries cover his life between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two—the period, that is, of his career as a man of action, the commissary of Brunswick, the Auditor of the Council of State, the wholesale grocer of Marseille, the period of the Moscow campaign, of his discovery of the charms of Italy, and of his affairs with Mélanie Guilbert, Angiola Pietragrua, and Angèline Bereyter. What strikes the reader most forcibly is the evidence they offer of how early Stendhal assumed the Stendhalian style and attitudes and how little he really changed. The boy of eighteen who is under the extraordinary illusion that he is to write dramas in alexandrines is, as a diarist, already the anti-heroic, irreverent apostle of "sincerity" that he was to remain till the end of his days, though he did not publish a novel till he was forty-four.

By a very early age, Stendhal seems to have acquired the habit that makes him the most "interesting" of writers, the habit of observing himself, of being at once on the stage and beside the reader as a fellow-spectator, so that one never knows exactly how seriously to take what he says or exactly how far to believe or disbelieve him. When one reads, say, the "Journals" of Boswell, one is sometimes aware that Boswell is deceiving himself; one says, that is, "He thinks he feels X but he really feels Y." In Stendhal's case, there is a duplication of reflection to deal with, so that one can find oneself saying either "He thinks he thinks he feels Z when he really thinks he feels X and really feels Y" or "He thinks he thinks he feels Y when he really thinks he feels X and really feels Y." In the second instance, what is said is true, but the truth has been arrived at accidentally, as it were, by the mutual cancelling out of two falsehoods.

A man, for example, who was either really paranoid or obsessed with playing the role of a paranoid would have kept his diaries locked up or written them in as impenetrable a code as he could devise; how are we, then, to take Stendhal, who, like the schoolboy who writes in his Latin grammar

Black is the raven and black is the rook
But blacker the fiend who steals this book,

excites the hypothetical snooper to read his diary by warning him not to, and employs ciphers that any child of ten could solve? On one day, he will write, "I was born violent;" on another, "There has never been a man whose pity is as easily aroused as my own: the tiniest thing moves me, brings tears to my eyes. . . . There has never been a man with a better disposition than mine." Which is true? Are both? Is neither? At what level? Again, on returning to his beloved Milan he



"Oh, well, I suppose in any large group of men there's bound to be a few malcontents."

The best after dinner speech...

"Which Cusenier will you have?"

Freezomint (*Creme de Menthe*) 60 proof
Blackberry, 60 proof Orange Curacao, 84 proof
... and 14 other distinctive cordials.
Also available in half bottles.

Imported from France
CUSENIER
CORDIALS

Sole U. S. Distr., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

IS YOUR WRITING ALIVE?

In *The Wizardry of Words,* a lively little book on the art of writing, you will find 111 clues to what makes writing alive.

A Hearn clue mentions: "... the color of words, the tint of words, the secret ghostly motion of words: the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters: the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging, and racketing of words ..." Your writing will become alive when you become aware of the cunning wizardry of the English language.

The Wizardry of Words is a pocket-size anthology of comments on those elusive little things that make the difference between good writing and ordinary writing. They are the ideas of experts presented in their essence with the fat of verbiage trimmed off. Good tough bones to chew on. You can own this wonderful little book for $1.00. Send for it today and learn how to make your writing exciting.

$1.00

A. C. BELDEN,
394 Pacific Avenue,
San Francisco 11, California

SPECIAL OFFER! $1. ONLY
COCKTAIL & WINE DIGEST
for HOME and BAR—ILLUSTRATED
Settles 10,000 ARGUMENTS
ANSWERS 1,000 QUESTIONS
on Liquors, Wines, Glassware
Plus 350 Mixed Drink Recipes
SEND $1 to OSCAR HAIMO
President BAR MANAGERS ASSOCIATION
252 East 61 Street, New York 21

notices that what moves him most is a smell of manure in the streets. A man of romantic or conventional sensibility who refused to admit this to himself would be understandable, but one would expect a man who realized the truth to set it down simply as an interesting example of psychological association. Yet Stendhal has to preface it with "Dare I say what moved me the most upon arriving at Milan? It's obvious that this is written for no one but myself." How can admitting anything to oneself be daring? And is the observation so shocking anyway?

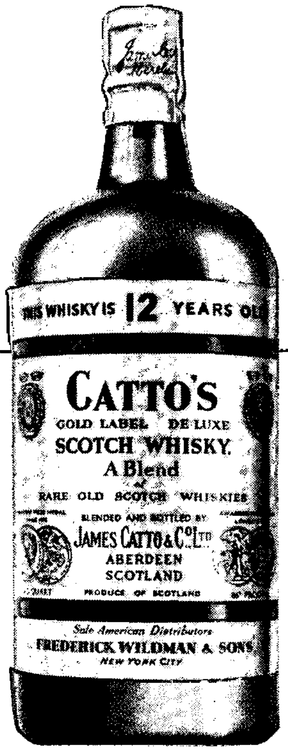
The same ambiguity characterizes Stendhal's record of his relations with women. At one moment, he represents himself as the romantic idealist who sees in every woman a goddess until she says something "low," whereupon he immediately loses all interest; at the next, he is being the calculating seducer—"I went by again at twenty minutes after ten; she signaled to me. After a very serious moral conflict, in which I shammed unhappiness and almost despair, she was mine at half-past eleven"—and he is not quite convincing in either role. For in love, as in everything else, Stendhal was not a selfish man (that is to say, a man who seeks to satisfy his desires at whatever cost to others) but an egoist (that is, a man whose primary interest is not in objects or persons outside himself but in his own thoughts and feelings). To a selfish or a proud man, triumph is pleasant and defeat painful, but to an egoist, both are equally interesting, for what matters is not the content of the experience but the fact that it is *his*, and he is always making little experiments with himself and others, less out of desire than out of curiosity to see what will happen—"M ... was reading, she was holding a bouquet negligently in her right hand, this bouquet was right beside me. I began to stroke it, and, true to my romantic character, I experienced a lively pleasure; finally, after being conscious for some time of my action, she gave me a tap on the fingers."

There could be no better definition of an egoist than Stendhal's self-constructed epitaph, "*Visse, Scrisse, Amò,*" in which living is made a kind of personal activity, distinct from but of a similar nature to writing and loving. To live is normally thought of as the necessary ground for activity; in the Stendhalian dictionary it means the job of making and finding oneself unique. Coming to maturity in the Napoleonic period, when *liberté, égalité, fraternité* had lost its appeal in favor of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and an individual with the requisite energy, suppleness, and lack of scruple could win high position, wealth, and fame irrespective of his social origin, the young Stendhal indulged, understandably, in daydreams of "Paris, Auditor, eight thousand livres a year, life in the best society and having women from it," and the influence of his relative Pierre Daru gave him the opportunity, had he really wanted that sort of worldly success, to climb a great deal higher. In fact, however, he was too interested in too many things, too nervous and too self-indulgent for a sphere of action where the prizes go to ruthless, single-minded efficiency. How, then, was ambition to be satisfied? The substitute that Stendhal employed—others may have discovered it before him, but he was the first to record it—was originality; if one cannot be above everybody else, one can be completely different from everybody else, one can practice Mocenigo or Beylism. (Who, before Stendhal, would have dreamed of calling his view of life an ism and, as though he were his own posthumous critic, naming it after himself?) For this, the first prerequisite is total irreverence toward the past. Montaigne was possibly a greater skeptic than Stendhal—he would certainly have smiled at the latter's enthusiasm for Destutt de Tracy's Idéologie—but his skepticism was rooted in humility, in a distrust of the claim of the human intellect to solve all mysteries, so that in matters about which certainty is impossible, his advice was to obey custom and do as your old nurse did. Neither the age nor Stendhal's temperament could have found such piety tolerable; whatever might be true, at least all past views were false. Stendhal was the first writer in history to show a conscious dislike of poetry. He imagined that he admired Shakespeare, but admits, "His work is almost prose to me. Consequently, it's possible to be a poet in prose." For poetry demands that the poet piously submit his precious personality to impersonal limitations; he cannot say anything he likes but only what they permit him to say. In poetry, *le mot juste* is not only one that expresses a certain shade of meaning but also one with a certain number of syllables, its main accent in a certain place, and perhaps rhyming with another word. Stendhal is also the first writer to think of style as a personal property; instead of beginning with subjects that excite him and then trying to find the style they require, he decides at the age of twenty-five, before he has written anything, "My style will have a character all of its own by scoffing a bit at everyone, it will be apt and concise, and won't put the reader to sleep."

As for the arts of painting and music, though he took a great interest in both, he regarded them not as arts in their own right but as stimulants to literature. The writer who hated Chateaubriand and modelled his own writing on the dry restraint of the Code Napoléon required from painting "either expression or beautiful female figures" and explained his love for music as follows: "My sentiments embellish that part of a song which, according to the dominant passion, may provide my soul the most pleasure."

There are some writers, among them all the greatest, of whom one feels that writing was their vocation; that is what they were born into the world to do; for them writing and living are the same thing. There are others who, one feels, became writers by accident; their books are the fruit of some exciting or catastrophic experience which happened to them and but for which they would not have written. Stendhal does not quite fit into either category; one feels, rather, that he said to himself, "In order to be myself, in order to be a complete Beylist, I must, among other things, like having some love affairs, write some books." Again, he is the first person I know of—today the type is common—who makes me believe that, excellent as his novels are, I would rather spend an evening with their author than read them. Stendhal is endlessly fascinating, like a precocious child; only immaturity is so terrified of being a bore. But who are we to judge him? Which of us is more mature and which of us is half as amusing?

As editor, Mr. Robert Sage has done a good job: when, as in 1803, the entries in the diaries are scanty or, as in 1812, lost, he has inserted some of Stendhal's letters of the period, and his biographical introductions to each section give the reader a clear picture of where Stendhal was and what he was doing at any given time. As a translator, Mr. Sage is not quite so successful. He conveys the meaning of the original pretty accurately for the most part, but too often his sentences, though grammatically correct in a formal sense, are, in their rhythm and structure, simply not English. I also think that the publishers have made a mistake in using capital type for those phrases that Stendhal wrote in English; by a con-


THIS WHISKY IS 12 YEARS OLD
CATTO'S
GOLD LABEL DE LUXE
SCOTCH WHISKY
A Blend
RARE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES
JAMES CATTO & C° LTD
ABERDEEN
SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Sole American Distributors
FREDERICK WILDMAN & SONS
NEW YORK CITY

CATTO'S
GOLD LABEL DE LUXE
A Superlative
12 Year Old Scotch
... worthy of a great occasion

86° PROOF

Fine older Scotch whisky continues in short supply due to wartime distilling shut-downs.

Nevertheless, Catto's renowned 12 year old will remain available at moderate price to those seeking Scotch at its very best.

Champagne,
Perrier-Jouët
English Cuvée
BRUT

PJ
1947
BRUT 1947
BRUT 1947
FREDERICK WILDMAN & SONS
ENGLISH
PJ
CUVÉE
CHAMPAGNE
Perrier-Jouët & C°
Epernay
Finest EXTRA Quality
BRUT

This renowned Champagne, long the acknowledged leader on the exacting London market, is admired equally in this country.

These magnificent English Cuvée wines, with or without vintage, will add lustre to a well-served meal or other festive occasion.

21 East 69 Street
New York City

IMPORTERS
FREDERICK
WILDMAN
AND SONS
WINE MERCHANTS

225 E. Illinois St.
Chicago, Illinois

Catalogues of our choice wines and spirits available upon request.

MONUMENTAL MENTHE . . .

made in U.S.A.
from an original
French formula
60 proof

NUYENS
CORDIALS

A choice selection of 25 fine cordials, liqueurs and flavored brandies.
Write for Nuyens Royal Recipe Book.
Sole Distributor:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
AIR CONDITIONED
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
CHelsea 2-9868
OPEN 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M.

Dinner in The Ivy
Timed for early theatregoers
or late diners
Sunday Brunch
11 A.M. to 3 P.M.
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.
Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

vention too strong to be ignored, capitals express an exclamatory emphasis that is foreign to the author's intention.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BEGGARS IN THE SUN, by Paul Darcy Boles (Macmillan). This casual, easygoing story follows a twenty-four-year-old ballad singer, Carp Rambo, for a short stretch of his life, and then drops him, leaving him, and the reader, in just about the same mood and condition they were in when they started. Nothing much happens to Carp in this telling that will not happen perhaps several times again during his life, and there are no lessons or revelations, but the reading is interesting while it lasts. The setting is Mobile, Alabama.

GENERAL

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES: THE LOWERING CLOUDS (Simon & Schuster). The third volume of Mr. Ickes' journal covers the dramatic period from September, 1939, to December, 1941—from the outbreak of war in Europe to Pearl Harbor—and, no doubt because of its subject matter, it is the most interesting of the three. In it, Mr. Ickes is, of course, still the choleric, sarcastic, and malicious character whose disagreeable traits were offset, or somewhat offset, by his genuine dedication to the liberal idea as he saw it. Since he could not tolerate fools and thought he was surrounded by them, the book bristles with derogatory comments on some very well-known people. There are fine excursions into backstage politics, including the Democratic National Convention of 1940, at which the author wanted the Vice-Presidential nomination; he was furious when Henry Wallace got it, partly because he felt that with Wallace on the ticket the Democrats would lose and the country would find itself under a Fascist dictatorship headed by Wendell Willkie. His story of the Willkie-Roosevelt campaign, in which he played a very important part, is good, intimate, and spiteful, and his account of the coming of war, as seen from the high councils of government, is sober and perceptive. Harold Ickes was a great diarist—rasp, bite, and all.

THE INTERREGNUM 1923-1924, by Edward Hallett Carr (Macmillan). The fourth volume of Professor

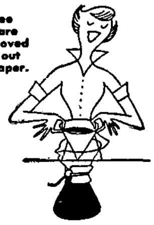
IMPORTS OF Distinction

Particular preserves for particular people have been the forte of Chivers of England since 1806. Bitter yet sweet Orange Marmalade (Seville Oranges of course), delectable Black Currant and luscious whole-berry Strawberry Preserves . . . a royal threesome of true-fruit goodness. Flavour Aristocrats on any table.

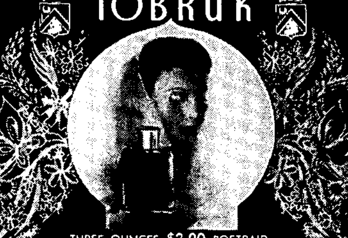
Chivers
Olde English
Marmalade
Chivers & Sons, Ltd.
Histon, Cambridge, Eng.
1-LB NET

A. GOLDMARK & SONS, CORP., N. Y.
Importers of TERRY'S OF YORK CHOCOLATES
ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME MARMALADE

CHEMEX Coffeemaker
No Mud in the Cup
No Mess in the Sink
The coffee grounds are neatly removed by lifting out the filter paper.
One Single Piece of "PYREX" BRAND Glass
Automatically clean for the next brewing
PINT MODEL, 1-4 Cups, Birch Handle 4.50
QUART MODEL, 2-9 Cups, Birch Handle ..6.00
HALF-GAL., 2-14 Cups, Birch Handle 9.50
CHEMEX *Bonded Filter Paper* Per PACK (100) 2.75
OHMLETTE electr. Pyrex Kettle (Quart)......................9.50
© CHEMEX CORP.
41 Murray Street
New York 7, N. Y.



"Haunting as a Love Theme"
TOBRUK



THREE OUNCES $2.00 POSTPAID
LASTING CONCENTRATED COLOGNE
PERFUME, 2 DRAMS, $2.50, ½ OZ. (Gift Box) $6.00
Other sizes to $36
By Mail—Direct from the Perfumer
WHEN IN NEW YORK VISIT THE PERFUME SHOP
MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

This Superb Canadian Whisky is available in the Beautiful Decanter at No Extra Cost

MacNAUGHTON'S
A PRODUCT OF CANADA

Precious to Give Precious to Receive

MacNAUGHTON'S CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan.* Well, here's a savings system that really works — the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save — a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

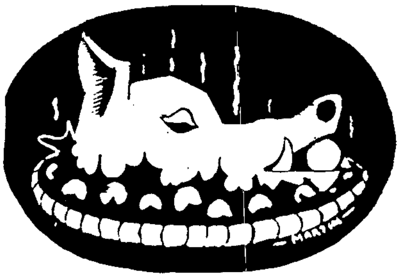
If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.

Carr's "History of Soviet Russia." The period covered here is short—a matter of months—but it was momentous and, for the Soviet Union, nearly calamitous. Unemployment, which was supposed to have become extinct under the new dispensation, was growing; hostility between the peasants and the industrial workers was increasing, as a result of the New Economic Policy; and the expected victory of Communism in Europe and the Far East had not materialized. Moreover, Lenin seemed to be dying, and since no one could tell how soon he would go (or to what extent his intellect had failed), no decisive action could be taken and the question of succession had to be left up in the air. This was also the period that saw the emergence of the Zinoviev-Kamenev-Stalin triumvirate, which, by political maneuvers that would have made Machiavelli go pale, eased Trotsky out before he realized it. Professor Carr, an exceptionally knowledgeable guide through the labyrinths of the Kremlin mentality, writes with his usual clarity, authority, and detachment. His work is obviously going to be definitive.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES AND HIS AMERICA, by Harry Barnard (Bobbs-Merrill). Rutherford Birchard Hayes (1822-93) was the nineteenth President of the United States, and probably the most memorable thing about his Presidency was the way he attained it—winning a contested election from Samuel J. Tilden by one electoral vote. Nonetheless, Hayes was quite an interesting man. A brilliant officer in the Civil War, he was brevetted a general for conspicuous gallantry, but the most arresting thing about him was his political attitude, which seems to have crystallized only after his term in the White House. Hayes, a Republican but an object of suspicion to the Stalwart faction in his party, thought crime was the result of poverty, feared the power of money to corrupt, opposed "plutocracy," believed in education for all, and espe-



How 'dated' is your dictionary?

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY *of the American Language,* COLLEGE EDITION, is the newest, most up-to-date. Contains more of everything you want in a desk dictionary – more entries, pages, illustrations – yet costs no more. In cloth, $5; thumb-indexed, $6, at booksellers. THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York, whose permanent staff of editors and lexicographers, with World's printing facilities directly at hand, keeps its dictionaries constantly up-to-date.

The warmth and tradition of Christmas is yours in
CHICAGO
at the Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
181 East Lake Shore Drive

Tennessee Williams
ONE ARM
& other stories
$4.50 at all bookstores
NEW DIRECTIONS

THE COLUMBIA
The gift they'll still be thanking you for on Christmas 1964
ENCYCLOPEDIA
2235 pages, 6,100,000 words, 70,000 articles.
$35 at bookstores COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

"Funny" LEWIS GANNETT
"Very funny" BENNETT CERF
"Very, very funny" JOHN CROSBY
"Funniest" HERMAN WOUK
FRED ALLEN'S
Treadmill
To Oblivion
$4.00 *at all bookstores*
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN

cially for Negroes, and upheld the rights of labor. Mr. Barnard (who some years back wrote a first-rate biography of John P. Altgeld, another half-forgotten political figure) has done much to restore the man to life. Illustrated.

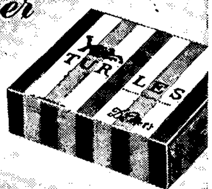
AMERICAN DEMAGOGUES: TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Reinhard H. Luthin (Beacon). A portrait gallery of ten American political leaders of the past half century—James M. Curley, Theodore (The Man) Bilbo, William Hale Thompson, Alfalfa Bill Murray, Frank Hague, Ma and Pa Ferguson, Eugene Talmadge, Vito Marcantonio, Huey Long, and Joseph McCarthy. The author analyzes their tactics and finds them strikingly similar—based on exhibitionism, identification with the lowest common denominator of the electorate, an easy way with the truth, appeal to prejudice, and intemperate abuse. Although the author is apparently aware that the objectives of an urban boss like James Curley were a good bit more modest than those of a national figure like Huey Long, he does not make this point sufficiently clear, and as a study of dictatorship in the bud, his book suffers accordingly.

PRELUDE TO DUNKIRK, by Major-General Sir Edward Spears (A.A. Wyn). The first volume of a two-volume account, called "Assignment to Catastrophe," of the author's part in the Second World War. This book covers the period from July, 1939, to May, 1940, a good deal of which he spent as a special liaison officer with the French, reporting directly to Winston Churchill. General Spears, who loved France, and had fought beside some of her best soldiers in the first war, tells the distressing story of the gradual and, it now appears, inevitable, collapse of the French will to resist and of the agony of the English statesmen who sought to stiffen that will. He is politically sophisticated but without cynicism (though he has a wry and rather Gallic appreciation of cynicism in others), and his pages are alive with sharp observations and revealing portraits, with epigram and wit. A saddening book, but an engrossing one to read. Photographs.

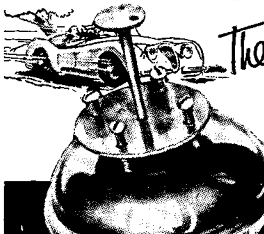
OLD MEN FORGET: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DUFF COOPER (Dutton). An eventful and sometimes stormy life recollected in tranquillity. Alfred Duff Cooper, later Viscount Norwich, died last January at sixty-

PURE LINEN CLUB-CARDIGAN!
Imported Irish linen tailored the American way by Ship'n Shore! Sleek new topping for resort separates. Sizes 30 to 38.
3.98

Ship'n Shore®



TURTLES
BRAND
© 1953
You've never tasted Candy like this!
Made Only by
DeMet's, INC.
177 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.
SOLD AT LEADING CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



The Authentic BERMUDA CARRIAGE BELL

This distinctive two-toned car accessory makes a welcome gift. Carefully made of heavy nickel plate—5½" in diameter. Directions for easy installation included. $8.95 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Smooth and Luxurious
IRISH MIST Liqueur
. . . Ideal for Giving
Perfect for Entertaining

Truly a cordial for the most discriminating is Irish Mist Liqueur. Originating in the mists of antiquity, it is produced in Ireland from a secret formula — blending with heather honey. It is a gracious drink — as mellow as "the harp that once sang through Tara's Halls."

80 PROOF
23/32 QUART

'tis a legendary liqueur —
"the Secret of the O'Donchu Clan."

O'DONNELL IMPORTING CO.
Sole Importers
1819 Gratiot Avenue ● Detroit 7, Michigan

Jules Verne's
The Mightiest Motion Picture Of Them All!
Walt Disney presents
20,000 Leagues UNDER THE Sea
in TECHNICOLOR
STEREOPHONIC SOUND
in CINEMASCOPE
starring KIRK DOUGLAS · JAMES MASON
Paul Lukas · Peter Lorre
Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER • Screenplay by EARL FELTON
Distributed by BUENA VISTA Film Distribution Co., Inc.
World Premiere December 23rd
Doors Open 9:45 A.M.
Astor
B'way & 45th St.

FURNITURE FUTURES
good
Modern Furniture
AT SENSIBLE LOW PRICES
lamps and accessories
decorating service, no charge
open Thursday evenings . . . budget plan
3 floors
154 MAIN ST., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Second Tree from the Corner, by E. B. White (*Harper, $3*).

A selection that Mr. White has made from among the short stories, parodies, verses, reminiscent pieces, and humorous essays he has written during the past twenty years or so. He has included, too, a new poem, "Zoo Revisited," and many of his topical paragraphs that ran anonymously in this magazine under the heading "Notes and Comment," in which he can be seen helping to clear up local and international muddles by sorting out what is truly enduring (no matter how inconsequential it looks) from what is merely silly or pesky (no matter how big it looks). Introduction by the author.

The Ponder Heart, by Eudora Welty (*Harcourt, Brace, $3*).

An Aristophanic comedy about a man with the sweetest disposition in the world, a rose in his buttonhole, and a tendency to give things away—like a fine suit of clothes, or a field of white Dutch clover, or a string of hams, or the only hotel in Clay, Mississippi.

The Passport, by Saul Steinberg (*Harper, $5*).

An album of around three hundred and fifty pictures that give the viewer a chance to watch any number of ideas take shape and that demonstrate the comic, decorative, or menacing possibilities, hitherto unsuspected, in fingerprints, gas mains, women, legal documents, and practically everything else that Mr. Steinberg has stumbled over or that has crossed his peculiar line of vision.

The Worcester Account, by S. N. Behrman (*Random House, $3.50*).

A gallery of portraits from Mr. Behrman's childhood and youth in Worcester, Massachusetts, before the First World War. The medieval Hebraism of his elders and the confident enlightenment of his contemporaries recorded by the author are reconciled, insofar as this is humanly possible, by his affectionate understanding of both.

Rum Jungle, by Alan Moorehead (*Scribner, $3.50*).

A report on a recent trip the author made through the vast and once almost deserted Northern Territory of Australia, where men are now busy testing rockets and mining uranium before the startled eyes of wallabies and kangaroos, along with an account of excursions to the Great Barrier Reef, along the northeast coast, and to Phillip Island, off Melbourne, where nothing has changed much (except in a strict biological sense) since shortly after the Day of Creation. Mr. Moorehead has included a chapter about his own Australian childhood.

Sullivan Bites News, by Frank Sullivan (*Little, Brown, $1.95*).

The bank cashier who took five grand from the till to bet on a fifty-to-one shot and subsequently bought out the bank, the dog that smelled smoke and went back to sleep, the backwoods centenarian who knew all about the recent war, and other perverse variations on the oldest established permanent floating news stories. With pictures by Sam Berman that amount almost to collaboration.

Eleven Blue Men, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

The self-effacing heroes of all but one of Mr. Roueché's twelve medical pieces are doctors and health-department officials (the other is a chipper exterminator) whose job it is to diagnose ailments from mysterious symptoms, track the symptoms to their source, and nip off epidemics before they get started. The twelfth piece is a lighthearted (but in no way coldhearted) dissertation on gout.

Collected Poems: 1923-53, by Louise Bogan (*Noonday, $3*).

Lyric poetry, classical in its final refinement of form and romantic in its substance, which is the expression of the poet's own development as an individual. The volume contains all of her own poetry that Miss Bogan, who is also the verse reviewer for this magazine, wishes preserved.

The Man in the Thick Lead Suit, by Daniel Lang (*Oxford, $3.50*).

A series of reports on the work being done by assorted scientists, specialists, and prospectors of the Geiger-counter set, all of them, whether they are aware of it or not, pioneers in the new world that opened up when the atom split. Mr. Lang has discovered that they are either taking the possibilities of this new world for granted by now or are feeling just as edgy about them as the rest of us. Introduction by Eric Sevareid.

The Widows of Thornton, by Peter Taylor (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.75*).

Eight solidly written stories and one short play dealing with a group of families who have moved from a country town in Tennessee to various cities of the South and Midwest but continue to think of their point of origin as home. Unlike the Gothic South we are accustomed to read about, Mr. Taylor's seems part of the Union.

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners, by Robert Shaplen (*Knopf, $3.95*).

An expanded version of Mr. Shaplen's two articles about the Beecher-Tilton case, which reached its climax in 1874, when Theodore Tilton brought suit for alienation of his wife's affections against the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, and about all the abstract thinkers and freewheeling busybodies who spread the scandal around and used it for purposes of their own.

The Reckless Spenders, by Walker Gibson (*Indiana University Press, $2.75*).

A collection of cheerful verses, many of them in praise of the details of our day-to-day routine that the rest of us just take for granted.

More Stories, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $5*).

With these twenty-nine stories, sixteen of which have never before appeared in book form, an Irish storyteller completes his own selection of his best work. Mr. O'Connor says that he writes about Ireland and Irish people merely because he knows to a syllable how everything in Ireland can be said, but many of the stories could just as well have had English or American backgrounds, since what they are about invariably is the human condition.

A Bowl of Bishop, by Morris Bishop (*Dial, $3*).

A number of biting reflections in verse, including a museum series, illustrated by Rubens, Landseer, Dürer, etc. In an introductory essay on Light and Heavy verse, the poet does honor and justice to both.

The Relaxed Sell, by Thomas Whiteside (*Oxford, $3.50*).

Seven visits with advertising executives, broadcasters, and television people whose lives may—and whose livelihoods certainly do—depend on the approval of the public. Together the pieces constitute a general survey of the methods the promoters in Radio City and the barkers along the Madison Avenue midway use to size up the customer, ingratiate themselves with him, and, finally, soften him for the kill.

Homebodies, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $2.95*).

Further entries in the case histories of Mr. Addams' curious heroes and heroines, who successfully buck nature and somehow manage to disarm the spectator as often as they scare him to death with their frightful little ways.

The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $3*).

Some of Miss McGinley's recent performances in light verse, dealing with such diverse matters as love in the suburbs, a doll's house, a remark of Saint Teresa's, the difficulty of being thirteen, and the prevalence of sand in summer.

The Toy Fair, by Howard Moss (*Scribner, $2.50*).

Thirty-four lyric poems, introspective or ironic in tone, by a poet working in the complex, allusive, stylish, but also exacting, verse technique that we have come to think of as the modern manner.

Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories, by Elizabeth Taylor (*Viking, $3*).

A short novel, not previously published, and some stories, most of them about people who are flashy or silly or scheming or blighted or socially reprehensible, by a distinguished English novelist who is more concerned with the innate dignity of human beings than with their lack of niceness.

They Went Wrong, by Croswell Bowen (*McGraw-Hill, $3.50*).

Five biographical studies, mostly of young men who, if they are not actually doing time, have at least been checking in regularly with a parole officer; a sixth piece is concerned with a middle-aged man who was released from Dannemora after spending more than eighteen years there. In his opening chapter, Mr. Bowen sets forth some of his theories on crime and on writing about crime.

Carlton House
CREAM SHERRY

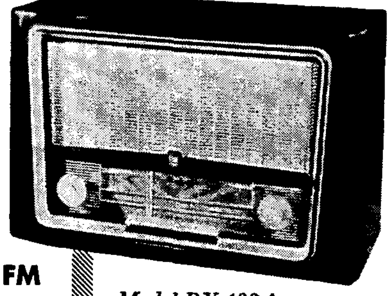
Carlton House
Imported
CREAM SHERRY
A.R. VALDESPINO
PRODUCT OF SPAIN

One of the world's great cream sherries—from one of the world's oldest vineyards—One sip tells you this is a "true cream sherry".

Imported FROM SPAIN

SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

Schirmer's introduce a new Norelco full fidelity table radio by Philips of the Netherlands



FM AM and SHORT WAVE for only $89.50

Model BX 433A

From the maker of the famed "Concerto Grand" now comes this new table radio that actually out-performs many radios priced far higher! It features both a built-in antenna for FM and Short Wave and a rotating internal antenna for Medium and Long Waves. Famous Philips sound system, of course. Stop in at Schirmer's for a demonstration of this dark mahogany beauty.

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd STREET, MU 2-8100
BROOKLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170

three. This memoir, after dwelling briefly on his childhood, takes up his early days in the Foreign Office, covers his marriage with the beautiful Lady Diana Manners, and describes his development into a man who, though he failed to become one of the great statesmen of his time, did command the respect of the great statesmen. Duff Cooper's finest (and loneliest) hour came when he resigned his post as First Lord of the Admiralty because he could not be a party to the Munich agreement, and his account of this turn of events is a model of autobiographical writing, both candid and modest. His account of his vexed relations with General de Gaulle while he was British Ambassador to the French government-in-exile is, on the other hand, very funny. Photographs.

TREADMILL TO OBLIVION, by Fred Allen (Little, Brown). Fred Allen's history of his weekly radio program, which folded on June 26, 1949, after a run of seventeen years, is primarily a kind of salvage operation. He has rescued from his files some of the best routines from his scripts and inserted them into a tart, lively narrative, in which he describes the background of the show, the actors and joke writers who helped him make it the funniest on the air, and the network and agency men—those multiple thinkers and compulsive meddlers—who all but drove him crazy. Since most of the humor is topical, the book becomes a kind of cockeyed memoir of the thirties and forties. It may be a little weak in structure, but it is almost impossible to read it without hearing the Down East Allen voice and his bull's-eye delivery. He was and still is probably our wittiest and most original comedian, and the only conventional idea you will find here is the one implied by his unworthy title. Al Hirschfeld has supplied some wonderful caricatures of the author as illustrations.

KING OF COMEDY, by Mack Sennett, as told to Cameron Shipp (Doubleday). A ghostwritten autobiography with all the defects of its genre; it is unbearably glib, suspiciously pat, and altogether unconvincing. Despite all this, Mr. Sennett's story has some things to recommend it. It tells of the genesis of the Keystone Cops and of the hurling of the first custard pie (Mabel Normand, who is really the heroine of this book, appears to have been the original hurler); it describes how Charlie Chaplin, who once worked for Sennett, got the idea

Helena Rubinstein's Gold Lipstick Case

The most elegant lipstick you could possibly give. Solid 14-karat gold case exclusively hand engraved with delicate stars and topped with a gold tassel. A lipstick case of a lifetime, it can always be refilled with the newest fashion-perfect shades. Exquisitely boxed. 150.00 *Tax included*

Helena Rubinstein Salon
655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

AVIANCA
"Oldest Airline in the Americas"
Super Constellations
Non-Stop
to KINGSTON or MONTEGO BAY
Jamaica
Less than 6 hours from New York by luxurious Super Constellations.
See Your Travel Agent or
***PAN AMERICAN** Gen'l Agts.*

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Pre-Theatre Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

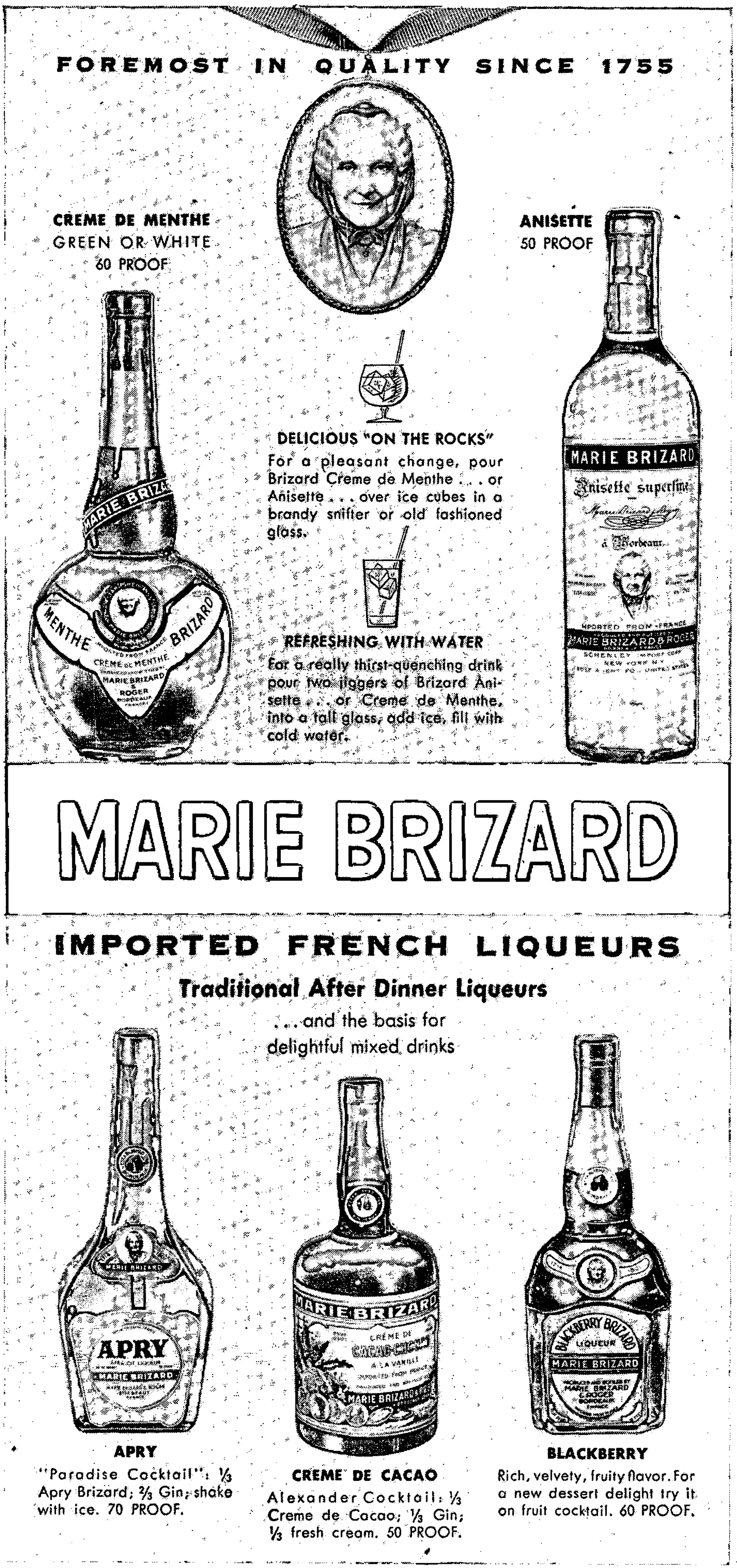
RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

for the little tramp while clowning on a set; and it contains a fascinating, though tantalizingly reticent, account of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, a scandal that was nearly Hollywood's undoing. Mack Sennett has had an extraordinary life; it's a pity he didn't just tell it straight. Photographs.

SIDEWALKS OF AMERICA, edited by B. A. Botkin (Bobbs-Merrill). "For years American folklorists from the cities have been going into the Kentucky mountains and other remote places to gather folk songs and stories," Mr. Botkin (who is himself, of course, a veteran of many such safaris) tells us in an introductory note, "while all the time folklore was all around them on the sidewalks of America." "Sidewalks" is folksy for "towns and cities," and in this vast metropolis of a book he has brought together to document his assertion several hundred anecdotes, tall tales, wisecracks, radio gags, street cries, bits of reporting, and neighborhood set pieces. All are undeniably of urban origin. Illustrated.

NORTH TO DANGER, by Virgil Burford, as told to Walt Morey (John Day). Mr. Burford, an Idaho gold prospector, a carnival boxer, and a born itinerant, went to Alaska a few years ago in search of adventure or money, or, preferably, both. Arriving with a dollar in his pocket, he got a job as a deep-sea diver, a line of work in which he had had no experience, and earned while he learned. He also took a flyer in what is apparently a popular Alaskan occupation—fish piracy, or the bare-faced stealing of salmon from traps operated by big canneries and the equally bare-faced selling of the salmon to the same canneries—and then did some Kodiak-bear hunting and prospected for gold in the river beds at the foot of Mt. McKinley. Most of his tales are about diving, and very interesting they are, too—especially those involving encounters with whales, sharks, and octopuses a couple of hundred feet down. A bluff and cheerful book, and a nice addition to the literature of extroversion.

FISHERMAN'S WINTER, by Roderick Haig-Brown (Morrow). The sixth of the author's fine books on fishing and, because of its locale, the most unusual. In 1951, Mr. Haig-Brown, who lives in British Columbia, "within easy reach of good trout and salmon streams," was invited to investigate game fishing in the rivers



FOREMOST IN QUALITY SINCE 1755

CREME DE MENTHE
GREEN OR WHITE
60 PROOF

ANISETTE
50 PROOF

DELICIOUS "ON THE ROCKS"
For a pleasant change, pour Brizard Creme de Menthe . . . or Anisette . . . over ice cubes in a brandy snifter or old fashioned glass.

REFRESHING WITH WATER
For a really thirst-quenching drink pour two jiggers of Brizard Anisette . . . or Creme de Menthe, into a tall glass, add ice, fill with cold water.

MARIE BRIZARD

IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS

Traditional After Dinner Liqueurs
. . . and the basis for delightful mixed drinks

APRY
"Paradise Cocktail": ⅓ Apry Brizard; ⅔ Gin; shake with ice. 70 PROOF.

CREME DE CACAO
Alexander Cocktail: ⅓ Creme de Cacao; ⅓ Gin; ⅓ fresh cream. 50 PROOF.

BLACKBERRY
Rich, velvety, fruity flavor. For a new dessert delight try it on fruit cocktail. 60 PROOF.

IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., N. Y.

POWER'S
IRISH WHISKEY

86 Proof

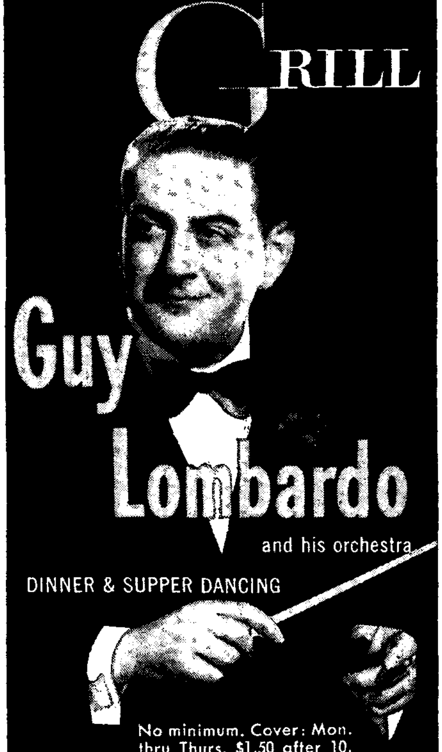
FEDERAL LAW FORBIDS
IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN POWER & SON
DUBLIN
POT STILL WHISKEY
This whiskey is seven years old

a taste of old Ireland...

Power's Three-Swallow Whiskey is as Irish as the Blarney Stone...and just as smooth. 7 *long years*, it ages in casks. And when you start with genuine pot still whiskey made of finest malt and barley, 7 years' aging develops an extraordinarily fine flavor. You'll like it.

SOLE IMPORTER:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Roosevelt
GRILL



DINNER & SUPPER DANCING

No minimum. Cover: Mon. thru Thurs. $1.50 after 10. Friday and Saturday $1 from 6 to 10, $2 after 10.

Hotel ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
A Hilton Hotel

and lakes of Chile and Argentina, and he leaped at the opportunity as a rainbow trout would leap at a well-cast fly. This book opens the door to a new world for the North American fisherman (a month's junket, flying both ways, the author says, is not a terribly expensive proposition), and the descriptions not only of the fishing but of the ways of life along the rivers and on the pampas are animated. Drawings.

THE TIGERS OF TRENGGANU, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Locke (Scribner). The author went to Malaya in 1949 as a British administrative officer for the District of Kemaman, and found that one of his duties was to hunt tigers, who had taken to preying on cattle and had also acquired a taste for human flesh. (The tiger population of Malaya, he says, increased during the Japanese occupation.) He describes how he learned the craft of tiger killing—a job that was particularly hazardous in Malaya, because of the unseen presence of Communist guerrillas—and how he made a prodigious number of kills, and he tells it all in an understated way that tautens the suspense. Many photographs and maps.

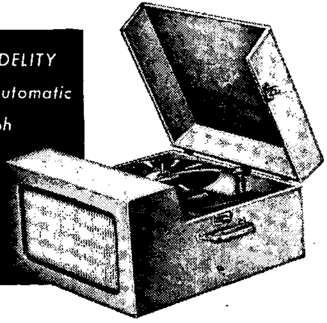
BEYOND ADVENTURE, by Roy Chapman Andrews (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Three biographical memoirs—the first of Robert E. Peary, the second of Carl Akeley, and the third of the author himself. Dr. Andrews knew Peary and Akeley well, and he writes of their stirring careers with authority and emotion. Peary's conquest of the North Pole, an epic of American achievement, was, of course, marred by the fact that, after more than twenty years of dedication to a single goal, he was reviled as an impostor—or, at the very least, as a bad sport—and saw another man hailed for the feat he had accomplished. Akeley's life and work, which were one and the same, are perhaps less well known, although his monument, the Akeley African Hall in the Museum of Natural History, stands for all to see. And as for Dr. Andrews' own exploits—his work in the study and collecting of whales, his discoveries in the Gobi Desert, and so on—he has covered them in other books, but they still bear retelling. No pictures, unfortunately.

JOHNNY APPLESEED: MAN AND MYTH, by Robert Price (Indiana). Professor Price, who has been pursuing the true history of John Chap-

Libertyphone

"King of the portables"
with DIAMOND NEEDLE *and* IMPORTED SPEAKER

a HIGH-FIDELITY Portable Automatic Phonograph with Console Tone Quality



The world's finest portable phonograph, the Libertyphone is highly recommended for travel or home use. Has G-E variable reluctance magnetic pickup, diamond needle for 33 and 45 rpm records and sapphire for 78. 8" speaker, airplane cloth finish $139.50. Genuine leather (suntan, ginger, black, rawhide) $179.50. Also available in other models and as phonograph-radio. Write for free brochure.

Mail orders given prompt and careful attention (slight additional cost for 50 cycles 220 volts)

Available only at
LIBERTY *Music Shops*
450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 67th St. · Madison Ave. at 76th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

Three Crowns
Revolving Smorgasbord of World's Fair fame
LUNCHEON from $1.50
DINNER from $2.50
COCKTAILS
Open Every Day from 12 to 12
12 E. 54th ST. • PL 3-9692
Facilities for Private Parties

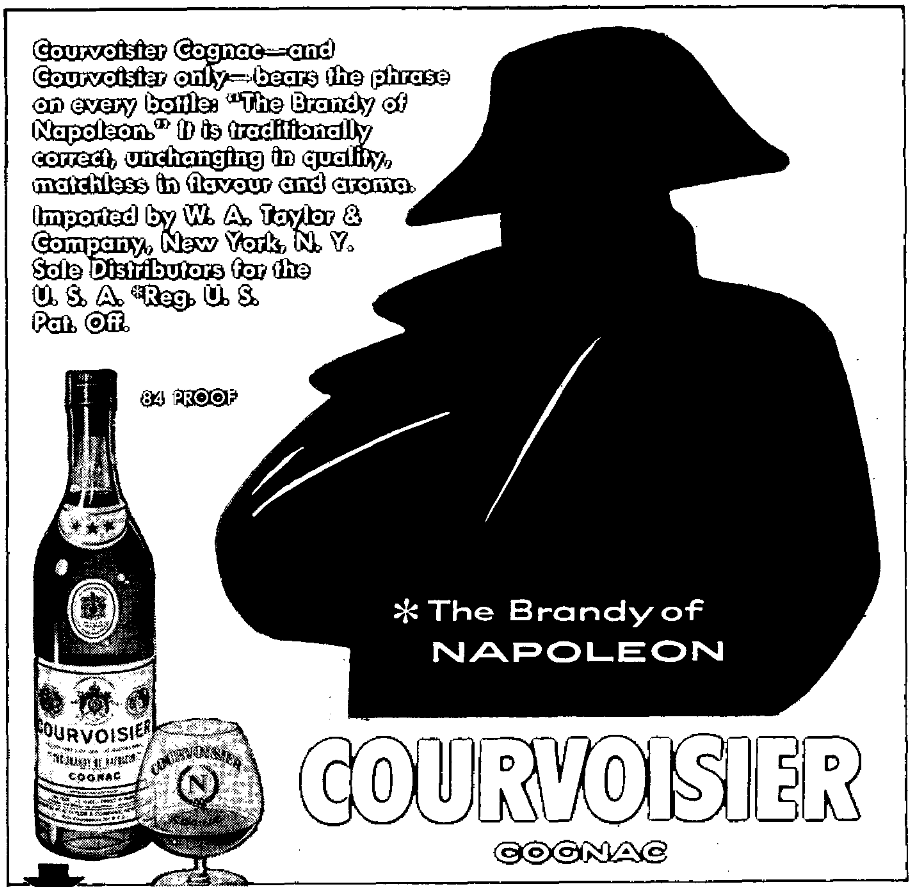
Decalcomania Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR OLD! Trade in, get a new Olivetti "Lettera 22"—the *portable* portable. Light, yet it has everything! See, try, buy it at ABACO, 32 East 48th Street, between Madison & Park Avenues. Open Saturdays. For home demonstration, phone PLaza 5-8161.

man for a quarter of a century, with the encouragement of everybody from Hamlin Garland to Louis Bromfield, and who published the definitive bibliography in 1944, here essays the definitive biography. Even if Chapman was less loony than the legends have him—even if his appleseed scattering was actually part of a shrewd seedling-tree business, even if there is no good evidence that a lost love inspired his rovings, and even if he was in fact hardheaded enough to spend a good part of his life accumulating real estate—he was still certainly loony enough in dress and manner. And he did at one point live in a hollow tree. Professor Price, after working hard to distinguish fact from fancy, prints all the fancy anyhow, as a demonstration of how folk tales and what he calls "myth" develop, and thus eats his apple core and all.

The Embattled Philosopher, by Lester G. Crocker (Michigan State College). A spirited, perhaps even jazzed-up, life of Denis Diderot, who edited the great eighteenth-century "Encyclopedia" and was one of the courtesy uncles of the French Revolution. Diderot is a fascinating and contradictory figure, who wrote his major philosophical works, as well as a series of pornographic novels, in order to keep his mistress in style, fought the Church and censorship bravely but abjured all his views the moment he was put in jail, and invented the typewriter but never did anything about it. Professor Crocker gives solid appraisals of Diderot's major works, particularly "Rameau's Nephew," which appealed to such dissimilar literary critics as Marx and Freud, but his real interest seems to be following Diderot and some of his lively friends from boudoir to boudoir.

The Emperor's Clothes, by Kathleen Nott (Indiana). Miss Nott has set out to refute the "dogmatic orthodoxy" of such literary camp-followers of the priesthood as T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, and C. S. Lewis with an equally dogmatic counter-orthodoxy of her own, based on "the natural morality of normal men and women" and a nursery-school Christ, whose "overriding motive was the reduction of anxiety by love." Miss Nott's command of science, philosophy, and theology is substantial enough to give her victims some very bad moments, but as a literary theorist she seems on less sure ground,


Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears the phrase on every bottle: "The Brandy of Napoleon." It is traditionally correct, unchanging in quality, matchless in flavour and aroma.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

84 PROOF

* The Brandy of NAPOLEON

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

Special offer in French glassware—Four Courvoisier cognac snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.V.* P.O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., Dept. F. Pay Postman 15¢ U. S. Postal Examination Charge on arrival.

A Christmas you'll carol about

IN GAY QUÉBEC!

YOU'LL CHERISH this "old-fashioned" Christmas at the Château Frontenac. A wondrous holiday tinseled with pageantry, trimmed with heart-warming traditions.

ALL THIS:
Yule log
Boar's Head
New Year's Eve
Carnival and Ball
Snow Sports

AND don't miss the Québec Winter Carnival's Mardi Gras events in February over Washington's Birthday.

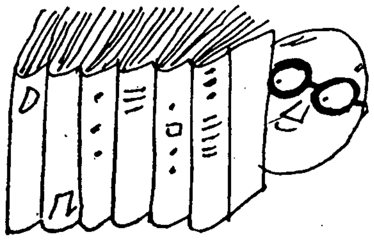
Canadian Pacific
581 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.
PLaza 9-4433

Château Frontenac

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL IN FRIENDLY OLD QUÉBEC

(*Advertisement*)

editor at large



Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books
Books

I don't know a better way to say "Merry Christmas ".

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

I recommend these books, all new and all good, for Christmas giving: "The Private Diaries of Stendhal" (published for the first time, $7.50); "King of Comedy " (Mack Sennett's autobiography, as told to Cameron Shipp, $4.50); "Glory, God and Gold" (Paul Wellman's narrative history of the American Southwest, $6.00); "The Age of Extravagance" (a reader of the Edwardian period, $5.00); "Mr. Maugham Himself" (an author's autobiography as told in his writing, edited by John Beecroft, $5.95); "Max" (a book of funny cartoons by Giovanetti, $2.95); "The Charka Memorial" (a December Crime Club Selection by Wallace Ware, $2.75); "The Little Laundress and the Fearful Knight" (a fantasy for readers of all ages by Bertram Bloch, $2.50); "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" (light verse, $3.00); "Always in Vogue" (60 years of American fashion and fashion writing by Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase, $5.00); "Plain Words: Their ABC" (how to use the English language by Sir Ernest Gower, $2.50); and "The Golden Wildcat" (a novel about upstate New York by Margaret Widdemer, $3.95). To see these and many other books worth giving stop by your favorite bookseller or any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offer special Christmas wrapping services.

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.

and her own metaphoric style periodically sends her sprawling.

Juvenal the Satirist: A Study, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford). Professor Highet's readable and scholarly study is the first large modern analysis of the Roman poet (circa 60-130 A.D.) whose influence on European literature has persisted from the early Middle Ages to our own day. Juvenal's sixteen satires, bitterly critical of Roman social life and custom under the Emperor Domitian, were neglected during the poet's lifetime. His stinging epigrams were, oddly, later suffused through the culture of the Middle Ages, chiefly by Christian propagandists. Dante placed Juvenal in Limbo as a "noble pagan;" paraphrases of Juvenal turn up in Chaucer and Shakespeare, and in the nineteenth century Byron and Victor Hugo came under his spell, while A. E. Housman edited his texts. Professor Highet's clarity of style extends to his translation of scattered passages, and his skill in organizing great masses of critical and descriptive material keeps the reader's attention closely engaged. Notes, a select bibliography, and indexes.

The Identity of Yeats, by Richard Ellmann (Oxford). Professor Ellmann's earlier "Yeats: The Man and the Masks" (1949) was devoted to a consideration of the poet's personality. This new study, based on Yeats' poetic *œuvre*, attempts to trace an unbroken "development of theme, symbol, style, and pattern" from the youthful works to those written in his maturity and old age. Ellmann comes up with a variety of pointed critical phrases—such as "the pursuit of spontaneity" and "cultivated extravagance"—but at moments he is overexplanatory, in a classroom rather than a critical manner. Several hitherto unpublished late fragments are included, and various "close readings" of "difficult" poems appear in an appendix.

•

It is also understood, but not confirmed, that Elaine Malbin, who appeared here several seasons ago in "My Darlin' Aida," will replace Doretta Morrow in the Alfred Drake role.—*The Herald Tribune.*

We'll wait for confirmation.

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT
(OMNIPOTENT WHOM DIVISION)
[*J. W. L. in The New Yorker*]

... Harvard and Brown, whom everyone had decided were even-Stephen ...

the Strega legend

Liquore Strega
Benevento Italy

According to ancient legend, in the City of Benevento, Italy, witches disguised as beautiful young maidens used to mix a magic brew. It was believed that when two people drank this miraculous potion they were forever afterward united.

Strega, made in Benevento where the legend was born, is today enjoyed the world over whenever good friends get together.

Free Strega Recipe Book on request. Write Dept. N, Canada Dry Liquor Dept., 100 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

85 PROOF.

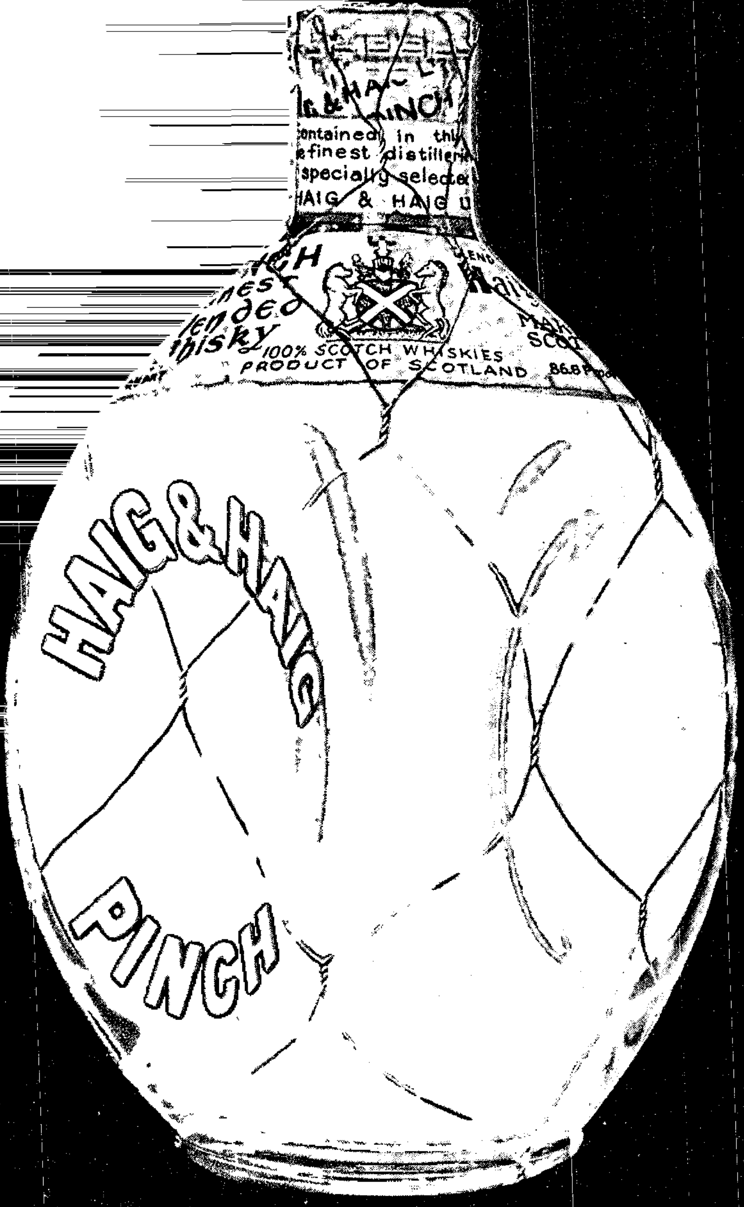
STREGA
A delicious liqueur imported from Italy

Sole U. S. Agents
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Before or after MARIN Luncheon at

LA MER RESTAURANT
FIFTH AVENUE AT 86TH ST., NEW YORK
Near Metropolitan Museum

The Café Lounge and Bar
Luncheon
Cocktail hour · Dinner · Supper
Dancing daily from 5:30 PM
Dancing Sundays from 5 PM
SAVOY-PLAZA
5th AVENUE AT 58TH ST.


HAIG & HAIG
PINCH
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
86.8 Proof

DON'T BE VAGUE...

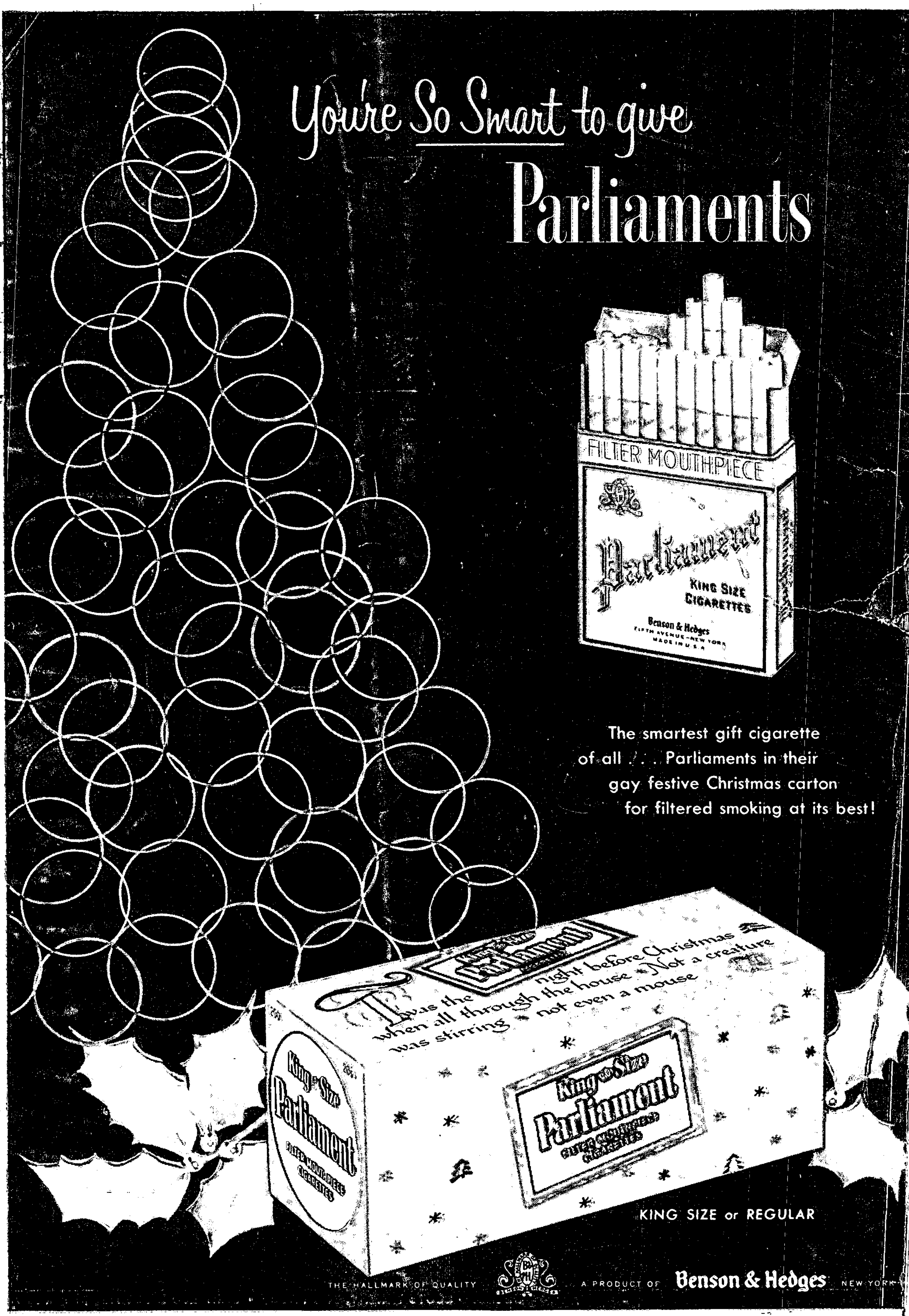
SAY...

THE HOUSE OF HAIG

FOUNDED IN 1627

FOR THE ORIGINAL GENTLENESS AND FLAVOUR THAT MADE SCOTCH FAMOUS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.


You're So Smart to give
Parliaments
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
KING SIZE CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.
'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse
King Size Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE CIGARETTES
KING SIZE or REGULAR
THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY
A PRODUCT OF Benson & Hedges NEW YORK

The smartest gift cigarette of all . . . Parliaments in their gay festive Christmas carton for filtered smoking at its best!